

THE
BEAUTIES of POETRY
D I S P L A Y ' D.

CONTAINING
Observations on the different Species of Poetry,
and the Rules of English Versification.

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A large Collection of beautiful PASSAGES,
SIMILIES, and DESCRIPTIONS,

From the Writings of

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DRYDEN,	PRIOR,	WALLER,
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And other celebrated POETS.

In Two VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

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THE
Entertaining COMPANION:
OR,
POETICAL MISCELLANY.

VOL. II.

L.
L A D Y.



EN, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure
take;

But ev'ry Woman is at Heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public
Strife;

But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,

Tis to their Changes half their Charms they owe.

Pope's Moral Essays.

L A K E.

As on the smooth Expanse of crystal Lakes

The sinking Stone at first a Circle makes ;

VOL. II.

A

The

2 LAP *The Entertaining Companion:*

The trembling Water, by the Motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second Circle, then a third ;
Wide, and more wide the floating Rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry Plain, and to the Margin dance.

Pope's Temple of Fame.

LAPLANDERS.

Not such the Sons of Lapland : Wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous Trade of War :
They ask no more than simple Nature gives :
They love their Mountains, and enjoy their Storms.
No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,
Disturb the peaceful Current of their Time ;
And through the restless ever-tortur'd Maze
Of Pleasure, on Ambition, bid it rage.
Their Rein-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents
Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth,
Supply their wholesome Fare, and chearful Cups :
Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe
Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse
Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep
With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heav'ns,
And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
With doubled Lustre from the radiant Waste,
Even in the Depth of Polar Night, they find
A wond'rous Day ! Enough to light the Chace,
Or guide their daring Steps to Finland Fairs.

Thomson's Seasons.

L-A-R-K.

L A R K.

Nor shall the Mountain Lark the Muse detain,
That greets the Morning with his early Strain ;
Whom, midst his Song, the twinkling Glass betrays,
While from each Angle flash the glancing Rays,
And in the Sun the transient Colours blaze.
Pride lures the little Warbler from the Skies,
The light enamour'd Bird deluded dies. *Gay.*
Is it for thee the Lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings.

Pope's Essay on Man.

The warbling Lark salutes her chearful Ray,
And welcomes with his Song the rising Day. *Broome.*
The Lark, that shuns on lesty Boughs to build
Her annual Nest, lies silent in the Field :
But if the Promise of a cloudless Day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shews, 'twas not for Want of Voice,
Or Power to climb, she made so low a Choice :
Singing she mounts, her airy Wings are stretch'd
T'wards Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Notes she
fetch'd. *Waller.*

And now the Herald Lark
Left his Ground Nest, high tow'ring to descry
The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

L A U R E L.

Amid the Court a Laurel rose in Air,
Preserv'd for Ages with religious Care.

4 LAW *The Entertaining Companion :*

This venerable Plant Latious found,
When first his Town with rising Tow'rs he crown'd :
Which thence deriv'd her Name, as Records say ;
Then made it sacred to the God of Day.
It chanc'd a Cloud of Bees in gath'ring Swarms
Swept thro' the Skies with murm'ring hoarse Alarms,
Pour'd in, and settling on the topmost Bough,
Stretch'd down dependent deep in Air below ;
In one black length'ning Chain together clung,
Feet clasp'd in Feet the clust'ring Nations hung.
On this exclaims an Augur—I explore
A foreign Consort from a distant Shore :
From yon' same Point a Stranger Host shall come,
And here their Prince shall reign in this Imperial Dome.

Pitt's Virgil.

L A W.

Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve each State,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer Webs shall draw,
Intangle Justice in her Net of Law,
And Right too rigid harden into Wrong ;
Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too strong.
Yet go ! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,
Thus let the Wiser make the rest obey ;
And, for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

Pope's Essay on Man.

L A W Y E R S.

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Pow'r ;
The Cause is bad, whene'er the Client's poor.

Those strict-liv'd Men, who seem above our World,
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold ;

So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold :

And the grave Knight, that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, hems, and approves the Cause.

You save th' Expence of long litigious Laws,
Where Suits are travers'd, and so little won,

That he who conquers, is but last undone. *Dryden.*

L E A F.

There's some Peculiar in each Leaf and Grain,
Some unmark'd Fibre, or some varying Vein.

Pope's Moral Essays.

L E A R N I N G.

A little Learning is a dangerous Thing !

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring :

There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,

And Drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first Sight with what the Muse imparts,

In fearless Youth we tempt the Height of Arts,

While from the bounded Level of our Mind

Short Views we take, nor mind the Lengths behind :

But more advanc'd, behold, with strange Surprise,

New distant Scenes of endless Science rise !

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,

Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky :

Th' eternal Snows appear already past,

And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last :

But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey

The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way.

6 LET *The Entertaining Companion :*

Th' increasing Prospect tires our wand'ring Eyes,
Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

LETHE.

Mean Time the Hero saw, with wond'ring Eyes,
Deep in a Vale, a waving Forest rise :
Through these sequester'd Scenes slow Lethe glides,
And in low Murmurs lulls her slumb'ring Tides :
Unnumber'd Ghosts around the Waters throng,
And o'er the Brink the Airy Nations hung.
So to the Meads in glowing Summer pour
The clust'ring Bees, and rife ev'ry Flow'r :
O'er the sweet Lillies hang the busy Swarms ;
The Fields remurmur to the deep Alarms.

Pitt's Virgil.

LETTERS.

Heav'n first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid :
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires :
The Virgin's Wish, without her Fears, impart,
Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart ;
Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

Phœnicians first, if ancient Fame be true,
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew ;
They first, by Sounds in various Lines design'd,
Express'd the Meaning of the thinking Mind ;
The Pow'r of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And useful Science everlasting made.

Then

Or, Poetical Miscellany. **LEV 7**

Then Memphis, e're the ready Leaf was known,
Engrav'd her Precepts and her Arts in Stone;
While Animals, in various Order plac'd,
The learned Hieroglyphic Column grac'd.

Rowe's Lucan.

LEVIATHAN.

There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And through the Waves a living Island roves :
In dreadful Pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast Ocean scarce his Weight supports ;
Where-e'er he turns, the hoary Deeps divide ;
He breathes a Tempest, and he spouts a Tide.

Broome.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful Side,
Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide :
With slender Hair Leviathan command,
And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand.
Will he become thy Servant, will he own
Thy lordly Nod, and tremble at thy Frown ?
Or with his Sport amuse thy leisure Day,
And, bound in Silk, with thy soft Maidens play ?

At Full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his Strength, and spread his wond'rous Size.
Who, great in Arms, e'er stripp'd his shining Mail,
Or crown'd his Triumph with a single Scale ?
Whose Heart sustains him to draw near ? Behold,
Destruction yawns ; his spacious Jaws unfold,
And, marshal'd round the wide Expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crowding Rows on Rows.

8 LEV *The Entertaining Companion :*

What hideous Fangs on either Side arise !
And what a deep Abyfs between them lies !
Mete with thy Lance, and with thy Plumbet found,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His Bulk is charg'd with such a furious Soul,
That clouds of Smoak from his spread Nostrils roll,
As from a Furnace ; and, when rous'd his Ire,
Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.
The Rage of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas,
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior please ;
Strength on his ample Shoulders fits in State ;
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully complete ;
His Flakes of solid Flesh are slow to part ;
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

When late awak'd, he rears him from the Floods,
And, stretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,
Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly Height,
And strikes the distant Hills with transient Light ;
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror spread,
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their Dread.

Large is his Front ; and, when his burnish'd Eyes
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning seems to rise.

In vain may Death in various Shapes invade,
The swift wing'd Arrow, the descending Blade ;
His naked Breast their Impotence defies ;
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Faulchion flies.
Shut in himself, the War without he hears,
Safe in the Tempests of their rattling Spears ;
The cumber'd Strand their wasted Vollies strow ;
His Sport the Rage, and Labour of the Foe.

His

His Pastimes like a Cauldron boil the Flood,
 And blacken Ocean with the rising Mud ;
 The Billows feel him, as he works his Way ;
 His hoary Footsteps shine along the Sea ;
 The Foam high-wrought, with White, divides the Green,
 And distant Sailors point where Death has been.
 His like Earth bears not on her spacious Face :
 Alone in Nature stands his dauntless Race,
 For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd,
 In Wrath he rolls his baleful Eyes around ;
 Makes ev'ry swoln, disdainful Heart subside,
 And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

Young's Paraphrase on Job.

L I B E R T Y.

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful Head, and leads the Golden Years.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

Oh Liberty ! thou Goddess, Heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of Blise and pregnant with Delight ;
 Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train ;
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun and Pleasure to the Day.

Addison's Letter to Lord Halifax.

'Tis quick'ning Liberty that gives us Breath,
 Her Absence more than that of Life is Death.

The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,
 And Life itself, the inferior Gift of Heav'n. *Dryden.*

10 **LIF** *The Entertaining Companion :*

Happy Britannia ! Where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring Vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,
And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

Thomson's Seasons.

L I F E.

Nor will Life's Stream for Observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their Way :
In vain sedate Reflections we would make,
When half our Knowledge we must snatch, not take:

Pope's Moral Essays.

Say what is Life, and wherefore was it giv'n ?
What the Design, the Purpose mark'd by Heav'n ?
Was it in Luxury to dissolve the Span,
To raise the Animal, and sink the Man ?
In the soft Bands of Pleasure, idly gay,
To frolic the immortal Gift away ?
To tell the tale, or flow'ry Wreath to bind,
Then shoot away and leave no Track behind ?
Arise no Duties from the social Tye ?
No kindred Virtues from our native Sky ?
No Truths from Reason, and the Thoughts intense,
Nothing result from God but all from Sense ?

Mrs. Jones.

Th' Opinions, and Desires, and Pleasures rise
Behind the Gate thick glittering on our Eyes :
Thick as bright Atoms in the solar Ray,
Diverse their Drap'ry and profusely gay.
These tempting Forms, each like a Mistress dress'd,
Our early Steps with powerful Charms arrest :

Soon

Soon as we enter Life with various Art
Of Dalliance they assay th' unguarded Heart:
All promise Joy, we rush to their Embrace,
To Bliss or Ruin here begins our Race.
Happy, thrice happy, who intrust their Youth,
To right Opinions, and ascend to Truth;
Whom Wisdom tutors, whom the Virtues hail,
And with their own substantial Feasts regale.
The rest are Harlots by their Flatt'ries won,
In Chace of empty Sciences we run:
Or Fortune's Vanities pursue, and stray
With sensual Pleasure in more dangerous Way.
See the mad Rounds their giddy Followers tread,
Delusion's Cup still working in their Head.
Just as one Shoal of Fools have delug'd thro',
Succeeding Shoals the busy Farce renew.

Scott's Table of Cebes.

Ye Sons of Men with just Regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act and all we think is vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils and thro' Vales of Tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of its End.
That from the Womb we take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Passions, Labours, Tumults, Cares:
And at Approach of Death shall only know
The Truths, which from these penfive Number flow, }
That we pursue false Joy and suffer real Woe.

Prior's Solomon.

12 LIF *The Entertaining Companion :*

Life is not to be bought with Heaps of Gold,
 Not all Apollo's Pythian Treasures hold
 Can bribe the poor Possession of a Day. *Pope's Iliad.*
 Lost Herds and Treasures we by Arms regain,
 And Steeds unrival'd on the dusty Plain ;
 But from our Lips the vital Spirit fled,
 Returns no more to wake the silent Dead. *Pope's Iliad.*
 When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat,
 Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit :
 Trust on, and think To-morrow will repay ;
 To-morrow's falser than the former Day ;
 Lyes more ; and while it says we shall be bless'd,
 With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
 Strange Coz'nage ! None would live past Years again,
 Yet all hope Pleasure, in what yet remain ;
 And from the Dregs of Life think to receive
 What the first sprightly Runnings could not give.
 I'm tir'd with waiting for thy chymic Gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Dryden's Aurenzebe.

To Labour is the Lot of Man below ;
 And when Jove gave us Life he gave us Woe.

Pope's Iliad.

To-morrow ! To-morrow ! And To-morrow !
 Creep in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,
 To the last Minute of revolving Time ;
 And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
 To their eternal Homes.
 Life's but a walking Shadow ; a poor Player

That

That frets and struts his Hours upon a Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing. *Shakespear's Macbeth.*

What is this Life ! How few their Favourite know ?
Fond in the Dark, and blind in our Embrace,
By passionately loving Life we make
Lov'd Life unlovely ; hugging her to Death.
We give to Time Eternity's Regard ;
And, dreaming, take our Passage for our Port.
Life has no Value, as an End but Means ;
An End deplorable ! A Means divine !
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing ; worse than nought ;
A Nest of Pains ; when held as nothing, much
Like some fair Humourist, Life is most enjoy'd
When courted least ; most worth, when disesteem'd ;
Then 'tis the Seat of Comfort, rich in Peace ;
In Prospect, richer far ; important ; awful !
Not to be mention'd but with Shouts of Praise !
Not to be thought on but with Tides of Joy !
The mighty Basis of eternal Bliss !

Young's Night Thoughts.

Life, little Stage, is a small Eminence,
Inch high, the Grave above ; that Home of Man,
Where dwells the Multitude : We gaze around,
We read their Monuments ; we sigh ; and while
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplor'd ;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our Lot !
Is Death at Distance ? No, he has been in thee ;
And giv'n sure Earnest of his final Blow.

Those

14 **LIG** *The Entertaining Companion :*

Those Hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now ?
 Pall'd to Thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great Deep which nothing disembogues ;
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small Renown.
 The rest are on the Wing ; how fleet their Flight
 Already has the fatal Train took Fire ;
 A Moment, and the World's blown up to thee,
 The Sun is Darkness, and the Stars are Dust.

Young's Night Thoughts.

That solar Shadow, as it measures Life,
 It Life resembles too : Life speeds away
 From Point to Point ; tho' seeming to stand still,
 The cunning Fugitive is swift by Stealth :
 Too subtle is the Movement to be seen ;
 Yet soon Man's Hour is up and we are gone.
 Warnings point out our Danger, Gnomons Time.

Young's Night Thoughts.

L I G H T.

Hail holy Light ! Offspring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of the eternal — coeternal Beam :
 Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate,
 Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ætherial Stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell ! Before the Sun,
 Before the Heav'ns, thou wert ; and at the Voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle, didst invest
 The rising World of Waters dark and deep.
 Won from the Void and formless Infinite :
 Thee I revisit now with bolder Wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian Pool, tho' long detain'd
 In that obscure Sojourn ; while in my Flight

Thro'

Thro' utter and thro' middle Darkness borne,
 With other Notes than to the Orphean Lyre,
 I sing of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the Heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark Descent, and up to reascend,
 Tho' hard and rare : Thee I revisit safe.
 And feel thy sovereign vital Lamp ; but thou
 Revisits not those Eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn ;
 So thick a Drop serene has quench'd their Orbs,
 Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hills
 Smit with the Love of sacred Song : But chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry Brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd Feet and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit : Nor sometimes forget
 Those other two, equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in Renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Maenides,
 And Phineas and Tyrefias, Prophets old :
 Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
 Or Sight of vernal Bloom or Summer's Rose,
 Or Flocks or Herds, or human Face divine :
 But Clouds, instead, and ever during Dark

Surround

16 **LIG** *The Entertaining Companion :*

Surround me ; from the chearful Ways of Man
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair
Presented with a universal Blank
Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and ras'd ;
And Wisdom, at one Entrance, quite shut out,
So much the rather, thou celestial Light
Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Powers
Irradiate ; there plant Eyes, all Mists from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of Things invisible to mortal Sight.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

L I G H T N I N G.

Such, while Earth trembles, and Heav'n thunders loud,
Darts the swift Lightning from the rending Cloud ;
Fierce thro' the Day it breaks, and in its Flight
The dreadful Blast confounds the Gazer's Sight ;
Resistless in its Course delights to rove,
And cleaves the Temples of its Master Jove :
Alike wheree'er it passes or returns,
With equal Rage the fell Destroyer burns ;
Then with a Whirl, full in its Strength, retires
And recollects the Force of all its scatter'd Fires.

Rowe's Lucan.

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds rush on,
And strike like Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone :
For then small Sparks appear, and scatter'd Light
Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy Night.

Creech's Lucan.

The Night amaz'd begins to haste away,
As if those Fires were Beams of coming Day ;

As

As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh
The winged Fire shoots swiftly thro' the Sky,
Strikes and consumes e're scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden Ill prevents the Fear.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

The dismal Lightnings all around,
Some flying thro' the Air, some running on the Ground,
Some swimming o'er the Water's Face,
Fill'd with bright Horror every Place.

Cowley.

As when by Lightnings Jove's ætherial Pow'r
Foretels the rattling Hail or weighty Show'r,
Or sends soft Snows to whiten all the Shore,
Or bids the brazen Throat of War to roar,
By Fits, one Flash succeeds as one expires,
And Heav'n flames thick with momentary Fires.

Pope's Iliad.

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound;
Nor bladed Grass nor bearded Corn succeed,
But Scales of Scurf and Putrefaction breed.

Dryden's Hind and Panther.

L I L L Y.

See, how the Lilly drinks

The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro' the Grass,
Of Growth luxuriant; or the humid Bank,
In fair Profusion, decks.

Thomson's Seasons.

L I O N.

Does the dread King, and Terror of the Wood,
The Lion, from thy Hand expect his Food?

Stung

18 LIO *The Entertaining Companion :*

Stung with keen Hunger, from his Den he comes,
 Ranges the Plains, and o'er the Forest roams ;
 He snuffs the Track of Beast, he fiercely roars,
 Doubling the Horrors of the midnight Hours ;
 With sullen Majesty he stalks away,
 And the Rocks tremble while he seeks his Prey :
 Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage Brood
 With unsheath'd Paws, and churns the spouting Blood.

Broome.

So with her Young amid the Woodland Shades,
 A tim'rous Hind the Lion's Court invades ;
 Leaves in that fatal Laire the tender Fawns,
 Climbs the green Cliff, or feeds the flow'ry Lawns,
 Mean Time return'd with dire remorseless Sway,
 The Monarch Savage rends the trembling Prey.

Pope's Odyssey.

As when a Lion, that with Hunger bold,
 Roams grimly round the Fences of the Fold ;
 Spies a tall Goat, the chief of all the Train,
 Or beamy Stag, high stalking o'er the Plain ;
 His horrid Mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
 Expands his Jaws, and darts upon the Prize :
 The Prize he rends with a tremendous Roar,
 And growling rages in a Foam of Gore.

Pitt's Virgil.

Here stalk'd the shaggy Monarch of the Wood,
 Taught from thy Providence to ask his Food :
 To thee, O Father ! to thy bounteous Skies
 He rears his Mane, and rolls his glaring Eyes ;

He

He roars, the Desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive Hills repeat the Sound.

Blacklock.

So some fell Lion, whom the Woods obey,
Roars through the Desert, and demands his Prey.

Pope's Iliad.

As when some Huntsman with a flying Spear
From the blind Thicket wounds the stately Deer,
Down his cleft Sides while fresh the Blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from Hills to Hills ;
Till Life's warm Vapour issuing thro' the Wound,
Wild Mountain Wolves the fainting Beast surround ;
Just as their Jaws his prostrate Limbs invade,
The Lion rushes through the Woodland Shade ;
The Wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away ;
The lordly Savage vindicates his Prey: *Pope's Iliad.*
So press'd with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow
Descends a Lion on the Flocks below ;
So stalks the lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
In sullen Majesty, and stern Disdain ;
In vain loud Mastiffs bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War :
Regardless, furious, he pursues his Way,
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey.

Pope's Iliad.

As on the fleecy Flocks, when Hunger calls,
Amidst the Field a brindled Lion falls :
If chance some Shepherd with a distant Dart
The Savage wounds, he rouses at the Smart ;

He

20 LOC *The Entertaining Companion :*

He foams, he roars, the Shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scatter'd Flocks a Prey ;
Heaps fall on Heaps, he bathes with Blood the Ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty Mound.

Pope's Iliad.

As when the lordly Lion seeks his Food,
Where grazing Heifers range the lonely Wood ;
He leaps amidst them with a furious Bound,
Bends their strong Necks, and tears them to the Ground.

Pope's Iliad.

So two young Mountain Lions, nurs'd with Blood,
In deep Recesses of the gloomy Wood,
Rush fearless to the Plain, and uncontroul'd
Depopulate the Stalls, and waste the Fold ;
Till, pierc'd at Distance from their native Den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the Force of Men.

Pope's Iliad.

L O C K.

This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind,
In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
With shining Ringlets, the smooth iv'ry Neck.
Love in the Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.
With hairy Springes we the Birds betray,
Slight Lines of Hair surprise the finny Prey,
Fair Tresses Man's imperial Race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright Locks admir'd ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the Way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray ;
For, when Success a Lover's Toil attends,
Few ask if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide :
Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But Airy Substance soon unites again)
The meeting Points the sacred Hair dis sever
From the fair Head for ever and for ever.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Restore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around
Restore the Lock ! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a Strain
Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.
But see how oft ambitious Aims are cross'd,
And Chiefs contend till all the Prize is lost !
The Lock obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,
In ev'ry Place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees, with Heav'n who can contest ?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
Since all Things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.
There Heroes Wits are kept in pond'rous Vases,
And Beaus in Snuff-boxes and Tweezer-cases ;
There broken Vows and Death-bed Alms are found,
And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Ribbands bound ;

The

The Courtier's Promises, and sick Man's Prayers,
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs ;
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to yoke a Flea,
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse, she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes :
 (So Rome's great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in View)

A sudden Star is shot through liquid Air,
 And drew behind a radiant Trail of Hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright ;
 The Heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd Light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies.

This the Beau Monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with Music its propitious Ray.

This the bless'd Lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up Vows from Rosamonda's Lake.
 This Patridge soon shall view in cloudless Skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's Eyes ;
 And hence th' egregious Vizard shall foredoom
 The Fate of Louis, and the Fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright Nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
 Hair,

Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere !
 Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast,
 Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.
 For, after all the Murders of your Eye,
 When, after Millions slain, yourself shall die ;

When

When those fair Suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust ;
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And 'midst the Stars inscribe Belinda's Name.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

L O D O N A *changed into a River.*

Here too 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' Top forsook for Windsor Shade ;
Here was she seen o'er Airy Wastes to rove,
Seek the clear Spring, or-haunt the pathless Grove :
Here arm'd with silver Bows, in early Dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy Lawn.
Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,
Thy Offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona nam'd ;
(Lodona's Fate, in long Oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,
But by the Crescent and the Golden Zone.
She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the Care ;
A Belt her Waist, a Fillet binds her Hair :
A pointed Quiver on her Shoulder sounds,
And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace, the Maid
Beyond the Forest's verdant Limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with Desire,
Pursu'd her Flight, her Flight increas'd his Fire.
Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky ;
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves ;

As

As from the God she flew with furious Pace,
 Or as the God more furious urg'd the Chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears,
 Now close behind his sounding Steps she hears ;
 And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His Shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun ;
 And now his shorter Breath, with sultry Air,
 Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair ;
 In vain on Father Thames she calls for Aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd Maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain :
 " Ah, Cynthia ! ah—tho' banish'd from thy Train,
 " Let me, O let me to the Shades repair,
 " My native Shades, there weep, and murmur there."
 She said, and melting as in Tears she lay,
 In a soft silver Stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the Name the hapless Virgin bore,
 And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste Current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with Celestial Tears augments the Waves.
 Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
 The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
 The watry Landscape of the pendant Woods,
 And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods ;
 In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,
 And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green ;

Thro'

ro' the fair Scene roll flow the ling'ring Streams,
en foaming pour along, and roll into the Thames.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

LOVE.

know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,
olves gave thee Suck, and savage Tygers sed.

ou wert from Aetna's burning Entrails torn,
t by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born.

Pope's Pastorals.

ve free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,
reads his light Wings, and in a Moment flies.

t Wealth, let Honour wait the wedded Dame,
gust the Deed, and sacred be her Fame;

fore true Passion all those Views remove,

me, Wealth, and Honour, what are you to Love?

Pope's Eliza to Abelard.

after all, we must with Wilmot own,

the Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone.

Pope's Imitations of Horace.

To Love an Altar built

twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

ere lay three Garters, half a Pair of Gloves;

and all the Trophies of his former Loves;

th tender Billet-doux he lights the Pyre,

and breathes three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

a Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd

the prudent, learn'd, and virtuous Breast?

Wisdome, and Wit in vain reclaim,

and Arts but soften us to feel thy Flame.

26 **LOVE** *The Entertaining Companion:*

Love, soft Intruder, enters here,
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere. *Pope's Odes.*
 Oh Love! thy Genius and thy Force I know,
 Thy burning Torch, and pestilential Bow:
 From some fermented Tempest of the Main,
 At once commenc'd thy Being and thy Reign;
 Nurs'd by fell Harpies in some burning Wood,
 Inur'd to Slaughter, and regal'd with Blood;
 Relentless Mischief! at whose dire Command
 A Mother stain'd with filial Blood her Hand;
 Curs'd Boy! curs'd Mother! which most impious say,
 She who could wound, or he who could betray?

Blacklock.

All-bounteous Nature taught the fertile Field,
 For all our other Ills a Balm to yield:
 But Love, the sharpest Pang the Soul sustains,
 Still cruel Love, incurable remains. *Blacklock.*
 Oh mighty Love! from thy unbounded Power
 How shall the human Bosom rest secure?
 How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd Souls declare
 The diff'rent Shapes thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
 The haughty Nymph, in open Beauty dress'd,
 To-day encounters our unguarded Breast:
 She looks with Majesty, and moves with State;
 Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
 She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.
 Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,
 And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;

Charm'd

charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,
We praise her Mind, the Image of our own.
He that can please, is certain to persuade;
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through Reason's Optics right,
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
Struck with her Eye, whilst we applaud her Mind;
And, when we speak her great, we wish her kind.
To morrow, cruel Pow'r, thou arm'st the Fair,
With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd Hair;
Had her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
Here gen'rous Softness warms the honest Breast,
We raise the Sad, and succour the Distress:
And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief,
Whilst Pity mitigates her rising Grief:
We sicken soon from her contagious Care,
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Despair;
And against Love too late those Bosoms arm,
Which Tears can soften, and which Love can warm.
Against this nearest, cruellest of Foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?
Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon Aid,
If by our Pity and our Fear betray'd?
External Rem'dy shall we hope to find,
When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;
Consulting there does Reason's Pow'r deride;
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzl'd Guide?

Prior's Solomon.

28 LOV *The Entertaining Companion :*

I ove! why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife ;
'Tis all the Colour of remaining Life :
And human Mis'ry must begin or end,
As he becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.

Prior's Solomon.

Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, its parted Root
Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot ;
Whilst each delighted and delighting gives
The pleasing Extasy which each receives :
Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy, it grows
Its chearful Buds their op'ning Bloom disclose,
And round the happy Soil diffusive Odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies,
The fading Plant bewails its due Supplies ;
Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies.

Prior's Solomon.

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The Force, while they erect the Shrines of Love.
His mystic Form the Artisans of Greece
In wounded Stone or molten Gold express :
And Cyprus to his Godhead pays her Vow :
Fast in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow :
A Quiver by his Side sustains his Store
Of pointed Darts ; sad Emblems of his Pow'r.
A Pair of Wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone ; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton Ends.
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since first, alas ! I saw the beauteous Maid :

I felt

felt him strike, and now I see him fly ;
Curs'd Demon ! oh ! for ever broken lie
Those fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed !
Oh ! can my Wishes yet o'ertake thy Speed !
Fir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing ;
Except thou turn'st thy Course, resolv'd to bring
The Damsel back, and save the Love-sick King.

Prior's Solomon.

Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart :
How hard thy Yoke ! how cruel is thy Dart !
Those 'scape thy Anger who refuse thy Sway ;
And those are punish'd most who most obey.

Prior's Solomon.

Thou sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controuls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls !
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite Degrees
Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease ?
The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpity'd Abra must expire ;
Had he been born some simple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd or fleecy Sheep his Care ;
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
Cornful of Winter's Frost and Summer's Sun ;
Still asking where he made his Flock to rest at Noon.
For him, at Night, the dear expected Guest,
Had with hasty Joy prepar'd the Feast ;
And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,
Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain ;

B 3

Wav'ring,

30 **LOV** *The Entertaining Companion :*

Wav'ring, impatient, tofs'd by Hope and Fear ;
Till he and Joy together shall appear ;
And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near.
On my declining Neck and open Breast,
I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to Rest ;
And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
With softest Care have stole my Arm away ;
To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,
Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Priar's Solomon.

But first with trembling Lambs the Wolf shall graze ;
First Hawks with Linnets join in social Lays ;
First shall the Tyger's sanguine Thirst expire,
And tim'rous Fawns the Lion fierce admire ;
E're, with her Lute Lycisca taught to charm,
This destin'd Heart e're soft Melænis warm.
First shall the finny Nation leave the Flood,
Shadows the Hills, and Birds the vocal Wood.
The Winds shall cease to breathe, the Streams to flow
E're my Desires another Object know.
This infant Bosom, yet in Love untaught,
From Chloe first the pleasing Ardour caught.

Blackley

Ye Stars that sparkle in the midnight Skies,
Propitious Love shines out in all your Eyes ;
Nor does the Moon the glorious Truth conceal,
But darts soft Glances thro' her gloomy Veil.
The Sun comes forth in Majesty above,
And kindles, as he goes, the Flames of Love ;

Will

With gentle Beams he warms the teeming Earth,
And gives ten Thousand various Forms their Birth.
Whatever Shape thou wear'st, thy bright Abode
Was from Eternity the Mind of God :
There thou hast triumph'd in the splendid Height
Of uncreated and essential Light ;
The Spring, the Fountain of the Life Divine,
The constant End of ev'ry great Design,
Spirit of Nature, its informing Soul !
Thou dost the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth controul ;
All the Degrees of Life and Sense that rise,
In Fields, or Floods, or thro' the spacious Skies,
All feel the Force of thy inspiring Flame,
And joy and triumph in thy mighty Name.
O thou art all in all ! the highest End,
That boundless Grace and Wisdom could intend !
And Lengths, and Breadths, and Depths, and Heights
above,
Shall finally be swallow'd up of Love :
No further Changes then ; but fully blest,
The Maker, and his finish'd Work, shall rest.

Mrs. Rowe.

Victorious Love, thou sacred Mystery !
What Muse, in mortal Strains, can speak of thee !
We feel th' Effect, and own thy Force divine,
But vainly would the glorious Cause define.
In Part thy Pow'r in these cold Realms is known,
But, in the blest'd celestial Seats alone,
Thy Triumphs in their splendid Heights are shown ;

32 *LOV The Entertaining Companion :*

Thy gentle Torch, with a propitious Light;
And spotless Flame, burns there for ever bright,
Expresses Pleasure, and transporting Grace,
With lasting Beauty, shine upon thy Face.
By ev'ry Tongue thy Charms are there confess,
And kindle Joys in every heav'nly Breast:
For thee they touch the soft melodious String,
And Love in glad triumphant Accents sing,
Almighty Love, whence all their Raptures spring.

Mrs. Rowe

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
In Love, the Victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die. *Waller*
Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,

To which with trembling Rev'rence it doth bend;
Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make;

Go bid the ambitious Flame no more ascend;
And, when these false to their old Motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone, to love. *Cowley*
Love's an heroic Passion, which can find
No Room in any base degen'rate Mind;
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Desire.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada

What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious Thing?
From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring?
'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro' every Part,
And hold'st the vast Frame fast, that nothing start

From

From the due Place and Office first ordain'd :
By thee were all Things made, and are sustain'd.

Cowley.

Love, the most generous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find ;
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes and secur'd by Truth ;
The cordial Drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down ;
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise ;
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his Power in Love.

Rocheſter.

City of LOVE.

In this vast Isle a famous City stands,
Which for its Beauty all the rest commands.
Built to delight the wond'ring Gazer's Eyes,
Of all the World the great Metropolis,
Call'd by Love's Name, and here the charming God,
When he retires to Pleasure, makes Abode ;
'Tis here both Art and Nature strive to shew
What Pride, Expence, and Luxury can do,
To make it ravishing and awful too. }
All Nations hourly thither do resort,
To add a Splendor to this glorious Court ;
The Young, the Old, the Witty, and the Wise,
The Fair, the Ugly, Lavish, and Precise ;
Towards and Brave, the Modest and the Loud,
Promiscuously are blended in the Croud.

34 **LOV** *The Entertaining Companion :*

From distant Shores young Kings their Courts remove
To pay their Homage to the God of Love ;
Where all their sacred awful Majesty,
Their boasted and their fond Divinity ;
Lose their vast Force as lesser Lights are hid,
When the fierce God of Day his Beauties spread.
The wond'ring World for Gods did Kings adore,
Till Love confirm'd them mortal by his Pow'r ;
And in Love's Court do with their Vassals live,
Without or Homage or Prerogative :
Which the young God, not only blind, must shew,
But as defective in his Judgment too. *Mrs. Behn.*

Grotto of L O V E.

Far in Cytheria stands a spacious Grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love ;
Here the luxuriant Myrtle rears her Head,
Like the tall Oak the fragrant Branches spread ;
Here Nature all her Sweets profusely pours,
And paints the enamel'd Ground with various Flow'rs
Deep in the gloomy Glade a Grotto bends,
Wide thro' the craggy Rock an Arch extends,
The rugged Stone is cloath'd with mantling Vines,
And round the Cave the creeping Woodbine twines ;
Here busy Cupids, with pernicious Art,
Form the stiff Bow, and forge the fatal Dart ;
All share the Toil ; while some the Bellows ply,
Other , with Feathers, teach the Shafts to fly :
Some with joint Force whirl round the stony Wheel,
Where streams the sparkling Fire from temper'd Steel

Som

Some point their Arrows with the nicest Skill,
And with the warlike Store their Quiver fill.

A different Toil another Forge employs,
Here the loud Hammer fashions female Toys.
Hence is the Fair with Ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring Implements of Pride;
Each Trinket that adorns the modern Dame,
First to these little Artists ow'd its Frame.

Here an unfinish'd diamond Croquet lay,
To which soft Lovers Adoration pay;

There was the polish'd crystal Bottle seen,
That with quick Scents revives the modish Spleen.

Here the yet rude unjointed Snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rally'd Pop for smart Replies;

There Piles of Paper rose in gilded Reams,
The future Records of the Lover's Flames.

Here clouded Canes 'midst Heaps of Toys are found,
And inlaid Tweezer-cases strow the Ground;

There stands the Toilet, Nursery of Charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright Beauty's Arms;

The Patch, the Powder-box, Pulville Perfumes,
Pins, Paint, a flatt'ring Glass, and blacklead Combs.

The toilsome Hours in different Labour slide,
Some work the File, and some the Graver guide;

From the loud Anvil the quick Blow rebounds,
And their rais'd Arms descend in tuneful Sounds. *Gay.*

Temple of LOVE.

Behold a Fabric rising from the Ground,
To the soft Timbrel and the Cittern's Sound:

Corinthian Pillars the vast Building hold,
 Of polish'd Silver and Peruvian Gold;
 In four broad Arches spread the shining Doors,
 The blazing Roofs enlighten all the Floors:
 Beneath a sparkling Canopy that shone
 With Persian Jewels, like a morning Sun.
 Wrapp'd in a Robe of purest Tyrian Dye,
 Cythera's Image met the ravish'd Eye,
 Whose glowing Features would in Paint beguile:
 So well the Artist drew her mimic Smile,
 Her smiling Eyes confess'd a sprightly Joy;
 Upon her Knees reclin'd her wanton Boy;
 On the bright Walls around her and above,
 Were drawn the Statutes and the Arts of Love:
 These taught the silent Language of the Eye,
 The broken Whisper, and amusing Lye;
 The careless Glance, peculiar to the Fair,
 And Vows of Lovers, that dissolve in Air;
 The graceful Anger and the rolling Eyes,
 The practis'd Blush and counterfeit Surprise;
 The Language proper for pretending Swains,
 And fine Description for imagin'd Pains;
 The friendly Caution and designing Ease,
 And all the Arts that ruin while they please.

Now enter'd, follow'd by a splendid Train,
 A blooming Damsel and a wealthy Swain;
 The gaudy Youth in shining Robes array'd,
 Behind him follow'd the unthinking Maid:
 Youth in her Cheek like op'ning Roses sprung,
 Her careless Tresses on her Shoulders hung;

Her

Her Smiles were chearful as enliv'ning May,
Her Dress was careless and her Eyes were gay.
Then to soft Voices and melodious Sound,
The Board was spread, the sparkling Glasses crown'd:
The sprightly Virgin in a Moment shines,
In the gay Product of the eastern Mines;
Then Pride comes on with Patches for the Fair,
And spicy Odours for her curling Hair:
Rude Riot in a crimson Vest array'd,
With smooth-fac'd Flattery, like a Chamber-maid;
Soft Pomp and Pleasure at her Elbow stand,
And Folly shakes the Rattles in her Hand;
But now her feeble Structure seem'd to shake,
Its Basis tremble, and its Pillars quake;
Then rush'd Suspicion thro' the lofty Gate,
With Heart-sick loathing, led by ghastly Hate;
And foaming Rage, to close the horrid Band,
With a drawn Poniard in her shaking Hand.
Now, like an Earthquake, shook the reeling Frame,
The Lamps extinguish in a purple Flame:
One universal Groan was heard, and then
The Cries of Women and the Voice of Men:
Some roar out Vengeance, some for Mercy call,
And Shrieks and Tumults fill the dreadful Hall.
At length the Spectres vanish'd from my Sight,
Again the Lamps resum'd a feeble Light;
But chang'd the Place: No Splendor there was shown,
No gloomy Walls, that Mirth had never known;
For the gay Dome where Pleasure us'd to dwell,
Appear'd an Abbey and a doleful Cell;

Her

And

38 *LOV The Entertaining Companion :*

And here the sad, the ruin'd Nymph was found,
Her Robe disorder'd and her Locks unbound ;
While from her Eyes the pearly Drops of Woe
Wash'd her pale Cheek, where Roses us'd to blow :
Her blue and trembling Lips prepar'd to breathe
The Sighs, that made her swelling Bosom heave.
Thus stupid, with her Grief, she sat and prest
Her Lilly-hand across her pensive Breast.
A Group of ghastly Phantoms stood behind,
Whose Task it is to rack the guilty Mind ;
Wide-mouth'd Reproach, with Visage rude and thin,
And hissing Scandal made a hideous Din ;
Remorse that darted, from her deadly Wings,
Invenom'd Arrows, and a thousand Stings ;
Then, with pale Cheeks and with a ghastly Stare,
Peep'd o'er her Shoulder hollow-ey'd Despair,
Whose Hand, extended, bore a bleeding Heart,
And Death, behind her, shook his threat'ning Dart.

Mrs. Lauder

L O V E R.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault ;
I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
Repent old Pleasures, and solicit New.
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past Offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my Innocence.
Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest Science to forget.

Pope's Eloisa and Abelard

L O V E R

LOVE R's Leap.

he flood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
ly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian Main;
There stands a Rock, from whose impending Steep
pollo's Fane surveys the rolling Deep;
There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,
Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless Fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
But when, from hence, he plung'd into the Main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below!

Pope's Sappho to Phaon,

LUXURY.

Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who scatter in Excess your lavish Gold;
You, who the Wealth of frugal Ages waste,
Indulge a wanton supercilious Taste:
For whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous Board.
Behold how little thirsty Nature craves,
And what a cheap Relief the Lives of Thousands save!
No costly Wines these fainting Legions know,
Mark'd by old Consuls many a Year ago.
No waiting Slaves the precious Juices pour
From myrrhine Goblets, or the golden Ore;
But with pure Draughts they cool the boiling Blood,
And seek their Succour from the crystal Flood.

Rowe's Lucan.

MAN.

M.

M A N.

MAN, like the gen'rous Vine, supported lives;
The Strength he gains is from th' Embrace
gives.

On their own Axis, as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun ;
So two consistent Motions act the Soul ;
And one regards itself, and one the Whole.

Pope's Essay on Man

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper Study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this Isthmus of a middle State,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
With too much Knowledge for the Sceptic Side,
With too much Weakness for the Stoic's Pride,
He hangs between ; in Doubt to act, or rest ;
In Doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast ;
In Doubt his Mind, or Body, to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in Ignorance, his Reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;
Created Half to rise, and Half to fall ;
Great Lord of all Things, yet a Prey to all ;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd :
The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Then

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n's in Fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His Knowledge measur'd to his State and Place;
His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Our Depths who fathoms, or our Shallows finds,
Quick Whirls and shifting Eddies of our Minds?
On human Actions, reason tho' you can,
It may be Reason, but it is not Man;
His Principle of Action once explore,
That Instant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following Life thro' Creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the Moment you detect.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Now, God and Nature only are the same:
A Man, the Judgment shoots at flying Game,
Bird of Passage! Gone as soon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under Ground.

Pope's Moral Essays.

The righteous Powers, that mortal Lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a Length of Woes;
And, from the Flower of Life, the Bliss deny,
To bloom together, fade away, and die. *Pope's Odyssey.*
Mass'd in Man, there justly is beheld,
That thro' the whole Creation has excell'd,
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
The Angels Forecast and Intelligence;
Ay, from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows:
To count our Blessings, and compare our Woes.

In

42 **MAN** *The Entertaining Companion :*

In its true Light let clearest Reason see
 The Man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
 Helpless and naked on a Woman's Knees
 To be expos'd, or rear'd as she may please;
 Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Disease.
 His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
 Wounded, and flying from unprais'd Day;
 His Heart assaulted by invading Air,
 And beating fervent to the vital War;
 To his young Sense, how various Forms appear,
 That shake his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
 Till Time and Use assist the infant Wretch,
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe,
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years,
 To babbling Ignorance, and empty Fears;
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,
 Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;
 To Malice, which the vengeful Foe intends,
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
 Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
 Who in the Scorners', or the Judge's Seat,
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which they hate.

Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene ;
And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men ;
The remotest Wood and lonely Grotto
Certain to meet that worst of Evils, Thought ;
Different Ideas to his Memory brought :

Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods ;
Impetuous some, as the descending Floods :
With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
No sweet Companion near, with whom to mourn ;
He hears the echoing Rock return his Sighs,
And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, through what Path so'er of Life we rove,
Age companies our Hate, and Grief our Love ;
View'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why seek ye Brightness from the Years to come ?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to distant Prospects leap ;
Desirous still, what flies us, to o'ertake ;

For Hope is but the Dream of those that wake :
But, looking back, we see the dreadful Train
Of Woes, anew which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the Path again.

Still adding Grief, still counting from the First,
Adding the latest Evils still the Worst ;
And sadly finding each progressive Hour
Increase their Number, and augment their Pow'r ;
All by one countless Sum of Woes oppress'd,
Surround'd with Cares, and ignorant of Rest,
We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn :
Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood we return ;

Reflecting

44 MAN *The Entertaining Companion :*

Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
We Yesterday came forth ; that in the Tomb
Naked again we must To-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Prior's Solomon

Happy the mortal Man, who now at last
Has through this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past :
Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down ;
Whom the cut Brass or wounded Marble shows
Victor o'er Life, and all her Train of Woes.
He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To shorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
But oh ! beyond Description happiest he,
Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea :
Who, with bless'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb.
Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

Prior's Solomon

Illustrious Wretch ! repine not, nor reply :
View not what Heav'n ordains with Reason's Eye ;
Too bright the Object is, the Distance is too high.
The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make crooked straight :
Stop thy Enquiry then, and curb thy Sense ;
Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence.

is God who must dispose, and Man sustain,
orn to endure, forbidden to complain.

by Sum of Life must his Decrees fulfill ;
that derogates from his Command, is ill ;
and that alone is good, which centers in his Will.

Prior's Solomon.

Great Heav'n ! how frail thy Creature Man is made !

How by himself insensibly betray'd !

Our own Strength unhappily secure,

Too little cautious of the adverse Pow'r ;

And, by the Blast of Self-opinion mov'd,

We wish to charm, and seek to be lov'd.

In Pleasure's flowing Brink we idly stray,

Wasters as yet of our returning Way ;

Being no Danger, we disarm our Mind ;

And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind :

When in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade,

Our wanton Dalliance negligently laid,

We weave the Chaplet, and we crown the Bowl ;

And smiling see the nearer Waters roll ;

All the strong Gusts of raging Passion rise ;

All the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies ;

And swift into the boundless Ocean borne,

Our foolish Confidence too late we mourn :

Around our devoted Heads the Billows beat,

And from our troubled View the lessen'd Lands retreat.

Prior's Solomon.

Like Leaves on Trees the Race of Man is found,

Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the Ground ;

Another

46 MAN *The Entertaining Companion :*

Another Race the following Spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise :
So Generations in their Course decay ;
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away. Pope

Time was when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful Drops, to promise Man :
Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft coagulated Mass ;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathless Embryo with a Spirit warm'd :
But when the Mother Throes begin to come,
The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air ;
Cast on the Margin of the World, he lies
A helpless Babe ; but by Instinct he cries.

He next essays to walk, but downward prest,
On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast.
By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the rolling Chair is bound :
Then walks alone ; a Horseman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
In Time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
Strong bon'd, and strong with Nerves, in Pride of Years
He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength, and spares his Age :
Heavy the third, and stiff he sinks apace,
And tho' 'tis Downhill all, but creeps along the Race.

Now

Now sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,
 contemplating his former Feet and Hands;
 And, Milo-like, his slacken'd Sinews fees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with Hercules;
 Able now to shake, much less to tear the Trees.
 As ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
 Some Part of what was their's before, they leave:
 Or are To-day what Yesterday they were,
 Or the whole Same To-morrow will appear.

Dryden's Ovid.

Why, why was Man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast Creation? Why ordain'd
 Through Life and Death to dart his piercing Eye,
 With Thoughts beyond the Limits of his Frame;
 That th' Omnipotent might send him forth,
 Sight of mortal and immortal Pow'rs,
 On a boundless Theatre, to run
 The great Career of Justice; to exalt
 His gen'rous Aim to all diviner Deeds;
 To shake each partial Purpose from his Breast;
 And thro' the Mists of Passion and of Sense,
 And thro' the tossing Tide of Chance and Pain,
 To hold his Course unsault'ring, while the Voice
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep Ascent
 Of Nature, calls him to his high Reward,
 With applauding Smile of Heav'n; else wherefore burns,
 In mortal Bosoms, this unquenched Hope,
 That breathes from Day to Day sublimer Things,
 And mocks Possession? Wherefore darts the Mind
 With such restless Ardour to embrace

Majestic

48 MAN *The Entertaining Companion*:

Majestic Forms ! impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross Controll of wilful Might;
 Proud of the strong Contention of her Toils;
 Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns
 To Heav'n's broad Fire his unconstrained View,
 Than to the Glimm'ring of a waxen Flame ?
 Who that from Alpine Heights his lab'ring Eyes
 Shoots round the wide Horizon, to survey
 The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful Tide
 Through Mountains, Plains, through Empires, black
 with Shade,

And Continents of Sand ; will turn his Gaze
 To mark the Windings of a scanty Rill,
 That murmurs at his Feet ? The high-born Soul
 Disdains to rest her Heav'n-aspiring Wing
 Beneath its native Quarry. Tir'd of Earth,
 And this diurnal Scene, she springs aloft
 Through Fields of Air, pursues the flying Storm ;
 Rides on the volley'd Lightning thro' the Heav'ns,
 Or, yok'd with Whirlwinds and the Northern Blast,
 Sweeps the long Tract of Day. Then high she soars
 The blue Profound, and hov'ring o'er the Sun,
 Beholds him pouring the redundant Stream
 Of Light ; beholds his unrelenting Sway
 Bend the reluctant Planets to absolve
 The Fated Rounds of Time. Thence far effus'd,
 She darts her Swiftnefs up the long Career
 Of devious Comets ; thro' its burning Signs
 Exulting Circles the perennial Wheel
 Of Nature, and looks back on all the Stars,

whose blended Light, as with a Milky Zone,
vests the Orient. Now amaz'd she views
th' Imperial Waste, where happy Spirits hold,
beyond this Concave Heav'n, their calm Abode :
and Fields of Radiance, whose unfading Light
has travel'd the Profound fix thousand Years ;
nor yet arrives in Sight of mortal Things.
On the Barriers of the World untir'd
she meditates th' eternal Depths below ;
all half recoiling, down the headlong Steep
she plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
in that Immense of Being. There her Hopes
rest at the fated Goal. For, from the Birth
of mortal Man, the Sov'reign Maker said,
that not in humble or in brief Delight,
not on the fading Echoes of Renown,
nor's purple Robes, or Pleasure's flow'ry Lap,
the Soul shall find Enjoyment ; but from these
turning disdainful to an equal Good,
thro' all th' Ascent of Things inlarge her View,
all ev'ry Bound at length should disappear,
and infinite Perfection close the Scene.

Akinfide's Pleasures of the Imagination.

For of all
th' Inhabitants of Earth to Man alone
creative Wisdom gave to lift his Eye
to Truth's eternal Measures ; thence to frame
the sacred Laws of Action and of Will,

50 MAN *The Entertaining Companion:*

Discerning Justice from unequal Deeds,
And Temperance from Folly.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is Man?
How passing Wonder he, who made him such?
Who center'd in one Make such strange Extremes,
From different Natures marvelously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distinct Worlds!
Distinguish'd Link in Being's endless Chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A Beam Ætherial, fully'd and absorpt!
Tho' fully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim Miniature of Greatness absolute!
An Heir of Glory! a frail Child of Dust!
Helpless Immortal! Insect infinite!
A Worm! a God! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at Home a Stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own; how Reason reels!
O what a Miracle to Man is Man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what Joy, what Dread
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my Life, or what destroy?
An Angel's Arm can't snatch me from the Grave,
Legions of Angels can't confine me there.

Young's Night Thoughts

Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man!
Like Children babbling Nonsense in their Sports,

We censure Nature for a Span too short;
That Span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture Invention, all Expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring Moments into Speed;
And whirl us, happy Riddance! from ourselves.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Man is to Man the forest forest Ill;
A previous Blast foretells the rising Storm;
Overwhelming Turrets threaten e're they fall;
Volcanoes bellow e're they disemboque;
Earth trembles e're her yawning Jaws devour;
And Smoak betrays the wide consuming Fire;
Ruin from Man is most conceal'd, when near,
And sends the dreadful Tidings in the Blow.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Turn up thine Eye, survey this Midnight Scene;
What are Earth's Kingdoms to yon' boundless Orbs,
Of human Souls one Day the destin'd Range?
And what yon' boundless Orbs to God-like Man?
Those num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmament,
And ask more Space in Heav'n, can roll at large
In Man's capacious Thought, and still leave Room
For ampler Orbs; for new Creations there.

Can such a Soul contract itself, to gripe
A Point of no Dimension, of no Weight?
It can; it does; the World is such a Point;
And, of that Point, how small a Part enslaves?

Young's Night Thoughts.

Time flies, Death urges, Knells call, Heav'n invites,
Hell threatens; all exerts in Effort, all;

52 MAN *The Entertaining Companion :*

More than Creation labours!—Labours more!
 And is there in Creation, what, amidst
 This Tumult universal, wing'd Dispatch,
 And ardent Energy, supinely yawns?——
 Man sleeps; and Man alone; and Man whose Fate,
 Fate irreverfible, intire, extreme,
 Endlefs, Hair-hung, Breeze-shaken, o'er the Gulph
 A Moment trembles; drops! and Man, for whom
 All else is in Alarm; Man the fole Cause
 Of this furrounding Storm! And yet he fleeps,
 As the Storm rock'd to Reft,—throw Years away?
 Throw Empires, and be blamelefs. Moments feize
 Heav'ns on their Wings: A Moment we may wifh,
 When Worlds want Wealth to buy. Bid Day ftand ftill
 Bid him drive back his Carr, recall, retake
 Fate's hafty Prey: Implore, him reimport
 The Period paff, regive the given Hour.
 Lorenzo, more than Miracles we want;
 Lorenzo, O for Yefterday to come!

Young's Night Thoughts

But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,
 With ev'ry kind Emotion in his Heart,
 And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap
 She pours then thoufand Delicacies, Herbs,
 And Fruits, as num'rous as the Drops of Rain,
 Or Beams that gave them Birth: Shall he, fair Form
 Who wears fweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heav'n,
 E'er ftoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,
 And dip his Tongue in Gore? The Beaf of Prey,
 Blood-ftain'd, deferves to bleed: But you, ye Flocks,

What

What have you done ; ye peaceful People, what ;
To merit Death ? You, who have given us Milk
In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
Against the Winter's Cold ? And the plain Ox,
That harmless, honest, guiltless Animal,
In what has he offended ? He, whose Toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the Land
With all the Pomp of Harvest ; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel Hands
Of the Clowns he feeds ? And that perhaps
To swell the Riot of the Autumnal Feast,
Won by his Labour ; this the feeling Heart
Would tenderly suggest.

Thomson's Seasons.

Good MAN. See Honest MAN.

A good Man's Steps are all with Caution trod,
At once the Charge and Fav'rite of his God :
And if he slips, (as sure the best may err)
He's still supported by Almighty Care.

Mrs. Masters.

But the just Man no Pow'r on Earth shall move :
His God is his Support, his Joy, his Rest,
And to Eternity he shall be blest.

When heavy Judgments sweep o'er guilty Lands,
Secure in conscious Innocence he stands :

When Fountains fail, and Earth denies her Grain,

When pinching Want and eager Famine reign,

In his fair Fields shall fruitful Harvests grow,

And his fresh Springs with crystal Streams o'erflow.

Mrs. Masters.

Some

54 MAN *The Entertaining Companion :*

Some Angel guide my Pencil, while I draw
What nothing less than Angel can exceed ;
A Man on Earth devoted to the Skies,
Like Ships on Seas while in, above the World.

With Aspect mild and elevated Eye,
Behold him seated on a Mount serene,
Above the Fogs of Sense and Passions Storm ;
All the black Cares and Tumults of this Life,
Like harmless Thunders breaking at his Feet,
Excite his Pity, not impair his Peace.

Earth's genuine Sons the Scepter'd and the Slave,
A mingled Mob ! a wand'ring Herd ! he sees
Bewilder'd in the Vale ; in all unlike !
His full Reverse in all ! what higher Praise ?
What stronger Demonstration of the Right ?

The Present all their Care, the Future his,
When public Welfare calls, or private Want,
They give to Fame ; his Bounty he conceals.
Their Virtues varnish Nature ; his exalt.
Mankind's Esteem they court ; and he his own.
Theirs, the wild Chace of false Felicities ;
His, the compos'd Possession of the true.
Alike throughout is this consistent Peace,
All of one Colour, and an even Thread ;
While party-colour'd Shreds of Happiness,
With hideous Gapes between, patch up for them
A Madman's Robe ; each Puff of Fortune blows
The Tatters by, and shews their Nakedness.

He sees with other Eyes than theirs ; where they
Behold a Sun, he spies a Deity ;

What

What makes them only smile, makes him adore :
Where they see Mountains, he but Atoms sees ;
An Empire in his Balance weighs a Grain :]
They Things terrestrial worship, as Divine ;
His Hopes immortal blow them by, as Dust,
That dims his Sight, and shortens his Survey,
Which longs in Infinite to lose all Bound.
Titles and Honours (if they prove his Fate)
He lays aside to find his Dignity.
No Dignity they find in aught besides ;
They triumph in Externals, (which conceal
Man's real Glory) proud of an Eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in Man as Man :
Too dear he holds his Int'rest to neglect
Another's Welfare, or his Right invade ;
Their Int'rest, like a Lion, lives on Prey.
They kindle at the Shadow of a Wrong ;
Wrong he sustains with Temper, looks on Heaven,
Nor stoops to think his Injurer his Foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his Virtue, wounds his Peace.
A cover'd Heart their Character defends ;
A cover'd Heart denies him half his Praise.
With Nakedness his Innocence agrees ;
While their broad Foliage testifies their Fall.
There no Joys end, where his full Feast begins :
His Joys create, their's murder future Bliss ;
To triumph in Existence, his alone ;
And his alone triumphantly to think,
His true Existence is not yet begun.

56 MAR *The Entertaining Companion :*

His glorious Course was Yesterday complete ;
Death then was welcome, yet Life still is sweet.

Young's Night Thoughts.

MANKIND.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear,
The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe,
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, despise at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,
And Health for Want of Change becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And, tho' they're couzen'd still, they still believe.

Garth's Dispensary.

Genius of MANKIND.

Which Danger's Path, and which to Safety bears,
That ancient Genius of Mankind declares.
See him aloft, benevolent he bends,
One Hand is pointing, one a Roll extends,
Reason's imperial Code ; by Heav'n impress'd,
In living Letters on the human Breast.

Scott's Table of Cebes.

MARINER.

As to the shipwreck'd Mariner, the Shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars ;
Then, when the Surge, in Thunder, mounts the Sky,
And Gulphs in Crouds, at once the Sailors die :
If one more happy, while the Tempest raves,
Oulives the Tumult of afflicting Waves ;

Al

All pale with Ooze, deform'd he views the Strand,
And, plunging forth, with Transport grasps the Land.

Pope's Odyssey.

M A R S.

Stern Pow'r of War ! by whom the Mighty fall,
Who bathe in Blood, and shake the embattl'd Wall.

Pope's Iliad.

Mad furious Pow'r, whose unrelenting Mind
No God can govern, and no Justice bind. *Pope's Iliad.*

Of all the Gods that tread the spangled Skies,
The most unjust, most odious in our Eyes .

In human Discord is thy chief Delight,
The Waste of Slaughter and the Rage of Fight ;

No Bound, no Law, thy fiery Temper quells,

And all thy Mother in thy Soul rebels. *Pope's Iliad.*

Planet M A R S.

Thence the dire Coast we reach, the dreary Plains,
Where Mars, grim God, and bloody Discord reigns ;

The Host in Arms embattl'd sternly stands,

The Sword, the Dart, the Dagger, in their Hands.

Here no fair Nymphs to silver Sounds advance,

But buskin'd Heroes from the Pyrrhic Dance ;

And brazen Trumpets, terrible, from far,

With martial Music fire the Soul to War.

Here the lone Bride bewails her absent Lord,

The sterile Nuptials, the deserted Board ;

She sighs the long Nights, and, frantic with Despair,

Beats her bare Breast, and rends her flowing Hair.

In vain she sighs, in vain dissolves in Tears,

In Sleep, perhaps, the Warrior Lord appears,

58 MAR *The Entertaining Companion :*

A fleeting Form that glides before her Sight,
A momentary Vision of the Night;
Mean while, regardless of her anxious Prayer,
The hardy Husband sternly stalks to War;
Our Ears the Clang of ringing Armour rends,
And the immortal Battle never ends.

Smart.

Temple of M A R S.

In the Dome of mighty Mars, the Red,
With different Figures all the Sides were spread;
This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace,
Was imitative of the First in Thrace;
For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And sov'reign Mansion of the Warrior God.
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare,
Where neither Beast nor human Kind repair;
The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders fly,
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
And prickly Shrubs instead of Trees are found;
Or Woods, with Knots and Knares, deform'd and old
Headless the most, and hideous to behold.
A rattling Tempest thro' the Branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole Way they bent.
Heav'n froze above severe, the Clouds congeal,
And thro' the crystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.
Such was the Face without; a Mountain flood,
Theat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood.
Beneath the low'ring Brow, and on the Bent,
The Temple stood of Mars almighty potent:

T

The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare,
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
A freight long Entry to the Temple led,
Blind with high Walls, and Horror over-head;
Thence issu'd such a Blast and hollow Roar,
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
In, thro' that Door, a northern Light there shone;
Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian Quarries
came;

The Labour of a God! And, all along,
Tough Iron-plates were clench'd, to make it strong.
A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there,
A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear;
There saw I how the secret Felon wrought,
And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder
brought.

There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy Leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But had the Dagger underneath the Gown.
Th' assassinating Wife, the household Fiend,
And for the Blackest there, the Traitor-friend.
On th' other Side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War:
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters drawn,
And all with Blood besmear'd the holy Lawn.

60 MAR *The Entertaining Companion :*

Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
 And bawling Infamy, in Language base,
 Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.
 The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair;
 With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
 And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen Soul away.
 In Midst of all the Dome Misfortune fate,
 And glooming Discontent and fell Debate :
 And Madness laughing in his ireful Mood,
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft, and Cries of Blood.
 There was the murder'd Corpse in Covert laid,
 And vi'lent Death in thousand Shapes display'd.
 The City to the Soldier's Rage resign'd;
 Successless Wars, and Poverty behind.
 Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
 And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars.
 The new-born Babe by Nurses overlaid,
 And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.
 All Ills of Mars's Nature ; Flame and Steel :
 The gasping Charioteer beneath the Wheel
 Of his own Carr ; the ruin'd House that falls,
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls :
 The whole Division that to Mars pertains,
 All Trades of Death, that deal in Steel for Gains,
 Were there ; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,
 Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions, or the Scythe :
 The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd,
 With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.

There

There saw I Mars's Ides, the Capitol,
The Seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's Fall;
The last Triumvirs, and the Wars they move,
And Anthony, who lost the World for Love.
Those, and a Thousand more the Fane adorn,
Their Fates were painted 'ere the Man were born.
All copied from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force,
Of the red Star, in his revolving Course.
The Form of Mars high on a Chariot stood,
All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God.

Dryd. Pal. and Arc.

MARYGOLD.

Mark! how this Marygold conceals
Her Beauty and her Bosom veils,
How from the dull Embrace she flies
Of Phœbus, when his Beams arise;
But when his Glory he displays,
And darts around his fiercer Rays,
Her Charms she opens, and receives
The vigorous God into her Leaves.

Broomes.

MATTER.

See Matter next, with various Life endow'd,
Refs to one Center, still the gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables Life sustain,
See Life, dissolving, vegetate again:
All Forms that perish, other Forms supply,
By Turns we catch the vital Breath and die)
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They rise, they breake, and to that Sea return.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Transf.

62 MAY *The Entertaining Companion* :

Transmutation of M A T T E R.

How shall we next, o'er Earth and Seas, pursue
The various Forms of ev'ry Thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of these Materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives Birth
To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere;
Dilates its Drops, and softens into Air:
Those finer Parts of Air again aspire,
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire, once more, by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb,
Alters its Particles, is Fire no more;
But lies resplendent Dust, and shining Ore;
Or, running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes its Shape; puts off its old Remains;
With wat'ry Parts its lessen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides. *Prior's Solomon*

M A Y. *See* S P R I N G.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries
wear,
If not the First, the Fairest of the Year,
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs.
When thy short Reign is past, the sev'rish Sun
The sultry Tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.

Dryden's Pal. and Arc.

For

For sprightly May commands our Youth to keep
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggish
Sleep;

Each gentle Breast, with kindly Warmth she moves,
Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Love. *Dryden.*

M E A D.

Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy Foot,
Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of Nature, wide and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded Beauty to the roving Eye. *Thomson's Seasons.*

M E D A L.

Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust:
Huge Moles, whose Shadow stretch'd from Shore to
Shore,

Their Ruins perish'd, and their Place no more!

Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast Design,

and all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.

A narrow Orb each crouded Conquest keeps,

beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps.

Now scantier Limits the proud Arch confine,

and scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;

A small Euphrates thro' the Piece is roll'd,

and little Eagles wave their Wings in Gold.

Pope's Epistle to Addison.

The Medal, faithful to its Charge of Fame,

Thro' Climes and Ages bears each Form and Name.

In one short View subjected to our Eye

Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.

With

64 MED *The Entertaining Companion :*

With sharpen'd Sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore.
This, the blue Varnish, that the Green endears,
The sacred Rust of twice ten hundred Years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his Schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in Ecstatic Dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned Spleen devour'd,
Can taste no Pleasure since his Shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's Side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Pride.

Pope's Epistle to Addison.

Oh ! when shall Britain, conscious of her Claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman Fame ?
In living Medals see her Wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd Realms supply recording Gold ?

Pope's Epistle to Addison.

M E D U S A.

Where western Waves on farthest Lybia beat,
Warm'd with the setting Sun's descending Heat,
Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid Seat.
No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, shields
The rough, the squalid, unfrequented Fields ;
No Mark of Shepherds or the Plowman's Toil,
To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil :
But rude with Rocks, the Region all around,
Its Mistress and her potent Visage own'd,
'Twas from this Monster to afflict Mankind,
That Nature first produc'd the snaky Kind :
On her, at first, the forked Tongues appear'd,
From her the dreadful Hissings first were heard.

Some

ome wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hang ;
ome backward to her Waste depending long ;
ome with their rising Crest her Forehead deck ;
ome wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck.
nd, while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
pisons distil around, and Drops of livid Foam.
one, who beheld the Fury, could complain ;
o swift their Fate preventing Death and Pain :
re they had Time to fear the Change came on,
nd Motion, Sense, and Life, were lost in Stone.
he Soul itself from sudden Flight debarr'd,
ongearing, in the Body's Fortune shar'd. *Rowe's Lucan.*

M E E K N E S S.

ee soft-eye'd Meekness holds a curbing Rein,
nger's high-mettl'd Spirit to restrain.

Scott's Table of Cebes.

M E L A N C H O L Y.

ut o'er the twilight Groves and dusky Caves,
ong-sounding Isles, and intermingled Graves,
lack Melancholy sits, and round her throws
Death-like Silence, and a dread Repose :
er gloomy Presence suddens all the Scene,
ades ev'ry Flow'r, and darkens ev'ry Green ;
eepens the Murmur of the falling Floods,
nd breathes a browner Horror on the Woods.

Pope's Eloisa and Abelard.

his Melancholy flatters, but unmans you ?
hat is it first but Penury of Soul ?
lazy Frost, a Numbness of the Mind,

That

66 MER *The Entertaining Companion :*

That locks up all the Vigour to attempt,
By barely crying, 'tis impossible ! *Dryden's Cleonice.*

M E M O R Y.

Best Gifts that Heav'n's Indulgence could bestow !
To thee our surest Happiness we owe ;
Thou all the flying Pleasures dost restore
Which, but for thee, blest'd Memory, were no more
For we no sooner grasp some frail Delight,
But ready for its everlasting Flight ;
E're we can call the hasty Bliss our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone. *Mrs. Rowe*

Remember thee !

I then poor Ghost ! while Memory holds a Seat
In this distracted Globe. Remember thee !
Yes, from the Table of my Memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,
That Youth and Observation copy'd there ;
And thy Commandment, all alone, shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain
Unmix'd with baser Matter. *Shakespear's Hamlet*

M E R C H A N T.

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast,
Gladly for Life, the Treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape and live :
Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But, driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank and leaves the rest be-
hind. *Row's Fair Penit.*

M E R

M E R C U R Y.

the God obeys, and to his Feet applies
those golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies.
his ample Hat his beamy Locks o'erspread,
and veil'd the starry Glories of his Head !
he seiz'd the Wand that causes Sleep to fly,
and in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye ;
that drives the Dead to dark Tartarean Coasts,
and back to Life compels the wand'ring Ghosts.
Thus, thro' the parting Clouds, the Son of May
rings on the whistling Winds his rapid Way ;
now smoothly steers thro' Air his equal Flight,
now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' Ætherial Height ;
when wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,
and draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies.

Pope's Statius.

Swift as the Word, the duteous Son of May
prepares, th' Almighty's Orders to obey ;
Swift round his Feet his golden Wings he bound,
that speed his Progress o'er the Seas profound ;
on Earth's unmeasur'd Regions, as he flies,
trapp'd in a rapid Whirlwind, down the Skies.
When grasp'd the Wand ; the Wand that calls the Ghosts
from Hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian Coasts,
invites or chaces Sleep with wond'rous Pow'r,
and opens those Eyes that Death had seiz'd before.
Thus arm'd, with Wings of Winds sublimely rode,
thro' Heaps of op'ning Clouds, the flying God.
From far huge Atlas's rocky Sides he spies,
Atlas, whose Head supports the starry Skies.

Beat

68 MER *The Entertaining Companion :*

Beat by the Winds and driving Rains, he shrowds
His shady Forehead in surrounding Clouds ;
With Ice his horrid Beard is crufted o'er,
From his bleak Brows the gushing Torrents pour ;
Out-fpread his mighty Shoulders heave below
The hoary Piles of everlasting Snow.
Here on pois'd Pinions ftoop'd the painting God ;
Then, from the Steep, shot headlong to the Flood.
As the fwift Sea-mew, for the fishy Prey,
In low Excursions fkim along the Sea,
By Rocks and Shores, and wings th' aerial Way ;
So, from his kindred Mountain, Hermes flies,
Between the extended Earth and ftarry Skies :
Thus through the parting Air his Courfe he bore,
And, gliding, fkim'd along the Lybian Shore.

Pitt's Virg

At length he pitch'd upon the Ground, and show'd
The Form Divine the Features of a God :
Then hangs his Mantle loofe, and fits to show
The Golden Edging on the Seam below ;
Adjusts his flowing Curls, and in his Hand
Waves with an Air the Sleep-procuring Wand :
The glitt'ring Sandals to his Feet applies,
And to his Heels the well-trimm'd Pinion ties.

Addifon's Ode

The Herald of the Gods ;
His Hat, adorn'd with Wings, difclos'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod

ch as he seem'd, when, at his Sire's Command,
Argus' Head he laid the snaky Wand.

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

M E R C Y.

Threats the stubborn Sinner oft is hard,
trapp'd in his Crimes against the Storms prepar'd ;
t, when his milder Beams of Mercy play,
e melts and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away,
htning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,
Harbingers before th' Almighty fly.
ese but proclaim his Style, and disappear ;
e stiller Sound succeeds, and God is there. *Dryden.*

Heav'n has but

r Sorrow for our Sins, sweet Mercy seems
darling Attribute, which limits Justice ;
if there were Degrees in Infinite,
d Infinite would rather want Perfection,
an punish to Extent.

Dryden's All for Love.

M E T A L S.

w those profounder Regions they explore,
ere Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore :
re fullen to the Sight at large is spread
e dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead ;
ere, glimm'ring in their dewy Beds, are seen
e more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
e Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
d in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
e Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,
uth and a blooming Lustre in its Face ;

70 MET *The Entertaining Companion :*

To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Garib's Dispensary

METEOR. *See A U R O R A Borealis.*
When direful Meteors spread through glowing Air
Long Trails of Light, and shake their blazing Hair

Pope's Statist

So seeks the Swain by Night his doubtful Way,
Led by th' insidious Meteor's fleeting Ray;
Still on, attracted by th' illusive Beam,
He tempts the faithless Marsh, or fatal Stream :
Away with Scorn the laughing Damon flies,
While Shades eternal seal the Wretch's Eyes.

Blackley

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there ;
And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night,
Shoot through the Æther in a Trail of Light :
How rising Streams in th' azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend.
Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Honey Dews imbalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luscious Sweets adorn.
How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Lightning blaze.
Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
Or bold Tornadoes bluster in the Sky ?

by a prolific Aura upwards tends,
ments, and in a living Show'r descends?
w Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills,
Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills?
hence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
d River Gods their thirsty Urns supply,

Garth's Dispensary.

MILKY WAY.

Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
ich, when the Skies are clear, is seen below,
d Mortals by the Name of Milky know;
e Ground-work is of Stars, thro' which the Road
open to the Thunderer's Abode. *Dryden.*

road and ample Road, whose Dust is Gold,
d Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear,
a in the Galaxy, that Milky Way,
e to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars.

Milton.

MINERVA.

h in the Midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
n Rank to Rank she darts her radiant Eyes;
dreadful Ægis, Jove's immortal Shield,
d on her Arm, and lighten'd all the Field;
nd the vast Orb a hundred Serpents roll'd,
n'd the bright Fringe, and seem'd to burn in Gold.
h this each Grecian's manly Breast she warms,
lls their bold Hearts, and strings their nervous
Arms. *Pope's Iliad.*

MIRACLE.

where we see these Changes often fall,
te we pass them by, as natural:

Where

72 MIR *The Entertaining Companion:*

Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
 The pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
 Let active Thought there close Meanders trace;
 Let human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
 Are all Things Miracle; or nothing such?
 And prove we not too little, or too much?
 For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod,
 Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud;
 Is it more strange, then, that a Mountain's Brow,
 Stripp'd by December's Frost, and white with Snow,
 Should push, in Spring, ten thousand thousand Buds
 And boast returning Leaves and blooming Woods?
 That each successive Night, from op'ning Heav'n,
 The Food of Angels should to more be giv'n;
 Is this more strange, than that with common Bread
 Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed?
 Than that each Grain and Seed, consum'd in Earth,
 Raises its Store, and multiplies its Birth;
 And from the Handful which the Tiller sows,
 The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harvest flows
 Then from whate'er we can to Sense produce,
 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
 From Nature's constant or excentric Laws,
 The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Inf'rence draws,
 That an Effect must presuppose a Cause
 And while she does her upward Flight sustain,
 Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

Prior's Solomon
 MIRROUR

M I R R O U R.

s, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
Mirroure shews the Figures moving by ;
one by one in swift Succession pass
gliding Shadows o'er the polish'd Glass. *Pope.*

length all trembling, of herself afraid,
her lov'd Glass repair'd the weeping Maid,
with a Sigh address'd the alter'd Shade. }

what art thou, that wear'st a gloomy Form,
a low'ring Forehead, like a Northern Storm,
eks pale and hollow, as the Face of Woe,
Lips that with no gay Vermilion glow ?

ere is that Form which this false Mirroure told,
m'd like the Morn, and should for Ages hold ;

now a Spectre in its Room appears,
scarr'd with Furrows, and defac'd with Tears ;

can'st thou from the Regions of Despair,
shake my Senses with a meagre Stare ?

the straggling Horror may thy Phantom be,
surely not the mimic Shape of me.

yes—the Shade its mourning Visage rears,
when I sigh, and answers to my Tears :

who shall bow before this wither'd Shrine,
Mortal Image, that was late Divine.

Victim now will praise my faded Eyes,
the gay Basis for a thousand Lyes ? *Mrs. Leapor.*

M I S T. See F O G.

Mists and Exhalations that now rise,
a Hill or steamy Lake dusky and grey,

the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold :

74 MOO *The Entertaining Companion:*

Either to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs.

Milton's Paradise Lost

M O O N.

So when the Sun's broad Beam has tir'd the Sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober Light ;
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Pope's Moral Essays

The Moon affords us her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day ;
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race ;
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.

Prior's Solomon

The Silver Moon o'er briny Seas presides,
And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

Rowe's Lucan

So speaking, from the ruddy Orient shone
The Moon conspicuous, on her Golden Throne.

Pope's Odyssey

By thy Command the Moon, as Day-light fades,
Lifts her broad Circle in the deep'ning Shades ;
Array'd in Glory, and inthron'd in Light,
She breaks the solemn Terrors of the Night ;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying Flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same !
Now in Decrease, by slow Degrees she shrouds
Her fading Lustre in a Veil of Clouds ;
Now at Increase, her gath'ring Beams display
A Blaze of Light, and give a paler Day ;

Thousand Stars adorn her glitt'ring Train,
When she falls, and rise with her again ;
O'er the Defarts of the Sky unfold
Their burning Spangles of Sidereal Gold :
O'er the wide Heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay Attendants of the Night ;
Above Orb in sweet Confusion lies,
And with a bright Disorder paints the Skies.

Broom.

When the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,
Her Heav'n's clear Azure sheds her sacred Light ;
When not a Breath disturbs the Deep serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercasts the solemn Scene :
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole ;
O'er the dark Trees a yellow Verdure shed,
And tipp'd with Silver ev'ry Mountain's Head :
When shine the Vales, the Rocks in Prospect rise ;
Flood of Glory bursts from all the Skies.
The conscious Swains, rejoicing in the Sight,
The blue Vault, and bless the useful Light.

Pope's Iliad.

Smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mould,
And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold.
Then, said he, Queen of the mournful Night ;
And, as he spoke, she rose, clad o'er in Light,
With thousand Stars attending on her Train ;
With her they rise, with her they set again.

Corwley.

76 MOR *The Entertaining Companion :*

The Moon,

Rising in cloudy Majesty, at length,
Unveil'd with peerless Light;
She o'er the Dark her Silver Mantle threw,
And in her pale Dominions check'd the Night.

Milton's Paradise Lost

Mean while the Moon

Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd Clouds
Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East.
'Turn'd to the Sun direct her spotted Disk,
Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
And Caverns deep, as oblique Tubes descry
A smaller Earth, gives all his Blaze again,
Void of its Flame, and sheds a softer Day.
Now through the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd Mountain to the shadowy Vale.
While Rocks and Floods reflect the quiv'ring Glean
The whole Air whitens with a boundless Tide
Of Silver Radiance trembling round the World.

Thomson's Seasons

M O R N I N G.

The Morn had chac'd the dewy Shades away,
And o'er the World advanc'd the Lamp of Day.

Pitt's Virg

At length the Hill the sluggish Darkness fled,
And cloudy Morning rear'd its low'ring Head.

Rowe's Lucan

Now rose the Morning, and the Golden Sun
With Beams refracted on the Ocean shone ;
Near was the Sky, the Waves from Murmur cease,
And ev'ry ruder Wind was hush'd in Peace.

Rowe's Lucan.

Now thro' Night's Shade the early Dawning broke,
And changing Skies the coming Sun bespoke ;
Yet the Moor was dress'd in dusky White,
Or purpled o'er the East with ruddy Light ;
Length the Pleiad's fading Beams gave Way,
And dull Boötes languish'd into Day :
Each larger Star withdrew his fainting Head,
And Lucifer from stronger Phœbus fled.

Rowe's Lucan.

Light Sol had drove the fable Clouds away,
And cheer'd the Heavens with a Stream of Day ;
The Woodland Choir their little Throats prepare,
To chant new Carols to the Morning Air.

Mrs. Leapor.

Let see the Sun-Beams bright to Labour warn,
And gild the Thatch of Goodman Hodge's Barn.
Gay.

The Saffron Morn, with early Blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' Bed ;
With new-born Day to gladden Mortal Sight,
And gild the Courts of Heav'n with sacred Light.

Pope's Odyssey.

The early Lark, the Messenger of Day,
Plut'd in her Song the Morning grey ;

78 MOR *The Entertaining Companion :*

And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
That all the Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight,
He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,
And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dew.

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth disclose,
And o'er the fading Stars the Sun arose.

Rowe's Lucan

'Twas ebbing Darknefs pass'd the Noon of Night,
And Phosphor on the Confines of the Light
Promis'd the Sun ; e're Day began to spring,
The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her Wing,
And, flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to
sing.

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

Aurora now, fair Daughter of the Dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy Light the dewy Lawn ;
And now the rosy Messenger of Day
Strikes the blue Mountains with her Golden Ray.

Pope's Illiad

Night rolls the Hours away :

The redd'ning Orient shews the coming Day ;
The Stars shine fainter on th' Ætherial Plains,
And of Night's Empire but a Third remains.

Pope's Illiad

Dim Night her shadowy Cloud withdraws ; the Mo-
wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light. *Milton's Paradise Lost*
The starry Lights above are scarce expir'd,
And scarce the Shades from open Plains retir'd ;

The tuneful Lark has hardly stretch'd her Wing,
 And warbling Linnets just begin to sing;
 For yet industrious Bees their Hives forsake,
 For skim the Fish the Surface of the Lake.
 For yet the Flow'rs disclose their various Hue,
 But fold their Leaves oppress'd with hoary Dew;
 Blue Mists around conceal the neighb'ring Hills,
 And dusky Fogs hang o'er the murmur'ing Rills;
 While Zephyr faintly sighs among the Trees,
 And moves the Branches with a lazy Breeze.
 No jovial Pipe resounds along the Plains,
 Safe in their Hamlets sleep the drowsy Swains.

Mrs. Rowe.

And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,
 And from before her vanish'd gloomy Night,
 Shot thro' with Orient Beams. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*
 The lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
 Serene, in all her Dewy Beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal Day.
 And now the mounting Sun dispels the Fog;
 The rigid Hoar Frost melts before his Beam;
 And hung on ev'ry Spray, on ev'ry Blade
 Of Grass, the Myriad Dew Drops twinkle round.

Thomson's Seasons.

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled East:
 Till far o'er Æther spreads the widening Glow;
 And, from before the Lustre of her Face,
 White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step,
 The crown'd Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,

80 MOR *The Entertaining Companion :*

And opens all the Lawny Prospect wide.
 The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top,
 Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
 Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoaking Currents shine ;
 And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
 Limp, aukward : While along the Forest Glade
 The wild Deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early Passengers. Music awakes,
 The native Voice of undissembled Joy ;
 And thick around the Woodland Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
 His mossy Cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
 And from the crouded Fold in Order drives
 His Flocks to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

Thomson's Seasons

Now Morn, her rosy Steps in th' Eastern Clime
 Advancing, flew'd the Earth with Orient Pearl.

Milton's Paradise Lost

Behold what Streaks
 Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
 Night Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Upon the Mountain Top sits gaily dress'd,
 While all the Birds bring Music to his Levee.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet

Wish'd Morning's come, and now upon the Plains,
 And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks
 The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
 And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
 The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
 Of healthful Viands, which when Hunger calls,

W

With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up ;
And, looking tow'rs the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
their Voice, and bid their Fellow Brutes Good-mor-
row :

The chearful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
salute and welcome up the the rising Sun.

Otway's Orphan.

M O U N T A I N.

His proud Head the airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds ; his Shoulders and his Sides
A shady Mantle clothes ; his curling Brows
Grown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows ;
While Winds and Streams his lofty Forehead beat,
The common Fate of all that's high and great.
Nigh the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood,
That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
A fearful Brow no lively Green put on ;
No frisky Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.

Garth's Dispensary.

When a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
By raging Tempests or by Torrents borne,
Or sap'd by Time, or loosen'd from the Roots,
One through the Void the rocky Ruin shoots ;
Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep,
Down sink at once the Shepherd and the Sheep.

Dryden's Virgil.

82 MUR *The Entertaining Companion:*
M O W I N G.

When the fresh Spring in all her State is crown'd,
And high luxuriant Grass o'erspreads the Ground,
The Lab'rer with the bended Scythe is seen,
Shaving the Surface of the waving Green ;
Of all her native Pride disrobes the Land,
And Meads lie waste before his sweeping Hand :
While with the mounting Sun the Meadow glows,
The fading Herbage round he loosely throws ;
But, if some Sign portend a lasting Show'r,
Th' experienc'd Swain foresees the coming Hour :
His Sun-burnt Hands the scatt'ring Fork forsake,
And ruddy Damsels ply the saving Rake ;
In rising Hills the fragrant Harvest glows,
And spreads along the Fields in equal Rows.

M U R R A I N.

Here sprung of old, by sickly Gales begot,
A Plague with all the Fires of Autumn fraught,
Which slew the Beasts that range the Field or Wood,
Defil'd the Freshness of the crystal Flood,
And scorch'd with baleful Breath the grassy Food.
Strange Kind of Death ! for when the parching Pain
Had shrunk the Limbs, and throbb'd in ev'ry Vein,
A pois'nous Humour flow'd from all the Frame,
Till ev'ry Bone one putrid Mass became.

Before the Shrine in Snowy Fillets drest,
And holy Bands, the consecrated Beast
Fell, and prevented oft the ling'ring Priest.

Or if he sunk beneath the fatal Stroke,
No! on the Shrine his Entrails fail to smoke.
No more misled by many a doubtful Sign,
The Prophet can the dark Event divine;
Which scarce the Knife with the red Tincture reeks,
For the thin Gore the sandy Surface streaks.
No flow'ry Meads, or at the plenteous Stall,
No lifeless Heaps the Calves and Heifers fall.
The gentle Dogs run mad; the sick'ning Swine
Tant with thick Coughs, with swelling Quinsies pine,
The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood:
He Frets he stamps the Ground with eager Feet,
While from his Body bursts a doubtful Sweat,
That stood in icy Drops as Death appear'd;
His parch'd Hide to the Touch is rough and hard.
These Signs at first his future Fate preface,
But as the spreading Pest improv'd its Rage;
With sanguine Beams fierce glow'd his ardent Eyes,
And heav'd his struggling Breath with Groans and Sighs;
Of Blood black Torrents from his Nostrils sprung,
To the swoln Palate clove his furry Tongue.
Some have at first with short Success apply'd,
Pour'd thro' an Horn Lenzæus' purple Tide;
But soon fresh Fuel to the growing Flame
It gave, and Death the Medicine became:
While, with bare Teeth, their Limbs all bath'd in Gore,
Lay'n in the bitterest dying Pangs they tore.
O crown, ye Gods! a pious People's Pray'r,
And let the Bad alone so dire an Error share!

84 MUR *The Entertaining Companion :*

Lo ! while he toils the galling Yoke beneath,
Foaming black Blood, the Bullock sinks in Death.
The pensive Hind the Brother Steer relieves,
Who faithful for his lost Companion grieves,
And the fix'd Share amid the Furrow leaves.
Mean time, nor grassy Mead, nor lofty Grove,
The mournful Mate's afflicted Mind can move ;
Nor yet from Rock's delicious Streams that roll,
As Amber clear, can sooth his sorrowing Soul :
His Flanks flow loose, his Eyes grow dim and dead ;
And low to Earth he hangs his heavy Head.

Ah ! what avails his ceaseless useful Toil !
What boots it to have turn'd the stubborn Soil ?
Yet ne'er choice Massic Wines debauch'd his Taste,
Ne'er did he riot in the rich Repast ;
His Food is leafy Brouze, and Nature's Grass,
His Draught fresh Rills that thro' the Meadows pass,
Or Torrent rushing from the rocky Steep
Nor Cares disturb his salutary Sleep.

Then Cars were drawn, while fail'd th' accustom'd
Kine,

By ill-pair'd Buffaloes, to Juno's Shrine ;
And Men with Harrows toil'd to till the Plain,
And with their Nails dug in the Golden Grain ;
The rattling Waggon's galling Yoke sustain'd,
And up the rocky Steep laborious strain'd :
The wily Wolf, no more by Hunger bold,
With secret Step explores the nightly Fold.
Deers herd with Hounds, and leave their Sylvan Seat,
And seek with Man to find a safe Retreat.

Thick

}

thick on the Shores, like Shipwreck Corfcs caſt,
 appear the finny Race of Ocean vaſt ;
 th' affrighted Phocæ to the Rivers haſte.
 His Cave no more to ſhield the Snake avails,
 th' aſtoniſh'd Hydra dies, erecting all his Scales.
 ev'n their own Skies to Birds-unfaithful prove,
 headlong they fall, and leave their Lives above.
 For Change of Paſture could Relief impart ;
 deſtructive proves each vain Attempt of Art :
 Chiron, Melampus, healing Herbs explore,
 Fathers of ſacred Medicine, no more ;
 Ciſiphone, from Hell let looſe to Light,
 before her drives Diſeaſes and Affright ;
 till Day by Day more huge the Fiend appears,
 till high to Heav'n her horrid Head ſhe rears ;
 While lowing loud, and many a mournful Bleat,
 the with'ring Banks and hanging Hills repeat :
 at length whole Herds to Death at once ſhe ſweeps,
 high in the Stalls ſhe piles the loathſome Heaps.
 Dire Spectacle ! till ſage Experience found
 to bury deep the Carrion in the Ground.

Warton's Virgil.

Invocation to the MUSE. See INVOCATION.

ay, Virgins, ſeated round the Throne divine,
 all-knowing Goddeſſes ! immortal Nine !
 ſince Earth's wide Regions, Heav'n's unmeaſur'd Height,
 and Hell's Abyſs, hide nothing from your Sight ;
 We wretched Mortals ! loſt in Doubts below,
 but gueſs by Rumour, and but boaſt we know.

Daughters

86 MUS *The Entertaining Companion :*

Daughters of Jove assist ! inspir'd by you,
The mighty Labour dauntless I pursue.

Pope's Iliad

The Muse, by Fate's eternal Plan design'd,
To light, exalt, and humanize the Mind ;
To bid kind Pity melt, just Anger glow ;
To kindle Joy, or prompt the Sighs of Woe ;
To shake with Horror, rack with tender Smart,
And touch the finest Strings that rend the Heart.

Blacklock

Ye Nymphs of Solyma ! begin the Song :
To Heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
The mossy Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian Maids
Delight no more——O thou my Voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd Lips with Fire !

Pope's Messiah

Descend from Heav'n, Urania ! by that Name,
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian Hills I soar ;
Above the Flight of Pegasæan Wing :
The Meaning, not the Name, I call, for thou,
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the Top
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but Heav'nly-born.
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse ;
Wisdom, thy Sister, and with her didst play
In Presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song : Upheld by thee,
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,

As

earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Air,
by Temp'ring : With like Safety guided down,
turn me to my native Element :
ft from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once
llerophon, tho' from a lower Clime)
smounted, on the Aleian Field I fall,
roneous, there to wander, and forlorn.
alf yet remains unfung, but narrower bound,
ithin the visible diurnal Sphere ;
anding on Earth, not wrapp'd above the Pole,
ore safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd
o hoarse or mute, tho' fallen on evil Days,
n evil Days tho' fallen, and evil Tongues ;
Darkness, and with Danger compass'd round,
nd Solitude. Yet not alone, while thou
isits my Slumbers nightly, or when Morn
rples the East ; still govern thou my Song,
rania, and fit Audience find, tho' few ;
at drive far off the barbarous Dissonance
f Bacchus and his Revellers, the Race
f that wild Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
Rhodope, where Woods and Rocks had Ears
o Rapture, till the savage Clamour drown'd
oth Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend
er Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
or thou art Heav'nly, she an empty Dream.

Milton's Paradise lost.

MUSIC.

Hear how Timotheus' various Lays surprise,
And bid alternate Passion fall and rise ;

While,

88 *MUS The Entertaining Companion :*

While, at each Change, the Son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love.
Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,
Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like Turns of Nature found,
And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound.

'Twas at the royal Feast for Persia, won

By Philip's warlike Son ;

Aloft, in awful State,

The Godlike Hero fate,

On his imperial Throne.

His valiant Peers were plac'd around,

Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,

(So should Desert in Arms be crown'd.)

The lovely Thais, by his Side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride,

In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair !

None but the Brave, none but the Brave,

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful Choir,

With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre ;

The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,

And Heav'nly Joy inspire,

The Song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful Seats above,

(Such is the Power of mighty Love !)

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :

Sublime in radiant Spires he rode,

When

When he to fair Olympia press'd ;
And while he sought her snowy Breast,
Then round her slender Waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sovereign of the
World ;
The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity ! they shout around,
Present Deity ! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.
The Praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums ;
Flush'd with a purple Grace,
He shews his honest Face.
Now gives the Hautboys Breath ; he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain :
Bacchus's Blessings are his Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure,
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.
Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain,
Fought all his Battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the
Slain. The

90 MUS *The Entertaining Companion:*

The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And, while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride:

He chose a mournful Muse,

Soft Pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a Fate,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n from his high Estate,

And welt'ring in his Blood;

Deserted, at his utmost Need,

By those his former Bounty fed!

On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,

With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With downcast Looks the joyless Victor fate,

Revolving, in his alter'd Soul,

The various Turns of Chance below:

And now and then a Sigh he stole,

And Tears began to flow.

The mighty Master smil'd to see

That Love was in the next Degree;

'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,

For Pity melts the Soul to Love.

Softly sweet in Lydian Measures,

Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures;

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,

Honour but an empty Bubble;

Never ending, still beginning;

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think! O think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee;

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

Many rend the Skies with loud Applause;

Love was crown'd; but Music won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair,

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

Length with Wine and Love at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

Now strikes the golden Lyre again,

A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain;

Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,

And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound

Has rais'd up his Head;

As awak'd from the Dead,

And amaz'd he stares round.

Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise!

See the Snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash in their Eyes!

Behold a ghastly Band,

Each a Torch in his Hand!

There

There are Grecian Ghosts that in Battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain,
 Inglorious, on the Plain;
 Give the Vengeance due
 To the valiant Crew:

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods!
 The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy
 Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey;
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 E're heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
 And sounding Lyre,
 Could swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desires
 I. Dryden

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing Instruments inspire,
 Wake into Voice each silent String,
 And sweep the sounding Lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing Strain,
 Let the warbling Lute complain:
 Let the loud Trumpet sound,
 'Till the Roofs all around
 The shrill Echoes rebound:

II.

 e in more lengthen'd Notes and flow,
 deep, majestic, solemn Organs blow.
Hark ! the Number soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the Ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading Sound the Skies ;
ting in Triumph now swell the bold Notes,
roken Air, trembling, the wild Music floats ;
'Till, by Degrees, remote and small,
 The Strains decay,
 And melt away,
In a dying, dying Fall.

III.

Music, Minds an equal Temper know,
 swell too high, nor sink too low.
In the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
ic her soft assuasive Voice applies ;
Or, when the Soul is press'd with Cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning Airs.
rriors she fires with animated Sounds,
rs Balm into the bleeding Lover's Wounds.
Melancholy lifts her Head,
Morpheus rouses from his Bed,
Sloth infolds her Arms and wakes,
Lis't'ning Envy drops her Snakes ;
estine War no more our Passions wage,
and giddy Factions hear away their Rage.

IV. But

IV.

But when our Country's Cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial Music ev'ry Bosom warms!
 So, when the first bold Vessel dar'd the Seas,
 High on the Stern the Thracian rais'd his Strains,
 While Argos saw her kindred Trees
 Descend from Pelion to the Main.
 Transported Demi-Gods stood round,
 And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,
 Inflam'd with Glory's Charms:
 Each Chief his sev'nfold Shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining Blade:
 And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound,]
 To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!

V.

But when thro' all th' Infernal Bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale Nations of the Dead,
 What Sounds were heard,
 What Scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary Coast!
 Dreadful Gleams,
 Dismal Screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of Woe,
 Sullen Moans,
 Hollow Groans,
 And Cries of tortur'd Ghosts!

ark ! he strikes the golden Lyre ;
e ! the tortur'd Ghost respire,
See shady Forms advance !
Thy Stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
xion rests upon his Wheel,
And the pale Spectres dance !
Furies sink upon their iron Beds,
Snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their Heads.

VI.

By the Streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant Winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian Flow'rs ;
By those happy Souls who dwell
In yellow Meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine Bow'rs ;
By the Hero's armed Shades,
Glittering thro' the gloomy Glades ;
By the Youths that dy'd for Love,
Wand'ring in the Myrtle Grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to Life :
Oh ! take the Husband or return the Wife !
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's Prayer !
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
as Song could prevail o'er Death and o'er Hell,
A Conquest how hard and how glorious ?
Tho' Fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine Times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VII.

But soon, too soon, the Lover turns his Eyes :
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !

How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move ?

No Crime was thine, if 'tis no Crime to love.

Now under hanging Mountains,

Beside the Fall of Fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his Moan ;

And calls her Ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's Snows :

See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Desert he flies ;

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals Cries—

Ah see, he dies !

Yet, even in Death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his Tongue,

Eurydice the Woods,

Eurydice the Floods,

Eurydice the Rocks, and hollow Mountains rung.

VIII.

Musie the fiercest Grief can charm,

And Fate's severest Rage disarm :

Musie

can soften Pain to Ease,
make Despair and Anguish please :
Joys below it can improve,
antedate the Bliss above.

divine Cecilia found,
to her Maker's Praise confin'd the Sound.
the full Organ joins the tuneful Quire,
the immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear ;
on swelling Notes our Souls aspire,
the solemn Airs improve the sacred Fire ;
and Angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
bright Cecilia greater Power is giv'n ;
Numbers rais'd a Shade from Hell,
her's lift the Soul to Heav'n. *Pope's Ode on Cecilia's Day.*
more my Soul a Charm in Music finds,
she has Charms alone for peaceful Minds.

Pope's Sappho to Phaon.

take thy Bent, my Soul, another Sense
give, add Music to Magnificence.
if Harmony may Grief controul,
your of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
our Seers and Poets have confest,
Music's Force can tame the furious Beast,
tame the Wolf, or foaming Boar, restrain
rage ; the Lion drop his crested Main
tative to the Song ; the Lynx forget
Wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's Feet,
ye, alas ! less savage yet than these ?
Music, sure, may human Cares appease. *Prior's Sol.*

OL. II.

E

The

98 MUS *The Entertaining Companion:*

The unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore,
And fought his mournful Mind with Music to relieve
On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung! his Grievs with Day began
Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.
Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night!
He took his Way, thro' Forests void of Light;
And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable King.

Dryden's Poem

I seem thro' consecrated Walks to rove,
I hear soft Music die along the Grove:
Led by the Sound, I roam from Shade to Shade,
By Godlike Poets venerable made.

Pope's Windsor Forest

Tell me, O Muse! (for thou, or none canst tell)
The mystic Pow'rs that in blest Numbers dwell.
At first, a various unform'd Hint we find
Rise in some God-like Poet's fertile Mind,
Till all the Parts and Words their Places take;
And, with just Marches, Verse and Music make
Such was God's Poem, this World's new Essay;
So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay:
Th' ungovern'd Parts no Correspondence knew,
And artless War from thwarting Motions grew,
Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought
By the eternal Mind's poetic Thought:
Water and Air he for the Tenour chose,
Earth made the Base, the Treble Flame arose.

th' active Moon a quick brisk Stroke he gave,
Saturn's String a Touch more soft and grave :
Motions, straight and round, and swift and slow,
short and long, were mix'd and woven so,
in such artful Figures smoothly fall,
made this decent measur'd Dance of all.

this is Music.

Cowley.

breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around,
the shrill Trumpets mix their silver Sound :
vaulted Roofs with echoing Music ring ;
se touch the vocal Stop, and those the trembling
String.

thus Amphion tun'd the warbling Lyre,
Joab the founding Clarion could inspire ;
fierce Theodamus whose sprightly Strain
d swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the martial Train.

Pope's January and May.

Man may justly tuneful Strains admire ;
Soul is Music, and his Breast a Lyre :
Lyre, which, while its various Notes agree,
sings the Sweets of its own Harmony.

rough Hatred with soft Love is join'd,
sprightly Hope with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.

}

at ravishes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
Music, tho' a various Dress it wear.

ty is Music too, tho' in Disguise ;

fine to strike the Ear, it strikes the Eyes,

, thro' 'em, to the Soul the silent Stroke conveys.

}

'Tis Music Heav'nly, such as in a Sphere,
 We only can admire, but cannot hear.
 Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers less below,
 By them all Humours yield, all Passions bow,
 And stubborn Crouds are chang'd, yet know not how
 Let other Arts in senseless Matter reign,
 Mimic in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain ;
 Music, the mighty Artist, Man can rule,
 As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
 And much as Man can those mean Arts controul.

Dryden

If Music be the Food of Love, play on ;
 That Strain again ; it had a dying Fall ;
 Oh ! it came o'er my Ear like a sweet Sound
 That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
 Stealing, and giving Odours. *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*

Music has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
 To soften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak :
 I've read that Things inanimate have mov'd,
 And, as with living Souls, have been inspir'd
 By magic Numbers, and persuasive Sound.

Congreve's Mourning Bride

Let there be Music, let the Master touch
 The sprightly String, and softly-breathing Flute ;
 Till Harmony rouse ev'ry gentle Passion !
 Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,
 And the fierce Youth to languish at her Feet.
 Begin ! ev'n Age itself is chear'd with Music,
 It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
 Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport.

Rowe's Fair Penitent

N. N A T U R

N.

N A T U R E.

O build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
To treat the Goddess like a modest Fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each Beauty ev'ry-where be spy'd,
Where Half the Skill is decently to hide.
She gains all Points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Admiring Nature, still divinely bright,
The clear unchang'd and universal Light,
Life, Force, and Beauty must to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Test of Art.
Art, from that Fund, each just Supply presides,
Works without Show, and without Pomp besides:
In some fair Body, thus the secret Soul
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the Whole;
Each Motion guides and ev'ry Nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in Effect remains.

Pope.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care;
The Fur that warms a Monarch warm'd a Bear.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Nor think in Nature's State they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the Reign of God.

Pope's Essay on Man.

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract :
 New forms her Work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the Measures of our feeble Sense.
 The Object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
 Denies its real Image to the Eye :
 Too little it eludes the dazzled Sight,
 Becomes mix'd Blackness, or unparted Light.
 Water and Air the various Form confound ;
 The Straight looks crooked, and the Square grows round

Thus, while with fruitless Hope, and wearied Pain
 We seek great Nature's Pow'r, but seek in vain ;
 Safe sits the Goddess in her dark Retreat,
 Around her, Myriads of Ideas wait ;
 And endless Shapes, which the mysterious Queen
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain :
 As from her lost Pursuit she wills to hide
 Her close Decrees, and chasten human Pride.

Prior's Solomon

Nature all o'er is consecrated Ground,
 Teeming with Growths Immortal and Divine.

Young's Night Thoughts

Read Nature ; Nature is a Friend to Truth ;
 Nature is Christian, preaches to Mankind,
 And bids dead Matter aid us in our Creed.

Young's Night Thoughts

But who can paint
 Like Nature ? Can Imagination boast,
 Amid its gay Creation, Hues like her's ?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless Skill,

And

And lose them in each other, as appears
Ev'ry Bud that blows? *Thomson's Seasons.*
Hyacinths, of purest Virgin White,
Bent, and blushing inwards; nor Jonquils,
Potent Fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
O'er the sable Fountain hanging still;
Nor broad Carnations, nor gay spotted Pinks;
Nor shower'd from every Bush, the Damask-rose.
Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,
With Hues on Hues Expression cannot paint,
The Breath of Nature, and her endless Bloom.

Thomson's Seasons.

NECTARINE.

At see, to emulate these Cheeks of thine,
In yon' fair Tree, the blushing Nect'rins shine:
Beneath their Leaves the ruddy Peaches glow,
And the plump Figs compose a gallant Show.
With gaudy Plums see yonder Boughs recline,
And ruddy Pears in yon' Espalier twine.
Where humble Dwarfs in pleasing Order stand,
Whole golden Product seems to court thy Hand.

Mrs. Leapor.

Magnetic NEEDLE.

'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the Truth unfold,
Two faithful Needles, from th' informing Touch
Of the same Parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic Virtue, and at first conspir'd,
With fatal Impulse quiv'ring to the Pole;
Then, tho' disjoin'd by Kingdoms, tho' the Main
Roll'd its broad Surge betwixt, and different Stars

Beheld their wakeful Motions, yet preserv'd
 The former Friendship, and remember'd still
 The Alliance of their Birth : Whate'er the Line
 Which one possess'd, nor Pause, nor Quiet knew
 The sure Associate, e're with trembling Speed
 He found its Path, and fix'd unerring there.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination

NEPTUNE.

Neptune, the Ruler of the Seas profound,
 Whose liquid Arms the mighty Globe surround.

Pope's Iliad

Neptune, the hoary Monarch of the Deep !
 Strong God of Ocean thou ! whose Rage can make
 The solid Earth's eternal Basis shake. *Pope's Iliad*

Where'er the Sun's refulgent Rays are cast,
 Thy Pow'r is honour'd, and thy Fame shall last.

Pope's Iliad

His finny Train Saturnian Neptune joins ;
 Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,
 And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.
 High on the Waves his azure Car he guides,
 Its Axle thunders, and the Sea subsides,
 And the smooth Ocean rolls her silent Tide.
 The Tempests fly before their Father's Face ;
 Trains of inferior Gods his Triumph grace ;
 And monster Whales before their Master play,
 And Choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry Way.
 The marshal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide,
 To Right and Left ; the Gods, his better Side
 Inclose, and on the Worse the Nymphs and Nereids
 ride.

Dryden's Virgil.

NIGHT

N I G H T.

When the still Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
And spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground,
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme;
The Surges gently dash against the Shore,
The Rocks quit the Plains, and Galley Slaves the Oar;
The Ship shakes its downy Wings o'er martial Eyes.

Garth's Dispensary.

Now Night in silent State begins to rise,
And twinkling Orbs bestow the unclouded Skies;
The borrow'd Lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the Main a glitt'ring Path extends;
The Regions of Worlds hang in the spacious Air,
Which round their Suns their annual Circles steer.

Yet Contemplation elevates my Sense,
While I survey the Works of Providence. *Gay.*

Now awful Night begins her solemn Round,
When all the Majesty of Darkness crown'd!
The busy Nature lies diffus'd in Sleep,
And hush'd in the Land, and lull'd the peaceful Deep;
The Air of Wind disturbs the drowsy Woods,
Whispers murmur from the silent Floods;
The silver Moon sheds down a trembling Light,
Which glads the melancholy Face of Night:
The Stars in Order twinkle in the Skies,
And fall in Silence, and in Silence rise. *Broome.*

As Night; and, weary with the Toils of Day,
The whole Creation lay.

The Murmurs of the Groves and Surges die,
 The Stars roll solemn thro' the glowing Sky;
 Wide o'er the Fields a brooding Silence reigns,
 The Flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry Plains;
 The furious Savages that haunt the Woods;
 The painted Birds and Fishes of the Floods:
 All, all, beneath the general Darkness share,
 In Sleep, a soft Forgetfulness of Care. *Pitt's Virg.*
 Now had the Sun roll'd down the beamy Light,
 And from the Caves of Ocean rush'd the Night;
 With one black Veil her spreading Shades suppress
 The Face of Nature, and the Frauds of Greece.

Pitt's Virg.

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies,
 So fast as if she never were to rise:
 No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees;
 No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas;
 Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;
 No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;
 Nor stay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
 To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie;
 The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,
 Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave:
 The Owls forget to scream; no midnight Sound
 Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground.
 In Vaults the waking Fires extinguish'd lie;
 The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink and seem to die

Lee's Theod.

'Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
 Their Eyes, in balmy Sleep and soft Repose.

The Winds no longer whisper'd thro' the Woods,
 Or murmuring Tides disturb the gentle Floods :
 The Stars in silent Order mov'd around ;
 And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the
 Ground.

The Flocks, and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl,
 Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,
 Lest on the quiet Earth, securely lay,
 Forgetting the past Labours of the Day. *Dryden's Virgil.*

Things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
 The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Heads ;
 The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
 And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the night Dew sweat ;
 In Lust and Envy sleep. *Dryden's Indian Emperor.*

Behold ! the Night displays her starry Train,
 And silver Dews impearl the glitt'ring Plain ;
 A awful Horror fills the gloomy Woods,
 And bluish Mists rise from the smoaky Floods. *Brooms.*
 Was when bright Cynthia with her silver Car,
 Soft stealing from Endymion's Bed,
 Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring Star,
 And up the Ascent of Heav'n her brilliant Host had
 led.

Light, with all her negro Train,
 Took Possession of the Plain ;
 And in a Hearse she rode reclin'd,
 Drawn by Screech-owls slow and blind :
 Close to her with printless Feet,
 Slept Stillness in a Winding-sheet.

Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
 Treading on Tip-toes o'er the Green;
 Softly, lightly, gently she trips,
 Still holding her Fingers seal'd to her Lips.
 You could not see a Sight,

You could not hear a Sound,
 But what confess'd the Night,
 And Horror deepen'd round.

Now, deep in Ocean sunk the Lamp of Light,
 And drew behind the cloudy Veil of Night,

Pope's Iliad

The wearied Sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook the Horizon and roll'd down the Light;
 While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply,
 And Night's dark Mantle overspreads the Sky.

Pope's January and May

The Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
 And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale;
 The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
 And to prevailing Shades the murmuring World resign'd.

Roscomm

Soon as with gentle Sighs th' Ev'ning Breeze
 Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees,
 And Night had wrapp'd in Shades the Mountain Head,
 While Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds.

Garth's Dispensary

Night, fable Goddess! from her Ebon Throne,
 In rayless Majesty, now stretches forth
 Her Leaden Scepters o'er a slumb'ring World.
 Silence, how dead! and Darkness, how profound!

No

Eye nor list'ning Ear an Object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general Pulse
Life stood still, and Nature made a Pause ;
awful Pause ! prophetic of her End.

Young's Night Thoughts.

W like a Widow in her Weeds, the Night,
Mid her glimm'ring Tapers, silent sits !
How sorrowful, how desolate she weeps
Petual Dews, and saddens Nature's Scene.

Young's Night Thoughts.

And see, Day's amiable Sister sends
An Invitation in the softest Rays
Mitigated Lustre ; courts thy Sight,
Which suffers from her Tyrant Brother's Blaze.
Night grants thee the full Freedom of the Skies ;
And rudely reprimands thy list'ning Eye ;
Thou Gain and Joy she bribes thee to be wise ;
Night opens the noblest Scenes full Weight,
And deep Reception, in th' intender'd Heart ;
While Light peeps thro' the Darkness like a Spy ;
And Darkness shews its Grandeur by the Light.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Who turns his Eye on Nature's Midnight Face,
Must enquire—" What Hand behind the Scene,
That Arm Almighty put these wheeling Globes
In Motion, and wound up the vast Machine ?
Who rounded in his Palm these spacious Orbs ?
Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark Profound,
As glorious as glitt'ring, Gems of Morning Dew,
Sparks from populous Cities in a Blaze,

And

110 NIG *The Entertaining Companion :*

And set the Bosom of old Night on Fire ?
Peopled her Desert, and made Horror smile ?

Young's Night Thoughts

Say gentle Night ! whose modest Maiden Beams
Give us a new Creation, and present
The World's great Picture soften'd to the Sight :
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still :
Say, thou, whose mild Dominion's Silver Key
Unlocks our Hemisphere, and sets to View
Worlds beyond Number ; Worlds conceal'd by Day,
Behind the proud and envious Star of Noon.
Can'st thou not draw a deeper Scene ?—and shew
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich Regalia pompously display'd,
To kindle that high Hope ? Like him of Uz
I gaze around, I search on ev'ry Side.

Young's Night Thoughts

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial Friend,
The conscious Moon, thro' ev'ry distant Age,
Has held a Lamp to Wisdom, and let fall
On Contemplation's Eye, her purging Ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with Men,
And form their Manners, not inflame their Pride ;
While o'er his Head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring Mind, the Stars in Silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future Guest,
See him solliciting his ardent Suit,
In private Audience : all the live-long Night,
Rigid in Thought, and motionless he stands ;

N

quits his Theme, or Posture, till the Sun
the Drunkard rising rosy from the Main!)
stirbs his nobler intellectual Beam,
and gives him to the Tumult of the World.
Oh, precious Moments! stol'n from the black Waste
murder'd Time! Auspicious Midnight! hail!
the World excluded, ev'ry Passion hush'd,
and open'd a calm Intercourse with Heav'n,
where the Soul sits in Council; ponders past,
redefines future Action; sees, not feels,
multuous Life; and reasons with the Storm;
and her Lyes answers, and thinks down her Charms.

Young's Night Thoughts.

These Thoughts, O Night! are thine;
from thee they came like Lovers secret Sighs,
while others slept. So Cynthia, Poets feign,
Shadows veil'd soft sliding from her Sphere,
her Shepherd chear'd; of her enamour'd less,
than I of thee; and art thou still unsung,
beneath whose Brow and by whose Aid I sing?
Immortal! ——— Where shall I begin?
Where end? Or how steal Music from the Spheres,
to sooth their Goodness?

O majestic Night,
Nature's great Ancestor, Day's elder born!
and fated to survive the transient Sun!
by Mortals and Immortals seen with Awe!
A starry Crown thy Raven Brow adorns;
An azure Zone thy Waist; Clouds in Heav'n's Loom,
Wrought through Variety of Shape and Shade,

In

112 NIG *The Entertaining Companion:*

In ample Folds of Drapery Divine,
Thy flowing Mantle form, and Heav'n throughout
Voluminously pour thy pompous Train.

Thy gloomy Grandeurs (Nature's most august,
Inspiring Aspect !) claim a grateful Verse ;
And, like a sable Curtain starr'd with Gold,
Drawn o'er my Labours past, shall close the Scene.

Young's Night Thoughts

Ev'ning yields

The World to Night ; not in her Winter Robe
Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd
In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Flings half an Image on the straining Eye ;
While wav'ring Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
And Rocks and Mountain Tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
Uncertain, if beheld.

Thomson's Seasons

Now black and deep the Night begins to fall,
A Shade immense. Sunk in the quenching Gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are Heav'n and Earth.
Order confounded lies, all Beauty void ;
Distinction lost ; and gay Variety ;
One universal Blot : Such the fair Pow'r
Of Light, to kindle and create the Whole.

Thomson's Seasons

NIGHTINGALE.

The warbling Bird

Tunes sweetest her Love-labour'd Song.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

She

all Night long her am'rous Descant sings,
ls her thick warbled Notes the Summer long.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
Mother Nightingale laments alone :
ose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence
Stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
melancholy Music fills the Plains.

Dryden's Virgil.

when the Nightingale to Rest removes,
Thrush may chaunt to the forsaken Groves ;
charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings,
all the aerial Audience clap their Wings. *Pope.*
k ! the Night Warbler, from yon' vocal Boughs,
ds ev'ry Valley with melodious Woes.
t through the Air her Rounds the Swallow takes,
sportive skims the Level of the Lakes. *Brooms.*

N I L E.

en in the Crab the humid Ruler shines,
to the sultry Lion near inclines ;
re fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent Source,
strikes the wat'ry Stores with pond'rous Force ;
can the Floods bright Maia's Son withstand,
heaves, like Ocean, at the Moon's Command ;
Waves ascend, obedient as the Seas,
reach their destin'd Height by just Degrees :
to its Bank returns th' enormous Tide,
Libra's equal Scales the Day and Night divide.

Antiquity,

114 *NIL The Entertaining Companion:*

Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
 In Dreams of Ethiopian Snows believ'd.
 From Hills they taught how melting Currents ran,
 When the first Swelling of the Flood began.
 But, ah ! how vain the Thought ! no Boreas there
 In icy Bands constrains the wint'ry Year.
 But sultry Southern Winds eternal reign,
 And scorching Suns the swarthy Natives stain.
 Yet more, whatever Flood the Frost congeals,
 Melts as the genial Spring's Return he feels.
 While Nile's redundant Waters never rise,
 Till the hot Dog inflames the Summer Skies :
 Nor to his Banks his shrinking Stream confines,
 Till high in Heav'n th' Autumnal Balance shines.
 Unlike his wat'ry Brethren he presides,
 And by new Laws his liquid Empire guides.
 From dropping Seasons no Increase he knows,
 Nor feels the fleecy Show'rs of melting Snows.
 His River swells not idly, e're the Land
 The timely Office of his Waves demand ;
 But knows his Lot by Providence design'd,
 To cool the Season, and refresh Mankind.
 Whene'er the Lion sheds his Fires around,
 And Cancer burns Syena's parching Ground ;
 Then at the Pray'r of Nations comes the Nile,
 And kindly tempers up the mould'ring Soil.
 Nor from the Plains the cov'ring God retreats,
 Till the rude Fervour of the Skies abates ;
 Till Phœbus into milder Autumn fades,
 And Meroë projects her length'ning Shades.

let inquiring Sceptics ask the Cause ;
Jove's Command, and these are Nature's Laws.
Others of old as vainly too have thought
Western Winds the spreading Deluge brought ;
At fix'd Times for many a Day they last,
Toss the Skies, and drive a constant Blast ;
Collect'd Clouds united Zephyrs bring,
Shed huge Rains from many a dropping Wing, }
Heave the Flood, and swell th' abounding Spring.
When the airy Brethren's steadfast Force
Stays the rushing Current's downward Course,
Toward he rolls indignant to his Head ;
He o'er the Plains his heapy Waves are spread.
We have believ'd that spacious Channels go
Through the dark Entrails of the Earth below ;
Through these by Turns revolving Rivers pass,
Secretely pervade the mighty Mass ;
Through these the Sun, when from the North he flies,
Cuts the glowing Ethiopic Skies ;
A distant Streams attracts their liquid Stores,
Thro' Nile's Spring th' assembled Water pours :
Nile o'erburthen'd disembogues the Load,
Spews the foamy Deluge all abroad.
Yet there have been too who long maintain'd,
The Ocean's Waves thro' porous Earth are drain'd ;
Whence their Saltness they no longer keep,
How Degrees still fresh'ning as they creep :
At a Period Nile receives them all,
And pours 'em loosely spreading as they fall.

The

The Stars and Sun himself, as some have said,
 By Exhalations from the Deep are fed ;
 And, when the Golden Ruler of the Day
 Through Cancer's fiery Sign pursues his Way,
 His Beams attract too largely from the Sea.
 The Refuge of his Draughts the Nights return,
 And more than fill the Nile's capacious Urn.
 Were I the Dictates of my Soul to tell,
 And speak the Reasons of the wat'ry Swell ;
 To Providence the Task I would assign,
 And find the Cause of Workmanship divine.
 Less Streams we trace, unerring to their Birth,
 And know the Parent Earth which brought 'em forth
 While this, as early as the World begun,
 Ran thus, and must continue thus to run ;
 And, still unfathom'd by our Search, shall own
 No Cause but Jove's commanding Will alone.

Rowe's L

N O O N.

Now when the Height of Heav'n bright Phœbus
 And level Rays cleave wide the thirsty Plains ;
 When Heifers seek the Shade and cooling Lake,
 And in the middle Pathway basks the Snake ;
 O lead me, guard me from the sultry Hours,
 Hide me, ye Forests, in your closest Bowers :
 Where the tall Oak his spreading Arms intwines,
 And with the Beech a mutual Shade combines ;
 Where flow the murm'ring Brook's inviting Dream
 Where bordering Hazle overhangs the Streams,

ose rolling Current, winding round and round,
h frequent Falls makes all the Wood resound ;
n the mossy Couch my Limbs I cast,
ev'n at Noon the Sweets of Ev'ning taste.

Gay.

raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
ts on the Head direct his forceful Rays.
Heav'n and Earth, far as the ranging Eye
sweep, a dazzling Deluge reigns ; and all
n Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.
ain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
ops for Relief ; thence hot ascending Steams
keen Reflection pain. Deep to the Root
Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields
slippery Lawn an acid Hue disclose,
Fancy's Blooms, and wither ev'n the Soul.
o no more returns the chearful Sound
sharp'ning Scythe ; the Mower sinking heaps
r him the humid Hay, with Flow'rs perfum'd ;
d scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard
ro' the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants,
e very Streams look languid from afar ;
thro' th' unshelter'd Glade, impatient, seem
hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

Thomson's Seasons.

ound the adjoining Brook, that purls along
e vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
w scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
w starting to a sudden Stream, and now
ntly diffus'd into a limpid Plain ;

A vari-

A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
 Rural Confusion! On the grassy Bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the Flood, and often bending sip
 The circling Surface. *Thomson's Seasons*

N U M B E R S.

True Ease in Writing comes from Art, not Chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence;
 The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense:
 Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows;
 But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
 The hoarse rough Verse should like the Torrent roar
 When Ajax strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw
 The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scow'rs the Plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending Corn, and skims along
 Main. *Pope's Essay on Criticism*

N U N N E R Y.

Oh! shut me in a Cloyster: There, well pleas'd,
 Religious Hardship I will learn to bear,
 To fast and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r:
 Nor think it hard, within a lonely Cell,
 With melancholy speechless Saints to dwell;
 But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran,
 Free from the Marriage Chain, and from that Ty
 Man. *Rowe's Fair Penitent*

Some solitary Cloyster will I chuse,
 And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:

se my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep ;
e by the melancholy Midnight Bell :
e hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life,
ngthen out the Payment of my Tears.
ng and Tears, and Penitence and Pray'r,
do dead Sancho Justice ev'ry Hour :
ev'n fierce Raymond at the last shall say,
let her die, for she has griev'd enough.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

O.

O A K.

S two tall Oaks they rise,
Their Roots in Earth, their Heads amidst the
Skies ;
se spreading Arms, with leafy Honours crown'd,
did the Tempest, and protect the Ground ;
on the Hills appears their stately Form,
their deep Roots for ever brave the Storm.

Pope's Iliad.

the Field with Ceres' Bounty spread,
ears some ancient Oak his reverend Head ;
plets and sacred Gifts his Boughs adorn,
Spoils of War, by mighty Heroes worn.
he first Vigour of his Root now gone,
stands dependent on his Weight alone ;
bare his naked Branches are display'd,
with his leafless Trunk he forms a Shade :

Yet

Yet tho' the Wind his Ruin daily threat,
 As ev'ry Blast would heave him from his Seat ;
 Tho' thousand fairer Trees the Field supplies,
 That rich in youthful Verdure round him rise ;
 Fix'd in his ancient State, he yields to none,
 And wears the Honours of the Grove alone.

Rowe's L

As o'er the aerial Alps, sublimely spread,
 Some aged Oak uprears his rev'rend Head ;
 This Way and that the furious Tempests blow,
 To lay the Monarch of the Mountains low ;
 Th' Imperial Plant, tho' nodding at the Sound,
 Tho' all his scatter'd Honours strew the Ground,
 Safe in his Strength, and seated in the Rock,
 In naked Majesty, defies the Shock :
 High as the Head shoots tow'ring to the Skies ;
 So deep the Root in Hell's Foundation lies.

Pitt's Vir

As the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
 Does in soft Wreaths and am'rous Foldings twine,
 Easy and slight appears ! the Winds from far
 Summon their noisy Forces to the War :
 But, tho' so gentle seems his outward Form,
 His hidden Strength out braves the hardest Storm.
 Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field,
 Shewing stout Minds when unprovok'd are mild.

Hal

O C E A N.

Ocean ! thou dreadful and tumultous Home
 Of Dangers, at eternal War with Man !

Dea

Capital, where most he domineers,
all his chosen Terrors frowning round ;
h lately feasted high at Albion's Cost,
op'ning and loud roaring still for more !
ithful Mirror, how dost thou reflect
elancholy Face of human Life !

Young's Night Thoughts.

O M B R E.

a now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,
to encounter two advent'rous Knights;
mbre singly to decide their Doom ;
wells her Breast with Conquest yet to come.
at the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Band the Number of the sacred Nine.
as she spreads her Hand, th' aërial Guard
ad, and sit on each important Card :
ariel, perch'd upon a Matadore,
each, according to the Rank they bore ;
olphins, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
as when Women, wond'rous fond of Place.
l, four Kings in Majesty rever'd,
hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard ;
our fair Queens, whose Hands sustain a Flow'r;
xpressive Emblem of a softer Pow'r ;
Knives in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,
on their Heads, and Halberts in their Hand ;
arty-colour'd Troops, a shining Train,
forth to combat on the Velvet Plain.

L. II.

F

The

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care
 Let Spades be Trumps ! she said, and Trumps they
 Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In Show like Leaders of the swarthy Moors;
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
 Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board
 As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his Fate more hard,
 Gain'd but one Trump, and one plebeian Card.
 With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly Leg, to Sight reveal'd;
 The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
 The Rebel Knave, who dares his Prince engage,
 Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'er
 And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu;
 Sad Chance of War ! now destitute of Aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor Spade !

Thus far both Armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the Baron Fate inclines the Field.
 His War like Amazon her Host invades,
 Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades.
 The Clubs black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty Mien and barb'rous Pride:
 What boots the regal Circle on his Head,
 His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompons Robe,
 And, of all Monarchs, only grasps the Globe !

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
embroider'd King, who shews but half his Face,
his refulgent Queen, with Pow'rs combin'd
broken Troops, an easy Conquest find.
Diamonds, Hearts, in wild Disorder seen,
Throng promiscuous strow the level Green.
when dispers'd, a routed Army runs,
Asia's Troops, and Afric's sable Sons,
like Confusion diff'rent Nations fly,
various Habit, and of various Dye,
pierc'd Battalions disunited fall,
Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily Arts,
and wins (O shameful Chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
this the Blood the Virgin's Cheek forsook,
ivid Paleness spread o'er all her Look;
sees and trembles at the approaching Ill,
in the Jaws of Ruin and Codille.
now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
one nice Trick depends the gen'ral Fate,
Ace of Hearts steps forth; the King unseen
stuck in her Hand, and mourn'd his Captive Queen:
springs to Vengeance with an eager Pace,
and falls like Thunder on the prostrate Ace.
the Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky;
the Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

O P I N I O N.

comes! meek-ey'd, array'd in grave Attire;
right Opinion, join'd with good Desire,

Handmaids of Truth ; with those an adverse Pair,
 (False Wisdom's Minions, that deceiving Fair)
 Attend her solemn Step ; the Furies flee :
 Come forth, she calls, come forth to Liberty,
 Guilt-harrais'd Thrall ; thy future Lot decide,
 And, pond'ring well, elect thy future Guide.
 Momentous Option ! chusing right, he'll find
 A sov'reign Med'cine for his ulcer'd Mind :
 Led to true Wisdom, whose Cathartic Bowl
 Recovers and beatifies the Soul.
 Misguided else, a Counterfeit he'll gain,
 Whose Art is only to amuse the Brain :
 From Vice to studious Folly now he flies,
 From Bliss still erring, still betray'd by Lies.

Scott's Table of Cal

Opinion's Foot is never, never found ;
 Where Knowledge dwells, 'tis interdicted Ground :
 At Wisdom's Gate th' Opinions must resign
 Their Charge ; those Limits their Employ confine.
 Thus trading Barks, skill'd in the wat'ry Road,
 To distant Climes convey their precious Load,
 Then turn their Prow, light bounding o'er the Main
 And with new Traffic store their Keels again.

Scott's Table of Cal

O P P R E S S I O N.

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong,
 For patient Duty to employ his Tongue :
 Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breasts
 All Reason and all Sense of Duty wrests.

Gods are safe, when under Wrongs we groan,
because we cannot reach their Throne.

Princes then, who are but Gods of Clay,
think they may safely with our Honour play?

Waller.

O R C H A R D.

Can you tempt me, while our Orchard bears
g-keeping Ruffets, lovely Cath'rine Pears!

Remains and Codlings, wheaten Plums enow,
the black Damsens load the bending Bough.

Pruning Knives our fertile Branches tease,
while your's must grow but as the Masters please:

grateful Trees our Mercy well repay,
rain us Bushels at the rising Day. *Mrs. Leapor.*

Save from the busy Joy-refounding Fields,
cheerful Error, let us tread the Maze

Autumn unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
the Breath of Orchard, big with bending Fruit.

Obedient to the Breeze and beating Ray,
from the deep loaded Bough a mellow Shower

effiant melts away; the juicy Pear
in a soft Profusion, scatter'd round.

Various Sweetness swells the gentle Race,

Nature's all-refining Hand prepar'd;
temper'd Sun, and Water, Earth, and Air:

ever changing Composition mix'd.

Oh, falling frequent through the chiller Night,

the fragrant Stores, the wide projected Heaps

Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,

numerous, o'er the blushing Orchard shakes.

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A various Spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid Pores; and active points
The piercing Cyder for the thirsty Tongue.

Thomson's Seasons

O S T R I C H.

Who in the cruel Ostrich has subdu'd
A Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd Eggs are found,
Without an Owner, on the sandy Ground;
Cast out on Fortune, they at Mercy lie,
And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;
Adopted by the Sun in Blaze of Day,
They ripen under his prolific Ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy Tread
May crush her Young in their neglected Bed.
What Time she skims along the Field with Speed,
She scorns the Rider, and pursuing Steed.

Young's Paraphrase on

O T T E R.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny Race,
Let your fierce Dog the rav'nous Otter chase:
Th' amphibious Monster ranges all the Shores,
Darts through the Waves, and ev'ry Haunt explores
Or let the Gin his roving Steps betray,
And save from hostile Jaws the scaly Prey.

P. PAINTER

P.

P A I N T E R.

O when the faithful Pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the Master's Mind,
ere a new World leaps out at his Command,
ready Nature waits upon his Hand ;
then the ripe Colours soften and unite,
and sweetly melt into just Shade and Light :
when mellowing Years their full Perfection give,
each bold Figure just begins to live :
the treach'rous Colours the fair Arts betray,
and all the bright Creation fades away.

Pope.

Still how faint by Precept is express'd
the living Image in the Painter's Breast ?
thence endless Streams of fair Ideas flow,
like in the Sketch, or in the Picture glow ;
thence Beauty, waking all her Forms, supplies
Angel's Sweetness, or Bridgewater's Eyes.

Pope.

P A I N T I N G.

How would I Raphael's Godlike Art rehearse,
and shew th' immortal Labours in my Verse ;
here, from the mingled Strength of Shade and Light,
a new Creation rises to my Sight ;
th' heav'nly Figures from his Pencil flow,
warm with Life his blended Colours glow.

Addison's Letter to Lord Halifax.

F 4

While

While Saturn's Fane with solemn Step we trod,
 And view'd the votive Honours of the God ;
 A pictur'd Tablet, o'er the Portal rais'd,
 Attack'd our Eye ; in Wonder lost we gaz'd.
 The Pencil there some strange Device had wrought,
 And Fables, all his own, disguis'd the Thought.
 Nor Camp it seem'd, nor City ; the Design,
 Whose Moral mock'd our Labour to divine,
 Was a wall'd Court, where rose another Bound,
 And higher still a third still less'ning Ground.
 The nether Area open'd at a Gate,
 Where a vast Crowd impatient seem'd to wait.
 Within a Group of Female Figures stood,
 In motley Dress, a sparkling Multitude.
 Without, in Station at the Porch, was seen
 A venerable Form, in Act and Mien,
 Like some great Teacher, who with urgent Tongue
 Authoritative warn'd the running Throng.

Scott's Table of Cele

P A L L A S.

Pallas, mean while, her various Veil unbound,
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, with Art immortal crown'd ;
 The radiant Robe her sacred Fingers wove,
 Floats in rich Waves, and spreads the Court of Jove
 Her Father's Arms her mighty Limbs invest :
 Jove's Cuirass blazes on her ample Breast :
 Deck'd in sad Triumph for the mournful Field,
 O'er her broad Shoulders hangs his horrid Shield ;
 Dire, black, tremendous ! round the Margin roll'd,
 A Fringe of Serpents hissing guards the Gold ;

Here

ere all the Terrors of grim War appear,
ere rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear ;
ere storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd ;
nd the dire Orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
he massy Golden Helm she next assumes,
hat dreadful nods with four o'er-shading Plumes ;
o vast, the broad Circumference contains
hundred Armies on a hundred Plains.
he Goddess thus th' imperial Car ascends,
ook by her Arm, the mighty Jav'lin bends,
nd'rous and huge ; that, when her Fury burns,
oud Tyrants humbles, and whole Hosts o'erturns.

Pope's Iliad.

P A S S I O N S.

assions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
et, mix'd and soften'd, in his Work unite :
ere 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
et what composes Man, can Man destroy.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Passions fierce Illapse

ouses the Mind's whole Fabric ; with Supplies
daily Impulse keeps th' elastic Pow'rs
ensely pois'd, and polishes anew
that Collision all the fine Machine :
e Rust would rise, and Foulness by Degrees
cumb'ring choak at last what Heav'n design'd
r ceaseless Motion and a Round of Toil.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination.

Ruling PASSION.

As Man, perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death ;
The young Disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with
Strength :

So cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease its ruling Passion came.

Pope's Essay on Man

Search then the ruling Passion : There alone
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known ;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere ;
Priests, Princes, Women, no Dissemblers here.
This Clue, once found, unravels all the rest,
The Prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess.

Pope's Moral Essay

In Men we various ruling Passions find ;
In Women two almost divide the Kind :
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

Pope's Moral Essay

PEACE.

And thou fair Peace, from the wild Floods of War
Come, Dove-like, and thy blooming Olive bear ;
Tell me, ye Victors, what strange Charms ye find
In Conquest, that Destruction of Mankind !
Unenvy'd may your Laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human Woe ;

never Earth the Wreath triumphal bears,
ill drench'd in Heroes Blood, or Orphans Tears.

Broome.

P E A C O C K.

How rich the Peacock ! what bright Glories run
from Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun !
He proudly spreads them to the Golden Ray,
gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day !
With conscious State the spacious Round displays,
and slowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

Young's Paraphrase on Job.

While the Peacock spreads
his every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,
and swims in radiant Majesty along.

Thomson's Seasons.

P E T I T I O N S.

Place there is, betwixt Earth, Air, and Seas,
Where from Ambrosia Jove retires for Ease.
Here in his Seat two spacious Vents appear,
In this he sits, to that he leans his Ear ;
And hears the various Vows of all Mankind ;
Some beg an Eastern, some a Western Wind :
All vain Petitions mounting to the Sky,
With Reams abundant, this Abode supply ;
Thus'd he reads, and then returns the Bills,
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distills.

Pope's Dunciad.

P H E A S A N T.

See from the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
and mounts exulting on triumphant Wings :

Short in his Joy ; he feels the fiery Wound,
 Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground.
 Oh ! what avail his glossy, varying Dyes,
 His Purple Crest, and Scarlet-circled Eyes ;
 The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold,
 His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold

Pope's Windsor Forest

PHILOSOPHY.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
 And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song !
 Effusive Source of Evidence and Truth !
 A Lustre shedding o'er th' ennobl'd Mind ;
 Stronger than Summer Noon, and pure as that,
 Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,
 New to the Dawning of Celestial Day.
 Hence through her nourish'd Pow'rs, enlarg'd by thee
 She springs aloft with elevated Pride,
 Above the tangling Mass of low Desires,
 That bind the flutt'ring Croud ; and Angel-wing'd,
 The Height of Science and of Virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
 Or in the Starry Regions, or th' Abyss
 To Reason's and to Fancy's Eye display'd :
 The first up tracing from the dreary Void,
 The Chain of Causes and Effects to him,
 The World-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses Beings ; while the last receives
 The whole Magnificence of Heav'n and Earth,
 And every Beauty delicate and bold,

Obvious

vious or more remote, with livelier Sense
fusive painted on the rapid Mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
er Voice to Ages ; and informs the Page
ith Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
Gold! ever to die ! the Treasure of Mankind !
For! their highest Honour, and their truest Joy !
Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man !
Savage roaming through the Woods and Wilds,
Quest of Prey, and with th' unfashion'd Fur
ough clad ; devoid of every finer Art,
nd Elegance of Life. Nor Happiness
omestic, mix'd of Tenderness and Care,
or moral Excellence, nor social Bliss,
or guardian Law were his ; nor various Skill
o turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool
mechanic ; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow
f Navigation bold, that fearless braves
he burning Line, or dares the wint'ry Pole,
other severe of infinite Delights !
othing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
nd Woes on Woes, a still revolving Train !
Those horrid Circle had made human Life
han Non-existence worse: But, taught by thee,
urs are the Plans of Policy and Peace ;
o live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
mbellish Life. While thus labor'ous Crouds
ly the tough Oar, Philosophy directs
he ruling Helm ; or like the liberal Breath
of potent Heaven, invisible, the Sail

Swells

Swells out, and bears th' inferior World along.

Nor to this evanescent Speck of Earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
 Are her exalted Range ; intent to gaze
 Creation thro' ; and, from that full Complex
 Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
 Of the sole Being right, who spoke the Word,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,
 Thence on the ideal Kingdom swift she turns
 Her Eye ; and instant, at her powerful Glance,
 Th' obedient Phantoms vanish or appear ;
 Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
 To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train ;
 To Reason then, deducing Truth from Truth ;
 And Notion quite abstract ; where first begins
 The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life unfetter'd
 and unmix'd. *Thomson's Seasons*

Happy the Man ! alone thrice happy he,
 Who can, thro' gross Effects, their Causes see ;
 Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs
 Nor vainly fears inevitable Things ;
 But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go
 Thro' all the Alarms of Death and Hell below.

Cowley's Virgil

He, tho' from Heaven remote, to Heaven could move
 With Strength of Mind, and tread the Abyss above ;
 And penetrate, with his interior Light,
 Those upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight.
 And what he had observ'd and learn'd from thence,
 Lov'd, in familiar Language, to dispense. *The*

the Croud with silent Admiration stand,
and heard him as they heard their God's Command.
When he discours'd of Heaven's mysterious Laws,
the World's Original, and Nature's Cause;
and what was God, and why the fleecy Snows
Silence fill, and rattling Winds arose:
that shook the steadfast Earth, and whence begun
the Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun:
Thunder was the Voice of angry Jove;
Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above.

Dryden's Ovid.

the few whose Lamps shone brighter, have been led,
from Cause to Cause, to Nature's secret Head;
and found that one first Principle must be:
that what, or who, that universal He;
whether some Soul, encompassing this Ball,
made, unmov'd, yet making, moving all;
various Atoms interfering dance,
tap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance;
that this great All was from Eternity;
that ev'n the Stagyrice himself could see;
and Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
blindly grop'd they for a future State,
and rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
at least of all could their Endeavours find
that most concern'd the Good of human Kind;
for Happiness was never to be found,
that vanish'd from them like enchanted Ground.
they thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd;
this every little Accident destroy'd.

The

The wiser mad Men did for Virtue toil ;
 A thorny, or, at best, a barren Soil :
 In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would steep ;
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep ;
 And leaky Vessels, which no Bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roll,
 Without a Center where to fix the Soul.
 In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end :
 How can the Less the Greater comprehend ?
 Or finite Reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than he.

Dryden's Rel. Lat.

In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
 And, as they disappear'd, they still pursu'd.
 Wrapp'd in the Shades of Night the Goddess lies ;
 Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise,
 But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.
 They find her dubious now, and then as plain ;
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain.
 Here she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
 Of infant Atoms, kindling into Life ;
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
 And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes :
 And how the Viscous seeks the closer Tone,
 By just Degrees to harden into Bone ;
 Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return ;
 How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,
 And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes ;

How

From each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
Flake a sev'rish Heat with ambient Showers;
Hence their mechanic Powers the Spirits claim;
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain:
Why Biliious Juice a golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
To work its brittle Being up to Man;
How minute an Origin we owe
To young Ammon, Cæsar, and the Great Nassau.
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
Why Envy oft' transforms with wan Disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
Why Ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia Fire;
Why Sedley rages to survive Desire;
Hence Milo's Vigour at the Olympics shown;
Hence Tropes to Finch, or Impudence to Sloan;
Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe;
Why Methuen muddy, Montague why clear.
Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
How Body acts upon impassive Mind;
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
And Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire;
Why our Complexions oft' our Souls declare,
And how the Passions in the Features are;
How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Substances and Things unseen.

With

138 PHI *The Entertaining Companion:*

With mighty Truths mysterious to descry,
Which in the Tomb of distant Causes lie.

Garth's Dispensary

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from Shore
The rolling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar :
Not that another's Pain is our Delight ;
But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War :
But much more sweet the lab'ring Steps to guide
To Virtue's Heights with Wisdom well supply'd ;
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd ;
From thence, to look below on human Kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.
O wretched Man ! in what a Mist of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,
He spends his little Span ; and over-feeds
His cramm'd Desire with more than Nature needs !
For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight ;
Which Minds unmix'd, with Cares and Fears, obtain
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.

Dryden's Luttrell

But, just as Children are surpriz'd with Dread,
And tremble in the Dark, so riper Years,
Ev'n in broad Day-light, are possess'd with Fears,
And shake at Shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.
These Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
No Rays of outward Sunshine can dispel ;

Nature and right Reason must display
Her Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to
Day. *Dryden's Lucret.*

Pythagorean PHILOSOPHY.

First the Taste of Flesh from Table drove,
Argu'd well, if Arguments could move.
Mortals! from your Fellow's Blood abstain,
Taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
The Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
Planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
The labour'd Gardens wholesome Herbs produce,
Teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice:
The tardier Fruits of cruder Kinds are lost,
Tamp'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost:
The Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
And Bees their Honey, redolent of Spring:
The Earth not only can your Needs supply,
But lavish of her Stores, provide for Luxury;
The guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
And without Blood is prodigal to please.
And Beasts their Mouths with their slain Brethren fill;
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed,
Browse, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed.
Tigers, Wolves, the Lion's angry Brood,
Whom Heav'n indu'd with Principles of Blood,
Are wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,
Where stronger Beasts oppose the Weak by Might,
And all in Prey and purple Feasts delight.

O im-

O impious Use! to Nature's Law oppos'd,
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
 Where fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat they thrive,
 Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
 'Tis then for Nought that Mother Earth provides
 The Stores of all she shews, of all she hides,
 If Men with fleshy Morsels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread:
 What else is this but to devour our Guests,
 And barbarously renew Cyclopean Feasts?
 We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain,
 And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obscene.

Not so the golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
 Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
 And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove:
 Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear;
 For all was peaceful, and that Peace sincere.
 Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity;
 Th' Essay of bloody Feast on Brutes began,
 And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man:
 Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
 On Beasts of Prey, that other Beasts destroy'd;
 Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
 This had been justified by Nature's Laws,
 And Self-defence; but who did Feasts begin
 Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin:
 To kill Man-killers Man has lawful Pow'r;
 Not the extending License to devour. *Dryden's Ode*

PHŒNIX.

all receive their Birth from other Things,
from himself the Phœnix only springs ;
born, begotten by the Parent Flame,
which he burn'd, another and the same :
not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains ;
the sweet Effence of Amomum drains ;
watches the rich Gums Arabia bears,
le yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
Nest on oaken Boughs begins to build,
rembling Tops of Palm : And first he draws
Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
ure's Artificers ; on this the Pile
orm'd, and rises round : Then with the Spoil
Cassia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
Softness strew'd beneath, his Funeral Bed is rear'd ;
ral and Bridal both ; and, all around,
e Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd.
this incumbent, till Ætherial Flame
catches, then consumes the costly Frame ;
sumes him too as on the Piles he lies ;
liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
infant Phœnix from the Former springs,
Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
akes off his Parent Dust ; his Method he pursues,
d the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.
en grown to Manhood, he begins to reign,
d with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain ;

He

He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore,
 His Father's royal Sepulchre before,
 And his own Cradle; this, with pious Care,
 Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,
 Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
 And decently lays down his Burden in the Port.

Dryden's Ode

P H Y S I C.

By Chace, our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food,
 Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;
 But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten.
 Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
 Than see the Doctor for a pois'nous Draught;
 The Wise for Care on Exercise depend,
 God never makes his Work for Man to mend.

Palace of PICUS.

High o'er the Town, surrounded by a Wood,
 Old Picus' venerable Palace stood,
 August and awful! Proudly rose around,
 A hundred Columns, and the Structure crown'd.
 Here Kings receiv'd the Types of Royal Pow'r,
 The Crown and Scepter, and the Robes they wore.
 This was their Temple, this their Court of State,
 Here at their sacred Feasts the Fathers sate.
 And in long Orders, as their Thrones they fill'd,
 On offer'd Rams their annual Banquets held;
 Before the Gates a venerable Band,
 In Cedar carv'd, the Latian Monarchs stand.

Sabin

thus there, who press'd the foaming Wine,
ends the Hook that press'd the gen'rous Vine;
Front old Italus and Saturn grace,
hoary Janus with his double Face;
many an ancient Monarch, proud to bear
their dear Country's Cause the Wounds of War.
g on the Pillars, all around appears
ow of Trophies, Helmets, Shields, and Spears,
solid Bars, and Axes keenly bright,
Naval Beaks, and Chariots seiz'd in Fight;
h his divining Wand in solemn State,
h Robes succinct the Royal Picus fate.
ce in his Car of old he swept the Field,
d still the Hero grasps the shining Shield.
n beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Enchantress Dame rejected with Disdain,
nsform'd the hapless Monarch, in Despair,
ang'd to a painted Bird, and sent to flit in Air.

Pitt's Virgil.

P I L O T.

fares the Pilot, when his Ship is tost
troubled Seas, and all its Steerage lost;
gives her to the Winds, and in Despair
ks his last Refuge in the Gods and Pray'r.

Addison's Ovid.

P L A G U E.

the rising Vapours choak the wholesome Air,
d Blasts of noisome Winds corrupt the Year.
e Trees devouring Caterpillars burn;
rch'd was the Grass, and blighted was the Corn:

Nor 'scape the Beasts, for Sirius from on high
With pestilential Heats infects the Sky.

Dryden's F

What need Invention these inclement Skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning City, Plague,
The fiercest Child of Nemesis Divine,
Descends ? From Ethiopia's poison'd Woods,
From stifled Cairo's Filth and fetid Fields,
With Locust Armies putrifying heap'd,
This great Destroyer sprung ; her awful Rage
The Brutes escape : Man is her destin'd Prey,
Intemperate Man ! And o'er his guilty Domes
She draws a close incumbent Cloud of Death ;
Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze, and stain'd
With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom then
Dejects his watchful Eye ; and, from the Hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The Sword and Balance : Mute the Voice of Joy,
And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad ;
Into the worst of Desarts sudden turn'd
The chearful Haunt of Men : Unless escap'd
From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror reigns
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,
With Frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise, the sullen Door,
Yet uninfected on its cautious Hinge

ing to turn, abhors Society.
endants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,
g'd by Woe, forget the tender Tye,
sweet Engagement of the feeling Heart.
vain their selfish Care; the circling Sky,
wide enliv'ning Air is full of Fate;
struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs
fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.
o'er the prostrate City black Despair
nds her Raven Wings; while to complete
Scene of Desolation, stretch'd around,
grim Guards stand denying all Retreat,
give the flying Wretch a better Death.

Thomson's Seasons.

P L A N E T.

Planet, shining in his proper Sphere,
with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer;
sees his Lamp with diff'rent Lustre crown'd;
knows his Course with diff'rent Periods bound;
in his Passage through the liquid Space,
hastens nor retards his Neighbour's Race.
shine these Planets with substantial Rays,
innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
to they, as your Schemes, I think, have shown,
furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Prior's Solomon.

Planets of each System represent
Neighbours; mutual Amity prevails;
Interchange of Rays receiv'd, return.

OL. II.

G

Enlight'ning

146 PLE *The Entertaining Companion:*

Enlight'ning and enlighten'd ! all at once
Attracting and attracted ! Patriot like,
None sins against the Welfare of the Whole ;
But their reciprocal unselfish Aid
Affords an Emblem of a filial Love.

Young's Night Thoughts

P L A N T S.

Why does one Climate and one Soil endue
The blushing Poppy with a Silver Hue ;
Yet leave the Lilly pale, and tinge the Violet blue ?
Why does the fond Carnation love to shoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root ;
While the fantastic Tulip strives to break
In twofold Beauty, and a parted Streak ?
The twining Jasmine, and the blushing Rose,
With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose :
The swelling Tuberose and Jonquil declare
The stronger Impulse of an Ev'ning Air.
Whence has the Tree, resolve me, or the Flow'r,
A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r ?
Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream,
Breath
Raife this to Strength, and sicken that to Death ?

Prior's Soliloquy

P L E A S U R E.

Try then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend thee to the Grave ;
For weary'd Nature finds some apter Scheme,
Health be thy Hope. and Pleasure be thy Theme :

From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings thee ; from the endless Maze,
Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease :
To make what may instruct, for what may please :
To any amusing Art, and proud Expence,
And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.

Prior's Solomon.

Pleasure next the final Cause explore ;
Its mighty Purpose, its important End.
Not to turn Human Brutal ; but to build
A vine on Human, Pleasure came from Heav'n ;
And to Reason was the Goddess sent ;
To call up all its Strength by such a Charm :
Pleasure first succours Virtue ; in Return,
Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal Reign.
What but the Pleasure of Food, Friendship, Faith,
Supports Life Nat'ral, Civil, and Divine ?
Is from the Pleasure of Repast we live ;
Is from the Pleasure of Applause we please ;
Is from the Pleasure of Belief we pray ;
All Prayer would cease, if unbeliev'd the Prize :)
Serves ourselves, our Species, and our God ;
And to serve more is past the Sphere of Man.
Side then for ever Pleasure's sacred Stream ;
Through Eden an Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters ev'ry Growth of happy Life ;

Makes a new Eden where it flows ;—but such
As must be lost, Lorenzo ! by thy Fall.

Young's Night Thoughts

PLUTO.

Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,
Who feels no Mercy, and who hears no Pray'rs ;
Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's Abodes,
And Mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.

Pope's Iliad

POETS and POETRY.

Hail, Bards triumphant ! born in happier Days ;
Immortal Heirs of universal Praise !

Whose Honours with Increase of Ages grow,
As Streams roll down, enlarging as they flow :
Nations unborn your mighty Names shall sound,
And Worlds applaud that must not yet be found !

Pope's Essay on Criticism

I grant, that Poetry's a crying Sin ;
It brought, no Doubt, th' Excise and Army in :
Catch'd, like the Plague, or Love, the Lord know
how ;

But that the Cure is Starving, all allow.
Yet like the Papist's is the Poet's State,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your Hate.

Pope's Satires

Oh Poesy Divine ! oh Sacred Song !
To thee bright Fame and Length of Days belong :
Thou, Goddess ! thou Eternity can't give,
And bid secure the mortal Hero live.

Rowe's Lucan

The

here is in Poesy a decent Pride,
Which well becomes her, when she speaks to Prose,
Her younger Sister; happy, not more wise.

Young's Night Thoughts.

all your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound :
Ride without Falling, without Straining soar.
Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear ;
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
Sense and Numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherly, consider Dryden well.

}

One what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine !
Th'other Syrens warble in each Line !
Derfet's sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in soft Desire,
And little Loves confess their am'rous Fire.

}

The gentle Isis claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of Addison.
Tuneful Congreve tries his rural Strains,
He quits the Wood, the list'ning Fawns the Plains,
And Philomel, in Notes like his, complains.

}

When Stepney paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
What Apollo dictates Prior sings ;
The Banks of Rhine a pleas'd Attention show,
And Silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Garth.

P O P L A R.

Falls a Poplar, that in wat'ry Ground
Is'd high the Head, with stately Branches crown'd,

G 3

(Fell'd

(Fell'd by some Artift with his shining Steel,
 To shape the Circle of the bending Wheel.)
 Cut down, it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous Honours on its Head ;
 There left a Subject to the Wind and Rain,
 And, scorch'd by Suns, it withers on the Plain.

Pope's Iliad

P O V E R T Y.

Oh ! happy Poverty, thou greatest Good,
 Bestow'd by Heav'n, but seldom understood !
 Here nor the cruel Spoiler seeks his Prey,
 Nor ruthless Armies take their dreadful Way :
 Security thy narrow Limits keeps,
 Safe are thy Cottages, and sound thy Sleeps.

Rowe's Lucan

P R A Y E R.

Father of Heav'n ! I said, and Judge of Earth !
 Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth ;
 By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care
 The various Creatures move, and live, and are ;
 But, ceasing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
 They move (alas !) and live, and are no more :
 Omniscient Master, Omnipresent King,
 To thee, to thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou, that can'st still the Raging of the Seas,
 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease ;
 Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts
 Of cruel Passion, and deceitful Lusts :

From

om Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
 thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide ;
 was thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
 petuous of this Life : Let thy Command
 rest my Course, and bring me safe to Land.
 If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,
 at satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
 haply be thy Will, that I should know
 mple of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe ;
 om *now*, from Instant *now*, great Sire, dispel
 he Clouds that press my Soul ; from *now* reveal
 gracious Beam of Light ; from *now* inspire
 y Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre :
 y open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise ;
 and, for thy Mercy, let me sing thy Praise.
 r, if thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
 me *new Hereafter*, and a future State ;
 ermit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear ;
 ad raise my Mind superior to my Care.
 et me, howe'er unable to explain
 he secret Lab'rynths of thy Ways to Man,
 ith humble Zeal confess thy awful Pow'r,
 ill weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore.
 in my Conquest be thy Might declar'd,
 ad, for thy Justice, be thy Name rever'd.

Prior's Solomon.

upreme, All-wise, Eternal Potentate !
 ole Author, sole Disposer of our Fate !
 thron'd in Light and Immortality,
 hom no Man fully sees, and none can see ;

152 PRA *The Entertaining Companion:*

Original of Beings ! Pow'r Divine !
 Since that I live and that I think is thine !
 Benign Creator ! let thy plastic Hand
 Dispose its own Effect. Let thy Command
 Restore, great Father, thy instructed Son,
 And in my Act may thy great Will be done.

Prior's Solomon

The Gods (the only great and only wise)
 Are mov'd by Offerings, Vows, and Sacrifice ;
 Offending Man their high Compassion wins,
 And daily Pray'rs atone for daily Sins ;
 Pray'rs are Jove's Daughters of Celestial Race,
 Lame are their Feet, and wrinkled is their Face ;
 With humble Mein, and with dejected Eyes,
 Constant they follow where Injustice flies ;
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er Mankind,
 While Pray'rs to heal her Wrongs move slow behind.
 Who hears these Daughters of Almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the Throne above.
 When Men reject the humble Suit they make,
 The Sire revenges for the Daughters Sake.
 From Jove commission'd fierce Injustice then
 Descends to punish unrelenting Men.

Pope's Iliad

Universal P R A Y E R.

Father of all ! in ev'ry Age,
 In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Theo

thou great first Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind :

It gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill ;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

That Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do ;
His teach me more than Hell to stun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.

That Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid, when Man receives ;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound ;
I think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw ;
A deal Damnation round the Land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy Grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh ! teach my Heart
 To find that better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent ;
 At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
 To hide the Fault I see :
 That Mercy I to others show,
 That Mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath :
 Oh ! lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Through this Day's Life or Death.

This Day be Bread and Peace my Lot,
 All else beneath the Sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
 And let thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar Earth, Seas, Skies ;
 One Chorus let all Beings raise,
 All Nature's Incense rise !

P R I D E.

all the Causes which conspire to blind
an's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind ;
that the weak Head with strongest Byass rules,
Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.
Whatever Nature has in Worth deny'd,
e gives in large Recruits of needful Pride :
or as in Bodies, so in Souls, we find,
that wants in Blood and Spirits, fill'd with Wind :
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
and fills up all the mighty Void of Sense.
Once right Reason drives that Cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless Day.
Trust not yourself ; but, your Defects to know,
Take Use of ev'ry Friend, and ev'ry Foe.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Ask for whose End the Heav'nly Bodies shine,
Earth for whose Use ? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine :
For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
Unlocks each Herb, and spreads out ev'ry Flow'r :
Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose, renew
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew ;
For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings ;
For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs ;
 Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ;
 My Foot-stool Earth, my Canopy the Skies.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our Error lies ;
All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies :

156 PRI *The Entertaining Companion :*

Pride still is aiming at the blest'd Abodes ;
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.

Pope's Essay on Man

To err is Human, Human to be vain ;
'Tis Vanity and mock Desire of Fame,
That prompts the Rustic on the Steeple Top,
Sublime, to mark the Outlines of his Shoe ;
And in the Area to engrave his Name :
With Pride of Heart the Church-warden surveys,
High o'er the Belfry, girt with Birds and Flow'rs,
His Story wrote in Capitals, 'twas I
That bought the Font ; and I repair'd the Pews.

Smart's Hop Garden

P R I E S T.

A Parish Priest was of the Pilgrim Train,
An awful, reverend, and religious Man ;
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity itself was in his Face :
Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor,
As God had cloath'd his own Ambassador,
For such on Earth his blest'd Redeemer bore.
Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,
And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.
Yet had his Aspect nothing of severe,
But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
But sweet Regards and pleasing Sanctity ;
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Soul was arm'd ;
Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd :

He

He bore his great Commission in his Look ;
At sweetly temper'd Awe, and soften'd all he spoke.
He taught the Gospel, rather than the Law,
And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes Minds ; but, Love, like Heat,
Inhales the Soul sublime to seek her native Seat :
He Tythes his Parish freely paid he took,
But never su'd or curs'd with Bell and Book,
With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,
Since every Man is free to lose his own.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare.
For mortify'd he was to that Degree,
Poorer than himself he could not see :
True Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,
Were only Stewards of their Sov'reign Lord :
Nothing was their's, but all the public Store,
Trusted Riches to relieve the Poor ;
Who, should they steal for Want of his Relief,
He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.
And still he was at Hand, without Request,
To serve the Sick, to succour the Distress'd.
He duly watch'd his Flock by Night and Day,
And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey,
And hungry sent the wily Fox away.—
The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd,
Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd ;
He Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
His living Sermon of the Truth he taught)

For

158 PRI *The Entertaining Companion :*

For this by Rules severe his Life he squar'd,
That all might see the Doctrine which they heard;
For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest,
The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress;
But, when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
The Sov'reign's Image is no longer seen:
If they be foul, on whom the People trust,
Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust;
With what he begg'd his Brethren he reliev'd,
And gave the Charities himself receiv'd;
Gave while he taught, and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

Dryden.

Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face;
How sleek their Look, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin;
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.

No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance;
But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
So wither green, and blossom in Decay.

Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air;
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Dryden.

But bloating with Ambition, Pride, and Avarice,
You swell to counsel Kings, and govern Kingdoms;
Content you with monopolizing Heaven,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;

For

or give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
and you, like Archimedes, toss the Globe.

Dryden's Don Sebast.

our Saviour came not with a gaudy Show,
nor was his Kingdom of the World below ;
science in Want and Poverty of Mind ;
these Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd, }
and living taught, and dying left behind.

the Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,
in Purple he was crucify'd, not born :

they who contend for Place and high Degree,
are not his Sons, but those of Zebedee.

Dryden.

PRODIGES.

The Gods declare their Menaces around,
Earth, Air, and Seas, in Prodigies abound :

When Stars unknown before appear to burn,

and foreign Flames about the Pole to turn ;

Unusual Fires by Night were seen to fly,

and dart obliquely through the gloomy Sky.

When horrid Comets shook their fatal Hair,

and bade proud Royalty for Change prepare.

Now darts swift Lightning through the Azure clear,

and Meteors now in various Forms appear.

Some like the Jav'lin shoot extended long,

While some like spreading Lamps in Heav'n are hung.

Rowe's Lucan.

And, tho' no gath'ring Clouds the Day controul,

Through Skies serene portentous Thunders roll ;

Pierce blasting Bolts from Northern Regions come,

And aim their Vengeance at Imperial Rome.

The

160 PRO *The Entertaining Companion:*

The Stars that twinkled in the lonely Night,
Now lift their bolder Head in Day's broad Light;
The Moon, in all her Brother's Beams array'd,
Was blotted by the Earth's approaching Shade:
The Sun himself, in his Meridian Race,
In fable Darkneſs veil'd his brighter Face;
The trembling World beheld his fading Ray,
And mourn'd despairing for the Loſs of Day.

Rowe's Lucan

P R O T E U S.

Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary Deep,
Surveys his Charge, unknowing of Deceit,
In Order told he makes the Sum complete;
Pleas'd with the falſe Review, ſecure he lies,
And leaden Slumbers preſs his drooping Eyes;
Ruſhing impetuous forth, we ſtraight prepare
A furious Onſet with the Sound of War;
And ſhoutiug ſeize the God: Our Force t' evade,
His various Arts he ſoon reſumes in Aid:
A Lion now, he curls a ſurgy Mane;
Sudden our Bands a ſpotted Pard refrain;
Then arm'd with Tuſks, and Lightning in his Eyes,
A Boar's obſcener Shape the God belyes:
On ſpiry Volumes there a Dragon rides,
Here from our ſtriſt Embrace a Stream he glides;
And laſt ſublime his ſtately Growth he rears,
A Tree and well-diſſembled Foliage wears.

Pope's Odſſy.

P R O V I-

PROVIDENCE.

me what makes one keep, and one bestow?
at Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
s Seed-time, Harvest, equal Course maintain,
rough reconcil'd Extremes of Drought and Rain;
lds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
d gives th' eternal Wheels to know their Rounds.

Pope's Moral Essays.

R.

R A I N.

THE North-East spends his Rage, and now, shut
up

thin his Iron Caves, th' effusive South
arms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heav'n
eathes the big Clouds with vernal Show'rs distent.

first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
orce staining Æther; but by fast Degrees,
Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour sails
ong the loaded Sky, and mingling Deep
s on th' Horizon round a settled Gloom.

ot such as wint'ry Storms on Mortals shed,
pressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
d full of every Hope, and every Joy;

he Wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze,
so a perfect Calm; that not a Breath
heard to quiver through the closing Woods,
rustling turn the many twinkling Leaves

Of

Of Aspin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
 In glassy Breadth, seem through delusive Lapse
 Forgetful of their Course: 'Tis Silence all,
 And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
 Drop the dry Sprig, and mute imploring eye
 The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense,
 The plummy People streak their Wings with Oil,
 To throw the lucid Moisture trickling off;
 And wait th' approaching Sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general Choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
 And Forests seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,
 And looking lively Gratitude. At last,
 The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled Pool
 Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow,
 In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.
 The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the Forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
 But who can hold the Shade, while Heav'n descends
 In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,
 And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?

Thomson's Seasons

He, when embattel'd Clouds, in black Array,
 O'er the wide Heav'ns their gloomy Trunks display
 Pours down a wat'ry Deluge from on high,
 And opens all the Sluices of the Sky;

rushing Torrents drown the floated Ground,
Mountains tremble, and the Plains resound.

Broome.

why in lucid Drops the balmy Rain
glitt'ring Gems impearls the shining Plain,
wand'ring through the Vale, in Rills it flows,
on each Flow'r a sudden Spring bestows.

Broome.

R A I N B O W.

Lord of Nature fram'd the show'ry Bow,
bade its gay Arch, and bade its Colour glow ;
radiant Circle compasses the Skies,
sweeterly the rich Tinctures faint and rise ;
bids the Horrors of the Storm to cease,
turns the Clouds, and makes the Tempest Peace.

Broome.

why the Sun arrays with shining Dyes
the gaudy Bow that gilds the gloomy Skies ?
from his Urn pours forth his Golden Streams,
humid Clouds imbibe the glitt'ring Beams ;
yet the varying Colours fade or rise,
the vast Arch embraces half the Skies.
He o'er the Heav'ns the various Bow he bends,
Tincture brightens, and its Arch extends.

Broome.

Blacklock.

an Time refracted from yon Eastern Cloud,
striding Earth, the grand Æthereal Bow
shots up immense ; and every Hue unfolds,
fair Proportion running from the Red,
where the Violet fades into the Sky.

Here,

Here, awful Newton, the dissolving Clouds
 Form, fronting to the Sun, thy show'ry Prism:
 And to the sage instructed Eye unfold
 The various Twine of Light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,
 He wond'ring views the bright Enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
 To catch the falling Glory; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive Arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away.

Thomson's Seasons

Nor ever yet

The melting Rainbow's vernal tinctur'd Hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
 The Hand of Science pointed out the Path,
 In which the Sun-Beams, gleaming from the West,
 Fall on the wat'ry Cloud, whose darksome Veil
 Involves the Orient, and that trickling Show'r,
 Piercing through every crystalline Convex
 Of clust'ring Dew Drops, to their Flight oppos'd,
 Recoil at length, where, concave all behind,
 Th' internal Surface of each glassy Orb
 Repels their forward Passage into Air;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant Goal,
 From which their Course began; and, as they strike
 In different Lines the Gazer's obvious Eye,
 Assume a different Lustre, through the Braid
 Of Colours changing from the splendid Rose
 To the pale Violet's dejected Hue.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination

REASON

R E A S O N.

O Reason, is thy Pow'r exprest,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breast!
Thou harsh the Rules, which we from thee receive,
For our Wisdom we our Pleasure give;
More to think be only more to grieve.
Sudah's King, at thy Tribunal try'd,
Takes his Joy, to vindicate his Pride;
Changing Sorrows, I am only found
Bound from the Chains of Love, in thine more strictly
bound.

But do I call thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how absolute thy Reign?
Alas! thou, art but an empty Name,
No two Men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
Idle Product of a troubled Thought,
Sorrow'd Shapes and airy Colours wrought;
Fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Wretched Name, or arbitrary Thing,
Hence ever I thy cruel Essence bring,
On thy Influence, for I feel thy Sting.
Instant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Bound to command, and destin'd to controul.
Thy insulting Dictates shall be heard:
We for once shall be her own Reward.

Prior's Solomon.

Reason! once again to thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.

Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth
 Her Beams transmitted to the Subject Earth.
 Yet this great Empress of the Human Soul
 Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;
 If restless Passion, by Rebellion's Sway,
 Compels the weak Usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art,
 Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
 To worse Extremes with softer Steps would run,
 Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Prior's Solomon

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars,
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
 Is Reason to the Soul; and as, on high,
 Those rolling Fires discover but the Sky,
 Nor light us here; so Reason's glimm'ring Ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
 But guide us upward to a better Day.

And as those Nightly Tapers disappear,
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's Sight:
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural Light.

Dryden's Rel. La

Oh! why did Heaven leave so weak Defence,
 To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense?
 'Tis overpois'd and kick'd up in the Air;
 While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there
 Or, like a Captive King, 'tis borne away,
 And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway.

O Man

Our Reason was not vainly lent,
A Slave, but by its own Consent :
Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
A King deserves no better Fate.

Dryden's Conq. Gran.

As we are, and justly fond of Faith,
We grant demands our first Regard ;
Mother honour'd as the Daughter dear.
On the Root, fair Faith is but the Flower ;
Fading Flower shall die ; but Reason lives
Eternal, as her Father in the Skies.
Faith is Virtue, Reason makes it so.
Be not the Christian ; think not Reason your's,
Reason our Great Master holds so dear ;
Reason's injur'd Rights his Wrath resents ;
Reason's Voice obey'd his Glories crown ;
We lost Reason Life, he pour'd his own ;
We and shew the Reason of a Man ;
We and taste the Pleasure of a God ;
We and look with Triumph on the Tomb :
Though Reason's Wounds alone thy Faith can die ;
Dying tenfold Terror gives to Death ;
Dips in Venom his twice mortal Sting.

Young's Night Thoughts.

REDEMPTION.

Man's great Superior, Man ! is thine :
He is Redemption ; they just gave the Key :
Heine to raise and eternize the Song ;
Human, yet Divine ; for should not this
Man o'er Man, and kindle Seraphs here ?

Redemp-

Redemption ! 'twas the Labour of the Skies ;
 Far more than Labour it was Death in Heav'n.
 A Truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;
 If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

Young's Night Thoughts

RELIGION.

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell ;
 Another deems him Instrument of Hell ;
 If Calvin feel Heaven's Blessing, or its Rod,
 This cries there is, and that there is no God.
 What shocks one Part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 The common Cry is ev'r Religion's Test ;
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best ;
 Idols in India, Popery at Rome ;
 And our own Worship only true at Home :
 And true but for the Time ; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This Side To-day, and that To-morrow burns ;
 So all are God Almightyes in their Turns.
 Religions all. Descending from the Skies,
 To wretched Man, the Goddess in her Left
 Holds out this World ; and in her Right the next.
 Religion ! the sole Voucher Man is Man ;
 Supporter sole of Man above himself ;
 Ev'n in this Night of Frailty, Change, and Death
 She gives the Soul a Soul, that acts a God.
 Religion ! Providence ! an After-state !

is firm Footing ; here is solid Rock ;
can support ; all is Sea besides ;
under us ; bestorms, and then devours,
Hand the good Man fastens on the Skies,
bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle Whirl.

Young's Night Thoughts.

RESURRECTION.

At the whole Man, amazing Thought ! return
the cold Marble, or contracted Urn ?
never shall those Particles agree,
were in Life this individual He ?
sever'd, must they join the gen'ral Mass,
to other Forms and Shapes ordain'd to pass ;
Thought nor Image kept of what he was ?
the great Word that gave him Sense, ordain,
Life shall never wake that Sense again ?
will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save
in the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the
Grave ?
In Ev'ning I behold the setting Sun
downward Speed into the Ocean run :
the same Light (pass but some fleeting Hours)
rests his Vigour, and renews his Pow'rs ;
the bright Race again ; his constant Flame
and sets, returning still the same.
mark the various Fury of the Winds ;
neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds :
now dilate, and now contract their Force ;
ous their Speed, but endless is their Course.

OL. II.

H

From

From his first Fountain and beginning Ooze,
 Down to the Sea, each Brook and Torrent flows:
 Tho' sundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream;
 The Whole still runs, with equal Pace, the same.
 Still other Waves supply the rising Urns,
 And th' eternal Flood no Want of Water mourns.
 Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,
 Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?
 A Flower, that does with op'ning Morn arise,
 And, flourishing the Day, at Ev'ning dies;
 A winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
 The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore;
 A Fire, whose Flames through crackling Stubble
 A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;
 A Bowl adown the bending Mountain roll'd;
 A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;
 A Noontide Shadow, and a Midnight Dream,
 Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
 Our Earthly Course; but, O my Soul! so fast
 Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd,
 Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
 Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
 Say, shall our Relics second Birth receive?
 Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
 When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
 And pierc'd the echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
 Lies the pale Corpse not yet entirely dead;
 The Spirit only from the Body fled?

the grosser Part of Heat and Motion void,
 be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd ;
 Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
 conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain ?
 if her Acts have been directed well,
 while with her friendly Clay she deign'd to dwell :
 all she with Safety reach her pristine Seat ?
 and her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat ?
 while the bury'd Man we idly mourn ;
 Angels joy to see his better Half return ?
 if she has deform'd this Earthly Life,
 with murd'rous Rapine, and seditious Strife :
 amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n,
 from the Æthereal Seat, and blissful Heav'n ;
 everlasting Darkness must she lie,
 more unhappy that she cannot die ?
 mid two Seas, on one small Point of Land,
 amaz'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand :
 on either Side our Thoughts incessant turn :
 forward we dread ; and, looking back, we mourn,
 living the present in this dubious Haste ;
 and lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

Prior's Solomon.

amazing Period ! when each Mountain Height
 burns Vesuvius ; Rocks eternal pour
 their melted Mass, as Rivers once they pour'd ;
 rush ; and final Ruin fiercely drives
 her Plough-share o'er Creation !——While aloft,
 more than Astonishment ! if more can be !
 another Firmament than e'er was seen,

Than e'er was thought by Man ! Far other Stars !
 Stars animate, that govern these of Fire ;
 Far other Sun !——A Sun, O how unlike
 The Babe at Beth'lem ? How unlike the Man
 That groan'd on Calvary !——Yet he it is ;
 That Man of Sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what Power
 In Grandeur terrible, all Heav'n descends !
 And God's ambitious Triumph in his Train.
 A swift Archangel with his Golden Wing,
 As Blots and Clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The Scene Divine, sweeps Stars and Suns aside.
 And now, all Dross remov'd, Heav'n's own pure
 Full on the Confines of our Æther flames.
 While (dreadful Contrast) far, how far beneath !
 Hell bursting, belching forth her blazing Seas,
 And Storms sulphureous ; her voracious Jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her Prey.

Young's Night Thoughts

Great Day ! for which all other Days were made ;
 For which Earth rose from Chaos ; Man from Earth
 And an Eternity, the Date of Gods,
 Descended on poor Earth-created Man :
 Great Day of Dread, Decision, and Despair !
 At Thought of thee each sublunary Wish
 Lets go its eager Grasp, and drops the World ;
 And catches at each Reed of Hope in Heav'n.

Young's Night Thoughts

At Midnight, when Mankind is wrapp'd in Peace,
 And worldly Fancy feeds on Golden Dreams ;
 To give more Dread to Man's most dreadful Hour

Midnight, 'tis presum'd this Pomp will burst
From tenfold Darkness ; sudden as the Spark
From smitten Steel ; from nitrous Grain the Blaze.
Man, starting from his Couch, shall sleep no more !
The Day is broke, which never more shall close !
Above, around, beneath, Amazement all !
Error and Glory join'd in their Extremes !
Our God in Grandeur, and our World on Fire !
Nature struggling in the Pangs of Death !

Young's Night Thoughts.

All Man alone, whose Fate, whose final Fate,
Lies on that Hour, exclude it from his Thoughts ?
Think of nothing else, I see ! I feel it !
Nature, like an Earthquake, trembling round !
Deities, like Summer Swarms, on Wings,
Basking in the full Meridian Blaze !
The Judge inthron'd, the flaming Guard,
The Volume open'd ! open'd every Heart !
Sun-beam pointing out each secret Thought !
Patron ! Intercessor none ! now past
The sweet, the clement mediatorial Hour !
Guilt no Plea ! to Pain no Pause ! no Bound !
Terrible all ! and all extreme !

Young's Night Thoughts.

See this vast Fabric for him built (and doom'd
To him to fall) now bursting o'er his Head ;
The Lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath
The Frown of hideous Darkness, calls his Sons
From their long Slumber ; from Earth's heaving Womb
Second Birth ; contemporary throng !

174 RET *The Entertaining Companion:*

Rous'd at one Call, up-starting from one Bed,
 Press'd in one Croud, appall'd with one Amaze,
 He turns them o'er Eternity ! to thee,
 Then (as a King depos'd disdains to live)
 He falls on his own Scythe ; nor falls alone ;
 His greatest Foe falls with him ; Time, and he,
 Who murder'd all Time's Offspring Death, expire.

Young's Night Thoughts

R E T R E A T.

O'er his broad Back his Moony Shield he threw,
 And, glaring round, by tardy Steps withdrew :
 Thus the grim Lion his Retreat maintains,
 Beset with watchful Dogs, and shouting Swains ;
 Repuls'd by Numbers from the Nightly Stalls,
 Tho' Rage impels him, and tho' Hunger calls,
 Long stands the show'ring Darts, and missile Fires ;
 Then sow'rly slow th' indignant Beast retires :
 So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole Hosts repell'd,
 While his swoln Heart at ev'ry Step rebell'd.
 As the slow Beast, with heavy Strength indu'd,
 In some wide Field by Troops of Boys pursu'd,
 Tho' round his Sides a Wooden Tempest rain,
 Crops the tall Harvest, and lays waste the Plain ;
 Thick on his Side the hollow Blows resound,
 The patient Animal maintains his Ground ;
 Scarce from the Field with all their Efforts chac'd,
 And stirs but slowly, when he stirs at last.
 On Ajax thus a Weight of Trojans hung ;
 The Strokes redoubled on his Buckler rung ;

confiding now in bulky Strength, he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding Bands.
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threatens his Followers with retorted Eye.

Pope's Iliad.

REVOLUTION.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !
Morn without Eve ! a Race without a Goal !
Inshorten'd by Progression infinite ;
Eternity for ever future ! Life
Beginning still where Computation ends :
'Tis the Description of a Deity !

Young's Night Thoughts.

Look Nature through, 'tis Revolution all ;
All Change, no Death, Day follows Night ; and Night
The dying Day ; Stars rise and set, and rise ;
Earth takes th' Example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green Chaplet, and ambrosial Flowers,
Troops into pallid Autumn ; Winter grey,
Horrid with Frost, and turbulent with Storm,
Blows Autumn and his Golden Fruits away :
Then melts into the Spring : Soft Spring, with Breath
Avonian, from warm Chambers of the South,
Recalls the First ; all, to re flourish, fades.
In a Wheel, all sinks to reascend,
Emblems of Man, who passes, not expires.

Young's Night Thoughts.

REVENGE.

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains ?
He meditates Revenge, who least complains ;

176 RIV *The Entertaining Companion:*

And like a Lion, slumb'ring in his Way,
Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey:
His fearless Foes within his Distance draws,
Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws;
Till, at the last, his Time for Fury found,
He shouts with sudden Vengeance from the Ground;
The prostrate Vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
But with a lordly Rage his Hunter tears.

Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel

RICHES.

Riches, like Insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for Wings, and in their Season fly.

Pope's Moral Essays

To whom can Riches give Repute and Trust,
Content or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

Pope's Essay on Man

RIDICULE.

Yes! I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd, and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

Pope's Satire

RIVER. *See* THAMES.

A River here he view'd, so lovely bright,
It shew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light,
Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from human Sight.

The

the Stream produc'd nor slimy Ooze, nor Weeds,
 nor miry Rushes, nor the spiky Reeds ;
 that dealt enriching Moisture all around,
 the fruitful Banks with chearful Verdure crown'd,
 and kept the Spring eternal on the Ground. }

Addison's Ovid.

When a calm River, rais'd with sudden Rains,
 Snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains,
 the Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure
 their greedy Hopes ; and this he can endure :
 but, if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
 the Channel to a new or narrow Course,
 no longer then within his Banks he dwells,
 but to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells ;
 longer and fiercer by Restraint he roars,
 and knows no Bounds, but makes his Pow'r his Stores.

Denham.

R I V U L E T.

While we view,
 and the Noon-tide Walk, a limpid Rill
 through the tickling Herbage, to the Thirst
 Summer yielding the delicious Draught
 cool Refreshment ; o'er the mossy Brink
 comes not the Surface clearer, and the Waves
 with sweeter Music murmur as they flow.

Akinfide's Pleasures of the Imagination.

R O B E.

Robe the Victor shar'd, where Purple plays,
 and with rich Gold, in ev'ry shining Maze :

H 5

There

178 ROM *The Entertaining Companion:*

There Royal Ganymede, in-wrought with Art,
O'er Hills and Forests hunts the bounding Hart;
The beauteous Youth, all wond'rous to behold,
Pants in the moving Threads, and lives in Gold:
From tow'ring Ida shoots the Bird of Jove,
And bears him struggling through the Clouds above;
With out-stretch'd Hands his hoary Guardians eye,
And the loud Hounds spring furious at the Sky.

Pitt's Virg

R O C K.

But see yon' Rock projected o'er the Main,
Where giddy Prospect turns the Gazer's Brain:
Object is lost beneath the vast Profound,
And deep and hoarse below the Surges sound.

Blacklock

So rolls some falling Rock, by Age long worn,
Loose from its Root by raging Whirlwinds torn,
And thund'ring down the Precipice is borne.
O'er clashing Woods the Mass is seen to ride,
To grind its Way, and plain the Mountain's Side.

Rowe's Lucan

R O M E.

Immortal Glories in my Mind revive,
And in my Soul a thousand Passions strive;
When Rome's exalted Beauties I descry,
Magnificent in Piles of Ruin lie.
An Amphitheatre's amazing Height
Here fills my Eye with Terror and Delight,
That on its public Shews unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded Nations in its Womb;

Where Pillars rough with Sculpture pierce the Skies,
And there the proud triumphal Arches rise.
Where the old Romans deathless Acts display'd,
Their base degenerate Progeny upbraid :
Whole Rivers here forsake the Fields below,
And, wond'ring at their Height, through airy Channels
flow. *Addison.*

R O S E.

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose,
The Beauty of thy Leaves disclose !
The Winter's past, the Tempests fly,
Soft Gales breathe gently through the Sky ;
The Lark, sweet warbling on the Wing,
Announces the gay Return of Spring :
The Silver Dews, the vernal Show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy Waste of Flow'rs :
The joyous Fields, the shady Woods,
Are cloath'd with Green, or swell with Buds ;
Then haste thy Beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose ! *Broome.*

Temple of R U M O U R.

Before my View appear'd a Structure fair,
Its Site uncertain, if in Earth or Air ;
With rapid Motion turn'd the Mansion round,
With ceaseless Noise the ringing Walls resound ;
Not less in Number were the spacious Doors,
Than Leaves on Trees, or Sands upon the Shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by Night, by Day,
Permeous to Winds, and open ev'ry Way.

180 RUM *The Entertaining Companion :*

As Flames by Nature to the Skies ascend,
 As weighty Bodies to their Center tend,
 As to the Sea returning Rivers roll,
 And the touch'd Needle trembles to the Pole ;
 Hither, as to their proper Place, arise
 All various Sounds from Earth, and Sea, and Skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the Ear ;
 Nor ever Silence, Rest, or Peace is here.
 As on the smooth Expanse of crystal Lakes
 The sinking Stone at first a Circle makes ;
 The trembling Surface, by the Motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second Circle, then a Third ;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating Rings advance,
 Fill all the wat'ry Plain, and to the Margin dance :
 Thus ev'ry Voice and Sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring Air a soft Impression make ;
 Another ambient Circle then they move,
 That, in its Turn, impels the next above ;
 Thro' undulating Air the Sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid Element.
 There various News I heard of Love and Strife,
 Of Peace and War, Health, Sicknefs, Death, and Life
 Of Loss and Gain, of Famine and of Store,
 Of Storms at Sea, and Travels on the Shore ;
 Of Prodigies and Portents seen in Air,
 Of Fires and Plagues, and Stars with blazing Hair ;
 Of Turns of Fortune, Changes in the State,
 The Falls of Fav'rites, Projects of the Great ;
 Of old Mismanagements, Taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above,

above, below, without, within, around,
confus'd, unnumber'd Multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Loss rais'd by Fear, and Phantoms of a Day;
Astrologers, that future Fates foreshew,
Projectors, Quacks, and Lawyers not a few;
And Priests, and party Zealots, num'rous Bands
With home-born Lyes, or Tales from foreign Lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret Place,
And wild Impatience star'd in ev'ry Face.
The flying Rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any Tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made Enlargements too,
On ev'ry Ear it spread, on ev'ry Tongue it grew.
Thus flying East and West, and North and South,
News travell'd with Increase, from Mouth to Mouth.
From a Spark, that kindled first by Chance,
With gathering Force the quick'ning Flames advance;
Till to the Clouds their curling Heads aspire,
And Tow'rs and Temples sink in Floods of Fire.
When thus ripe Lyes are to Perfection sprung,
Well grown, and fit to grace a mortal Tongue,
A thousand Vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in Millions on the World below.
Some sits aloft, and points them out their Course,
Their Dates determine, and prescribes their Force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Some wane and wax, alternate, like the Moon.

Around,

182 SAC *The Entertaining Companion :*

Around, a Thousand winged Wonders fly,
Borne by the Trumpet's Blast, and scatter'd thro' the Sky

There, at one Passage, oft' you might survey,
A Lye and Truth contending for the Way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow Vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the Truth and Lye ;
The strict Companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no Mortal e'er shall find.

Pope's Temple of Fame

S.

SACRIFICES.

THE next, with sober Grace,
Their Gifts around their well-built Altar place
Then wash'd, and took the Cakes, while Chryses stood
With Hands uplifted and invok'd his God.
And, when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,
Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast ;
Then turning back, the Sacrifice they sped,
The fatted Oxen slew and flea'd the Dead ;
Chop'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
To involve the Lean in Cauls and mend with Lard.
Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
About the Sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The Priest with Holy Hands was seen to twine
The cloven Foot, and pour the ruddy Wine.

Or, Poetical Miscellany. SAC 183

the first Libations to the God they pour,
and then with Songs indulge the genial Hour;
only Debauch till Day to Night they bring,
with Songs and Pæons to the Bowyer King.

Dryden's Homer.

with perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd,
whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
Black Bulls and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
and Clouds of sav'ry Stench involve the Sky.

Dryden's Homer.

the sable Fumes in curling Spires arise,
and waft their grateful Odours to the Skies.

Pope's Homer.

chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay
to Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
the beauteous Queen before her Altar stands,
and holds the golden Goblet in her Hands:
milk-white Heifer she with Flow'rs adorns,
and pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;
and, while the Priests with Prayer the Gods invoke,
she feeds their Altars with Sabea Smoke;
with hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
and anxiously the painting Entrails views.

Dryden's Virgil.

We, Heav'n itself to bribe,
to recompense with Death their Creatures Toil,
then call the Bless'd Above to share the Spoil:
the fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease;
fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!

A pur:

184 SAI *The Entertaining Companion:*

A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
 With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns;
 He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
 But understands not 'tis his Doom he hears;
 Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
 (The Fruit and Product of his Labours past)
 And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
 Up-lifted, to deprive him of his Life;
 Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees,
 Torn out for Priests t' inspect the Gods Decrees.

Dryden's Ovid

So when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
 Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
 His Eye-balls rooted out are thrown to Ground,
 His Nose dismantled in his Mouth is found,
 His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.

Dryden's Ovid

S A I L I N G.

The Phæacian Train

Spread their broad Sails, and launch into the Main;
 At once they bend and strike their equal Oars,
 And leave the sinking Hills and lessening Shores.
 As fi'ry Coursers in the rapid Race,
 Urg'd by fierce Drivers thro' the dusty Space;
 Toss their high Heads, and scour along the Plain,
 So mounts the bounding Vessel o'er the Main:
 Back to the Stern the parted Billows flow,
 And the black Ocean foams and roars below.
 Thus with spread Sails the winged Galley flies;
 Less swift an Eagle cuts the liquid Skies.

Pope's Iliad

Fey

ry launch, and hoist the Masts; indulgent Gales,
ply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling Sails;
the milk-white Canvas, bellowing as they blow,
the parted Ocean foams and roars below. *Pope's Iliad.*

S A L M O N E U S.

Salmonæus suff'ring cruel Pains I found,
emulating Jove; the rattling Sound
mimic Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays:
thro' Elis and the Grecian Towns he flew;
the audacious Wretch four fi'ry Coursers drew:
he wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
sought Godlike Worship from a servile Train.
Ambitious Fool! with horny Hoofs to pass
the hollow Arches of resounding Brass;
to rival Thunder in its rapid Course,
and imitate inimitable Force.

But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
wield'd his right Arm, and launching from the Sky
his withen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoke,
down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.

Dryden's Virgil.

S A T I R E.

Oh Sacred Weapon, left for Truth's Defence!
Oh Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed Hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Ev'rent I touch thee! but with honest Zeal,
To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal;

To

186 SAT *The Entertaining Companion:*

To Virtue's Work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate, slumb'ring in his Stall.

Pope's Satire

At length, by wholesome Dread of Statues bound,
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound;
Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's Side; but some, more nice
Preserv'd the Freedom and forbore the Vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the Medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

Pope's Imitations of Horace

In ev'ry Breast there burns an active Flame,
The Love of Glory or the Dread of Shame:
The Passion one, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the Heart-born Fire:
The Charms of Praise, the Coy, the Modest woo,
And only fly, that Glory may pursue:
She, Pow'r resistless, rules the Wise and Great,
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her Feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And sways alike the Scepter and the Spade.
Thus Heav'n in Pity waves the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in Folly only wise,
Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies:
With Rapture hears corrupted Passion's Call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the Stall.
As each deceitful Shadow tempts his View,
He for the imag'd Substance quits the True;

Eag

ger to catch the visionary Prize,
Quest of Glory plunges into Vice;
All madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every Praise he pants to gain.
Thus still imperious Nature plies her Part,
And still her Dictates work in ev'ry Heart.
Each Pow'r, that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty Rivers, with resistless Force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their Course;
Well to new Heights, forbidden Paths explore,
And drown those Virtues which they fed before.
And, sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's Flame,
Our worst of Evils, is perverted Shame.
Beneath this Load what abject Numbers groan,
Wh' entangled Slaves to Folly not their own!
Sneakly by fashionable Fear oppress'd,
We seek our Virtues in each other's Breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's Weakness, Interest, and Caprice:
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid Wretchedness of State;
Or'd in the treach'rous Chace, would nobly yield;
And, but for Shame, like Sylla, quit the Field:
The Demon Shame paints strong the Ridicule,
And whispers close, 'The World will call you Fool.'
Behold, yon' Wretch, by impious Fashion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By Weakness strong, and bold thro' Fear alone,
He dreads the Sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown:
Dauntless

188. SAT *The Entertaining Companion:*

Dauntless pursues the Path Spinoza trod ;
To Man a Coward, and a Brave to God.

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their Hold,
When to false Fame the captiv'd Heart is sold :
Hence, blind to Truth, relentless Cato dy'd ;
Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaste Lucretia Innocence betray'd,
Fell by that Honour which was meant its Aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd Woes,
When Passions, born her Friends, revolt her Foes.

Hence Satire's Power : 'Tis her corrective Part,
To calm the wild Disorders of the Heart.
She points the arduous Height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise :
In the dark Bosom wakes the fair Desire,
Draws Good from Ill, a brighter Flame from Fire ;
Strips black Oppression of her gay Disguise,
And bids the Hag in native Horror rise ;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the Wreath on Virtue's awful Head.
Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
Tho' oft' she mourn those Ills she cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear ;
Who shun her piercing Eye, that Eye revere.
Her awful Voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry Foe to Wisdom feels her Sway.
Smart Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ;
Desponding Fops resign the clouded Cane :
Hush'd at her Voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her Quill.

like the arm'd Bee, with Art most subtly true,
from pois'nous Vice she draws a healing Dew:
Weak are the Ties that civil Arts can find,
to quell the Ferment of the tainted Mind:
 Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in Wiles;
And Force strong-linew'd rends th' unequal Toils:
The Stream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
In fair Religion, Native of the Skies,
Born'd by the Crowd, seeks Refuge with the Wise;
The Crowd with Laughter spurns her awful Train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
That Satire's Shaft can pierce the harden'd Breast;
She plays a ruling Passion on the rest:
Undaunted storms the Batt'ry of his Pride,
And awes the Brave that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her Vassals crown'd,
Rides fall'n Justice prostrate on the Ground;
To redress an injur'd People's Groan,
Old Satire shakes the Tyrant on her Throne;
As awful as Death, defies the fordid Train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain.

Brown's Essay on Satire.

No distant Times may rise in Satire's Page,
But chief 'tis her's to draw the present Age:
With Wisdom's Lustre, Folly's Shade contrast,
And judge the reigning Manners by the Past:
And Britain's Heroes (aweful Shades) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:

Point

Point back to Minds ingenious Actions fair,
 Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
 E're yet 'twas Beggary the Great to trust,
 E're yet 'twas quite a Folly to be just;
 When low-born Sharpers only dar'd a Lye,
 Or falsify'd the Card, or cog'd the Dye;
 E're Lewdness the stain'd Garb of Honour wore,
 Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
 Vice flutter'd, in the Plumes of Freedom dress'd,
 Or public Spirit was the public Jest.

Be ever, in a just Expression, bold,
 Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a Scold:
 Let no unworthy Mien her Form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with Grace:
 In Mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her Spleen;
 Nor, while she preaches Modesty, obscene.
 Deep, let her wound, not rankle to a Sore,
 Nor call his Lordship — her Grace a — :
 The Muses Charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent Veil:
 Her Beauties half conceal'd the more surprize,
 And keener Lustre sparkles in her Eyes.
 Then be your Line with sharp Encomiums grac'd;
 Style Clodius honourable, Rufa chaste.
 Dart not on Folly an indignant Eye:
 Whoe'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
 Deride not Vice: Absurd the Thought and vain,
 To bind the Tyger in so weak a Chain.
 Nay, more, when fragrant Crimes your Laughter m
 The Knave exults: To smile is to approve.

Muse's Labour then Success shall crown,
When Folly feels her Smile, and Vice her Frown.
Now next what Measures to each Theme belong,
Suits your Thoughts and Numbers to your Song:
Wing proportion'd to your Quarry rise,
And stoop to Earth or soar among the Skies.
As, when a modish Folly you rehearse,
The Expression, simple be the Verse.
Artless Numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
That mounts the Box, and shines a Charioteer:
Strains familiar sing the Midnight-toil,
Camps and Senates disciplin'd by Hoyle;
Riot and Chiefs, whose deep Design invades
Carries off the captive King — of Spades!
Satire here in milder Vigour shine,
In gayly graceful sport along the Line;
Courtly Fashion quit her thin Pretence,
And smile each Affectation into Sence.
Not so, when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Riv'd from her Throne, implores the Muses Aid;
When Crimes, which erst in kindred Darkness lay,
Frontless, and insult the Eye of Day;
When Hymen veils his hallow'd Fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with Tears retires;
When rank Adultery, on the genial Bed,
From Cocytus, rears her baleful Head:
When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
Traitors barter Liberty for Gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Is the Foundation of a sinking State:

When

When giant Vice and Irreligion rise,
 On mountain'd Falshoods to invade the Skies ;
 Then warmer Numbers glow thro' Satire's Page,
 And all her Smiles are darken'd into Rage :
 On Eagles-Wing she gains Parnassus' Height,
 Not lofty Epic soars a nobler Flight.
 Then keener Indignation fires her Eye;
 Then flash her Lightnings and her Thunders fly;
 Wide, and more wide, her flaming Bolts are hurl'd
 Till all her Wrath involves the guilty World.

Brown's Essay on Sat

Planet SATURN.

At length we land, vast Fields of Æther crost,
 On Saturn's cold uncomfortable Coast ;
 Here, in the Gloom, the pamper'd Sluggards lull
 The lazy Hours, lethargically dull
 In Caves they live ; for who was ever known,
 So wise, so sedulous, to build a Town ?
 The same Stupidity infects the Whole,
 Fix'd in the Breast and center'd in the Soul.
 These never feel th' ambitious Fires of Jove,
 To Industry not Mercury can move ;
 Mars cannot spur to War, nor Venus woo to love.
 Here rove those Souls, 'tis said, when Life departs
 Who never cultivated useful Arts ;
 But, stupify'd with Plenty and Repose,
 Dreamt out long Life in one continu'd Dose !
 No feather'd Songsters with sweet warbled Strains
 Attune to melting Melody the Plains ;

Flocks wide-past'ring bleat, nor Oxen low,
Fountains musically murm'ring flow;
Fertile Wastelands no tender Herbage yields,
Harvests wave luxuriant in the Fields.

lie the Groves, if Groves this Land can boast,
And in the Fetters of eternal Frost,
Or Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure lost.

Animals inhabit this Abode,
Owl, Mole, Dormouse, Tortoise, and the Toad.
Rivers deep within their Channels glide,
And flow roll on their tributary Tide:

Caught th' unvegetative Waters feed,
Sleepy Poppy and the slimy Reed;
Idle lazy Fogs like Lethe's Cups dispense
And Slumbers of dull Indolence.

Not I flood, the drowsy Vapours lull
Soul in Gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.

Guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his Speed,
To the loud Lash resounding from the Steed;
At the Strokes, he flies with slacken'd Rein
O'er the Level of the liquid Plain,
And with the gentle Gale and lights on Earth again

Smart.

is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.
Feels me when I press th' ætherial Plains,
And hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.

is the Shipwreck in a wat'ry Sign,
In an Earthly the dark Dungeon mine.

OL. II.

I

Cold

Cold shivering Agues, melancholy Care,
 And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
 And wilful Death resulting from Despair.
 The thrott'ling Quinsey 'tis my Star appoints,
 And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints.
 When Churls rebel against their native Prince,
 I arm their Hands and furnish the Pretence,
 And, housing in the Lion's hateful Sign,
 Bought Senates, and deserting Troops, are mine;
 Mine is the privy Pois'ning: I command
 Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
 By me Kings Palaces are push'd to Ground,
 And Miners crush'd beneath their Mines are found.
 'Twas I slew Sampson, when the pillar'd Hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the many with the Fall.
 My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince.

Dryden's Pal. and Ar.

SCANDAL.

There is a Lust in Man no Pride can tame,
 Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame;
 On Eagle's Wings immortal Scandals fly,
 While virtuous Actions are but born and die.

Stepney's Juvenal

SCRIBLER.

Who shames a Scribler? Break one Cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing Thread anew:
 Destroy his Fib or Sophistry in vain,
 The Creature's at his dirty Work again:

Thro'

ron'd in the Center of his thin Designs,
oud of a vast Extent of flimsy Lines.

Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.

SCRIPTURES.

arm me ye sacred Leaves with nobler Themes,
ith op'ning Heav'ns and Angels rob'd in Flames ;
e restless Passions, while I read, be aw'd !
ail ye mysterious Oracles of God !
ere I behold how infant Time began,
ow the Dust mov'd and quicken'd into Man.
ere, thro' the flow'ry Walks of Eden rove,
ourt the soft Breeze, or range the spicy Grove ;
ere tread on hallow'd Ground where Angels trod,
nd rev'rend Patriarchs talk'd as Friends with God ;
hear the Voice to slumb'ring Prophets giv'n,
gaze on Visions from the Throne of Heav'n.

Brooms.

SCYLLA.

under'd the Deep, the raging Billows roll'd,
multuous Waves embroil'd the bellowing Flood,
d trembling, deafen'd and aghast we stood !
o more the Vessel plow'd the dreadful Wave,
ar seiz'd the Mighty and unnerv'd the Brave ;
ch dropp'd his Oar, but swift from Man to Man,
ith Look serene, I turn'd, and thus began :
Friends ! oh often try'd in adverse Storms !
ith Ills familiar, in more dreadful Forms !
leep in the dire Cyclopean Den you lay,
et safe return'd, Ulysses led the Way.

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Learn Courage hence, and in my Care confide;
 Lo! still the same Ulysses is your Guide!
 Attend my Word! your Oars incessant ply;
 Strain ev'ry Nerve and bid the Vessel fly.
 If from yon' justling Rocks and wavy War,
 Jove Safety grants, he grants it to your Care.
 And thou, whose guiding Hand directs our Way,
 Pilot attentive, listen and obey!
 Bear wide thy Course nor plow those angry Waves,
 Where rolls yon' Smoke, yon' trembling Ocean raves;
 Steer by the higher Rock; lest, whirl'd around,
 We sink beneath the circling Eddy drown'd.
 While yet I speak, at once their Oars I seize,
 Stretch to the Stroke, and brush the working Seas;
 Cautious the Name of Scylla I suppress'd;
 That dreadful Sound had chill'd the boldest Breast.
 Mean Time forgetful of the Voice Divine,
 All Dreadful, bright my Limbs in Armour shine;
 High on the Deck I take my dang'rous Stand,
 Two glitt'ring Jav'lins lighten in my Hand;
 Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing Spear I stay,
 Till the fell Fiend arise to seize her Prey;
 Stretch'd her dire Jaws, and swept six Men away,
 Chiefs of Renown! Loud echoing Shrieks arise;
 I turn, and view them quiv'ring in the Skies;
 They call, and Aid with out-stretch'd Arms implore,
 In vain they call! those Arms are stretch'd no more.
 As from some Rock that overhangs the Flood
 The silent Fisher casts th' insidious Food;

With

With fraudulent Care he waits the finny Prize,
And sudden lifts it quiv'ring to the Skies ;
The fowl Monster lifts her Prey on high ;
To pant the Wretches, struggling in the Sky.
In the wide Dungeon she devours her Food,
And the Flesh trembles while she churns the Blood.

Pope's Odyssey.

lodg'd in a darksome Cavern's dreadful Shade,
Ligh o'er the Surges Scylla rears her Head :
Brag'd with a Virgin's Breast, and female Looks,
She draws the Vessels on the pointed Rocks :
Below, she lengthens in a monstrous Whale,
With Dogs furrounded and a Dolphin's Tail.

Pitt's Virgil.

S E A M A N.

So fairs a Sailor on the stormy Main,
When Clouds conceal Bootes' golden Wain ;
When not a Star its friendly Lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the Deeps :
He dreads the Rocks, and Shoals, and Sea, and Skies,
While Thunder roars, and Lightning round him flies.

Pope's Statius.

S E D I T I O N.

As when Sedition fires th' ignoble Crowd,
And the wild Rabble storms, and thirsts for Blood ;
Of Stones and Brands a mingled Tempest flies
With all the sudden Arms that Rage supplies ;
Some grave Sire appears, amid the Strife,
And Morals strict, and Innocence of Life,

All stand attentive ; while the Sage controuls
Their Wrath, and calms the Tumult of their Souls.

Pitt's Virgil

S E E D.

Thus, in the Kernel's intricate Disguise,
In Miniature a little Orchard lies ;
The fib'rous Labyrinths, by just Degrees,
Stretch their swoln Cells, replete with future Trees ;
By Time evolv'd, the spreading Branches rise,
Yield their rich Fruits, and shoot into the Skies. *Brown*

S E L F - L O V E.

Self-love but serves the virtuous Mind to wake,
As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake ;
The Center mov'd, a Circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour first it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all human Race ;
Wide and more wide, the O'erflowings of the Mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty blest,
And Heav'n has stamp'd its Image in his Breast.

Pope's Essay on Man

Self-love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine.

Pope's Essay on Man

S E N S E.

'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her Rays from Sense.

Pope's Moral Essay

Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts answering Parts shall slide into a Whole.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at——perhaps a Stow.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Good Sense, which only is the Gift of Heaven,
And, tho' no Science, fairly worth the Seven:
A Light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

Pope's Moral Essays.

SENSITIVE Plant.

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the Sensitive should move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the neighbouring Hand?

Prior's Solomon.

S E R P E N T.

The Altars heav'd, and from the trembling Ground,
A mighty Dragon shot, of dire Portent,
From Jove himself the dreadful Sign was sent:
Straight to the Tree his sanguine Spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding Fold.
The topmost Branch a Mother Bird possess'd,
Eight callow Infants fill'd the mossy Nest;
Herself the Ninth, the Serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black Jaws and crush'd the crying Young.

While hov'ring near, with miserable Moan,
 The drooping Mother wail'd her Children gone ;
 The Mother last, as round the Nest she flew,
 Seiz'd by the beating Wing, the Monster flew.

Pope's Illiad

As when a ling'ring Fate the Serpent feels,
 Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen Wheels ;
 Or bruis'd and mangled by the cruel Swain,
 With some huge Stone, writhes with the shooting
 Pain ;

And rolls and twists her scaly Folds in vain ;
 Above, all fierce her glittering Volumes rise,
 Flames in her Crest, and Lightning in her Eyes ;
 But maim'd below, and tardy with the Wound,
 Her Train unfolded, drags along the Ground.

Pitt's Virgil

Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold,
 From the deep Tomb, with many a shining Fold,
 An azure Serpent rose in Scales that flam'd with Gold :
 Like Heaven's bright Bow, his varying Beauties shone
 That draws a thousand Colours from the Sun ;
 Pleas'd round the Altars and the Tombs to wind,
 His glitt'ring Length of Volumes trails behind.
 The Chief in deep Amaze suspended hung,
 While thro' the Bowls the Serpent glides along ;
 Tastes all the Food, then softly slides away,
 Seeks the dark Tomb, and quits the sacred Prey.

Pitt's Virgil

When, horrid to relate ! two Serpents glide,
 And roll incumbent on the glassy Tide ;

Advancing

Advancing to the Shore ; their Spheres they raise
Fold above Fold in many a tow'ring Maze.
Beneath their burnish'd Breast the Waters glow ;
Their crimson Crests inflame the Deeps below :
O'er the vast Flood, extended long and wide,
Their curling Backs lay floating on the Tide ;
Lash'd to a Foam the boiling Billows roar,
And now the dreadful Monsters reach'd the Shore ;
Their hissing Tongues they darted as they came,
And their red Eye-brows shot a sanguine Flame.

Pitt's Virgil.

to the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,
Which even Imagination seems to tread,
At Noon forth issuing, gathers up his Train,
In Orbs immense, then darting out anew,
Sinks the refreshing Fount ; by which diffus'd,
He throws his Folds : And while with threat'ning
Tongue,

And dreadful Jaws erect, the Monster curls
His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,
Shivering flies, or check'd, at Distance stands,
Nor dares approach.

Thomson's Seasons.

S H A D E. See Grove and Wood.

Shold Alexis, see this gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made ;
Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
At Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day ;
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightsome Notes to cheer the dusky Air ;

202 SHE *The Entertaining Companion*:

To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning Philomel !
No Violet here or Daisy e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding Flow'r nor springing Green :
For fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,
Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.

Congrat

S H E P H E R D.

Lead me to the Mountain's Brow,
Where sits the Shephërd on the grassy Turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
Around him feed his many bleating Flocks,
Of various Cadence ; and his sportive Lambs,
This Way and that convolv'd, in friskful Glee,
Their Frolics play.

Thomson's Season

S H E E P S H E A R I N G.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive Band,
They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy running Brook
Forms a deep Pool : This Bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbl'd Shore :
Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,
The Clamour much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
E're the soft fearful People to the Flood
Commit their woolly Sides. And oft' the Swain,
On some impatient seizing, hunts them in :
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,
And, panting, labour to the farther Shore.

Repeat

Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece
Has drank the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
The Trout is banish'd by the sordid Stream;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy Brow,
Now move the harmless Race: Where as they spread
Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray,
Only disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous Tumult means, their loud Complaints
The Country fill; and, to's'd from Rock to Rock,
Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills.
At last of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks
Are in the wattled Pen innumerable press'd
Head above Head; and rang'd in lusty Rows,
The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding Shears.
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores,
With all her gay dress'd Maids attending round.
One chief in Dignity inthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the Pastoral Queen, and rays
Her Smiles, sweet beaming, on her Shepherd King;
While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls
To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall:
Mean Time, their joyous Task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and some,
Deep on the new shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
To stamp his Master's Cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling Weather drag along,
And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy
Holds by the twisted Horns th' indignant Ram.
Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,

How meek, how patient, the wild Creature lies !
 What Softness in its melancholy Face,
 What dumb complaining Innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
 Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No ! 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual Care,
 Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,
 Will send you bounding to your Hills again.

Thomson's Seasons

SHOWER. See RAIN.

Thus when Aquarius pours out all his Urn
 Down on some lonesome Heath, the Traveller
 That wanders o'er the wint'ry Waste, accepts
 The Invitation of some spreading Beach
 Joyous ; but soon the treach'rous Gloom betrays
 Th' unwary Visitor, while on his Head
 Th' enlarging Drops in double Show'rs descend. *Small*

SICKNESS.

Mean while the Health of Arcite impairs,
 From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leech
 Cares :

Swoln in his Breast, his inward Pains increase ;
 All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
 The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in Spite of Art :
 Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail,
 All outward Remedies and inward fail :

The

The Mould of Nature's Fabric is destroy'd,
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void;
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell,
All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell;
Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel:
Those breathing Organs, thus within oppress'd,
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast;
Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxative.
The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void.

Dryden's Pal. and Arc.

S I S I P H U S.

A mournful Vision! the Sisiphan Shade;
With many a weary Step and many a Groan,
Up the high Hills he heaves a huge round Stone:
The huge round Stone, resulting with a Bound,
Thunders impetuous down and smoaks along the Ground.
Again the restless Orb his Toil renews,
Must mounts in Clouds, and Sweat descends in Dews.

Pope's Odyssey.

S K Y.

Now is Night's sable Mantle labour'd o'er!
Now richly wrought, with Attributes divine!
That Wisdom shines! What Love! This Midnight
Pomp,
This gorgeous Arch, with golden Worlds inlaid.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' azure Sky:

Behold

206 SLA *The Entertaining Companion :*

Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red,
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reason now whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n ?
Reason our Guide what can she more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky ;
Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,
And his returning Lustre kindles Day ?
But we expect the Morning Red in vain ;
'Tis hid in Vapours or obscur'd in Rain.
The Noon-tide Yellow we in vain require :
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Lightning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears ;
Friend to our Woe and Parent of our Fears :
Our Joy and Wonder sometimes she excites,
With Stars unnumber'd and eternal Lights.

Prior's Solomon

S L A N D E R.

But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds ;
Through the big Dome the doubling Thunder boun
Loud as the Burst of Cannon rends the Skies,
The dire Report through ev'ry Region flies ;
In ev'ry Ear incessant Rumours rung,
And gath'ring Scandals grew on ev'ry Tongue.
From the black Trumpet's rusty Concave broke
Sulphureous Flames, and Clouds of rolling Smoke.

T Or creat

The pois'nous Vapour blots the Purple Skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

Pope's Temple of Fame:

S L E E P.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark Abode,
Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowsy God ;
Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod ;
Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising Sun,
Nor setting visits, nor the lightsome Moon.
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky.
No crowing Cock doth there his Wings display,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day ;
No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace.
No Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh ;
Nor Trees with Tempests rack'd, nor human Cry ;
But safe Repose, without an Air of Breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
An Arm of Lethe, with a gentle Flow,
Rising upwards, from the Rock below,
The Palace, Moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow.
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent Plains.
No Door there was th' unguarded House to keep,
Nor creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.

But

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
 Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted:
 Black was the Covering too, where lay the God,
 And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad.
 About his Head fantastic Visions fly,
 Which various Images of Things supply,
 And mock their Forms; the Leafs on Trees not more
 Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore

Dryden's Virg

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!
 Nature's best Nurse! how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh mine Eyelids down,
 And sleep my Senses in Forgetfulness;
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky Cribs,
 Upon uneasy Pallats stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing Night, flies to thy Slumber
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
 Under the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody?
 O thou dull God! why ly'st thou with the Vile,
 In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast
 Seal up the Sea-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the Visitation of the Winds?
 Can'st thou, O partial Sleep! give thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an Hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest Night
 Deny it to a King?

Shakespeare's Henry IV

God of S L O T H.

his Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
he God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.
on a Couch of Down in these Abodes,
pine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods :
dulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,
with Murmurs of soft Rills, and whisp'ring Trees,
the Poppy, and each gummy Plant, dispense
their drowsy Juices, and dull Indolence.
careless Deity !

Passions interrupt his easy Reign,
Problems puzzle his lethargic Brain :
dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed ;
dazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.
as at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
t'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away.

Garth's Dispensary.

the slumb'ring God, amaz'd at his new Din,
rice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again :
Heels he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

Garth's Dispensary.

S N A K E.

from his Den, the Winter slept away,
pots forth the burnish'd Snake in open Day ;
so, fed with ev'ry Poison of the Plain,
his old Spoils, and shines in Youth again :
d of his Golden Scales, rolls tow'ring on,
darts his forky Sting, and glitters in the Sun.

Pist's Virgil.

So

210 SNA *The Entertaining Companion:*

So the pale Swain, who treads upon a Snake,
Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy Brake;
Soon as his swelling Spires in Circles play,
Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.

Pitt's Virg

So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,
Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake;
And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides;
High o'er the Grass he hissing rolls along,
And brandishes by Fits his forky Tongue.

Dryden's Virg

As when a Snake, surpriz'd upon the Road,
Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load
Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound
Her Belly bruise'd, or trodden to the Ground:
In vain with loosen'd Curls she crawls along,
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue,
Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,
But grov'ling in the Dust, her Part unsound she trails

Dryden's Virg

So when the wriggling Snake is snatch'd on high,
In Eagle's Claws, and hisses in the Sky;
Around the Foe his twirling Tail he flings,
And twists her Legs, and wreaths about her Wings.

Addison's Oe

A Snake of Size immense ascends a Tree,

in the leafy Summit 'spy'd a Nest,
which o'er her callow Young a Sparrow press'd,
sight were the Birds unfledg'd : The Mother flew
and hover'd round her Care, but still in View,
all the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood,
then seiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drank her Blood.
Dryden's Ovid.

fair Calabria's Wood a Snake is bred,
with curling Crest, and with advancing Head :
leaving he rolls, and makes a winding Track ;
his Belly spotted, burnish'd is his Back.
While Springs are broken, while the Southern Air,
and dropping Heav'n's the moisten'd Earth repair,
he lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,
and fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.
But when in muddy Pools the Water sinks,
and the chopp'd Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,
he leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,
and, hissing, rolls his glaring Eyes around ;
with Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,
he ranges in the Fields, and wide Destruction threats.
Ah ! let not Sleep my closing Eyes invade,
in open Plains, or in the secret Shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled Pride
of pompous Youth, has cast his Slough aside ;
and in his Summer Livery rolls along,
direct, and brandishing his forked Tongue,
leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young ;
and, thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear
the Hopes of Poison for the following Year.

Dryden's Virgil.
S N O W.

S N O W.

He from ærial Treasures downwards pours
 Sheets of unsully'd Snow in lucid Show'rs ;
 Flake after Flake, through Air thick-wav'ring flies,
 Till one vast shining Waste all Nature lies.
 Then the proud Hills a Virgin Whiteness shed,
 A dazzling Brightness glitters from the Mead :
 The hoary Trees reflect a silver Show,
 And Groves beneath the lovely Burthen bow. *Broom*
 As when high Jove his sharp Artillery forms,
 And opes his cloudy Magazine of Storms ;
 In Winter's bleak uncomfortable Rain,
 A snowy Inundation hides the Plain :
 He stills the Winds, and bids the Skies to sleep.
 Then pours the silent Tempest, thick and deep :
 And first the Mountain Tops are cover'd o'er ;
 Then the green Fields, and then the sandy Shore :
 Bent with the Weight the nodding Woods are seen,
 And one bright Waste hides all the Works of Men :
 The circling Seas alone absorbing all,
 Drink the dissolving Fleeces, as they fall.

Pope's II

Why hover Snows, and wanton in the Air,
 Fall by Degrees, and cloath the hoary Year ? *Broom*
 The keener Tempests come, and fanning dun,
 From all the livid East, or piercing North,
 Thick Clouds ascend ; in whose capacious Womb
 A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd ;
 Heavy they roll their fleecy World along ;
 And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm.

Thro

ough the hush'd Air the whit'ning Show'r descends,
first thin wav'ring, till at last the Flakes
broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,
in a continual Flow. The cherish'd Fields
on their Winter Robe of purest White.

Brightness all ; save where the new Snow melts,
ing the mazy Current. Low the Woods
their hoar Head ; and, e're the languid Sun
at from the West emits his Ev'ning Ray,
th's universal Face, deep hid and chill,
ne wild dazzling Waste, that buries wide
Works of Man. Drooping the Labourer-Ox
ds cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
Fruit of all his Toil.

Thomson's Seasons.

SOLDIER.

see the haughty Household Troops advance !
Dread of Europe, and the Pride of France.
War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
with a General's Love of Conquest glows ;
dly he marches on, and void of Fear,
ghs at the Shaking of the British Spear.
Insolence ! with native Freedom brave,
meanest Briton scorns the highest Slave ;
tempt and Fury fire their Souls by Turns,
a Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns.
ights, as in his Arm th' important Day,
all the Fate of his great Monarch lay.

Addison's Campaign.

black was his Beard, and manly was his Face ;
Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,

And

And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red :
 He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,
 And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair :
 Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,
 Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long,
 Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
 Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the Field.
 His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back,
 His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven-black
 Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,
 Loud as a Trumpet with a silver Sound,

Dryden's Pal. & Arg.

Fierce on his rattling Chariot Hector came,
 His Eyes, like Gorgon, shot a sanguine Flame,
 That wither'd all their Host : Like Mars he stood,
 Dire as the Monster, dreadful as the God.

Pope's Iliad

Could all our Care elude the gloomy Grave,
 Which claims no less the Fearful than the Brave ;
 For Lust of Fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War :
 But since, alas ! ignoble Age must come,
 Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom :
 The Life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe :
 Brave, tho' we fall ; and honour'd, if we live,
 Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give.

Pope's Iliad

Oh thou hast fir'd me ! my Soul is up in Arms,
 And Man's each Part about me : Once again
 That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me,

at Eagerness, with which I darted upward
Cassius' Camp. In vain the steepy Hill
pos'd my Way ; in vain, a War of Spears
g round my Head, and planted all my Shield :
on the Trenches, while my foremost Men
gg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier ;
r Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long
ce more to meet our Foes, that thou and I
e Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
y taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Passage,
d, ent'ring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
in the noblest Harvest of the Field.

Dryden's All for Love.

Rude am I in my Speech,
d little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace :
r since these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,
l now some nine Months wasted, they have us'd
eir dearest Action in the tented Field :
d little of this great World can I speak,
re than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battle.

Shakespeare's Othello.

S O L I T U D E.

ppy the Man, whose Wish and Care
A few Paternal Acres bound,
tent to breathe his native Air,

In his own Ground.

ose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire ;
ose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,

In Winter Fire.

Bless'd

216 SON *The Entertaining Companion:*

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years slide soft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,

Quiet by Day

Sound Sleep by Night ; Study and Ease,
Together mix'd ; sweet Recreation ;
And Innocence, which most does please,
With Meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the World, and not a Stone

Tell where I lie

Pope

Bear me, some God ! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense .
Where Contemplation plumes her ruffled Wings,
And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings .

Pope's Satire

S O N.

I see the Path, and in his Death, the Price,
And in his great Ascent, the Proof supreme
Of Immortality.——And did he rise ?
Hear, O ye Nations ! hear it, O ye Dead !
He rose ! He rose ! He burst the Bars of Death.
Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates !
And give the King of Glory to come in :
Who is the King of Glory ? He who left

He
OL.

Throne of Glory for the Pangs of Death :

up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates !

And give the King of Glory to come in.

Who is the King of Glory ? He who slew

the ravenous Foe, that gorg'd all Human Race !

the King of Glory, He, whose Glory fill'd

Man with Amazement at his Love to Man ;

And with Divine Complacency beheld

His most illumin'd, wilder'd in the Theme.

Young's Night Thoughts.

the nameless He, whose Nod is Nature's Birth ;

the Nature's Shield, the Shadow of his Hand ;

the Dissolution, his suspended Smile !

I lie the great First Last ! Pavilion'd high he sits

Darkness from excessive Splendor, borne

Gods unseen, unless through Lustre lost.

Glory, to created Glory, bright

that to central Horrors ; he looks down

all that soars, and spans Immensity.

Young's Night Thoughts.

you most indulgent, most tremendous Power !

more tremendous for thy wond'rous Love !

at arms, with Awe more awful, thy Commands,

the foul Transgression dips in seven-fold Night ;

our Hearts tremble at thy Love immense !

Love immense, inviolably just !

ou, rather than thy Justice should be stain'd,

to stain the Cross ; a Work of Wonders, far

greatest, that thy Dearest far might bleed.

Young's Night Thoughts.

And

K

And

218 SOR *The Entertaining Companion:*

And was the Ransom paid? It was; and paid;
 (What can exalt the Bounty more) for you:
 The Sun beheld it—No, the shocking Scene
 Drove back his Chariot: Midnight veil'd his Face;
 Not such as this; not such as Nature makes:
 A Midnight, Nature shudder'd to behold;
 A Midnight new! a dread Eclipse (without
 Opposing Spheres from her Creator's Frown!)
 Sun! Did'st thou fly thy Maker's Pain! or start
 At that enormous Load of Human Guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed Head; o'erwhelm'd his Crown
 Made groan the Center; burst Earth's Marble Womb
 With Pangs, strange Pangs! deliver'd of her Dead,
 Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that Hour let fall a Tear:
 Heav'n wept, that Men might smile! Heav'n bled,
 That Man might never die!— *Young's Night Thoughts*
 There hangs all human Hope: That Nail supports
 Our falling Universe: That gone, we drop;
 Horror receives us, and the Dismal wish
 Creation had been smother'd in her Birth——
 Darkness his Curtain, and his Bed the Dust;
 When Stars and Sun are Dust beneath his Throne!
 In Heav'n itself can such Indulgence dwell?
 Oh! what a Groan was there? A Groan not His.
 He seiz'd our dreadful Right; the Load sustain'd;
 And heav'd the Mountain from a guilty World.

Young's Night Thoughts

S O R R O W.

Had I an hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,
 As could their hundred Offices discharge;

Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
All the Streams inspiring all the God;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God in
vain

Would offer to describe his Sister's Pain;
They beat their Breasts with many a bruising Blow,
Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow.
The Corpse they cherish, while the Corpse remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains;
And, when to Fun'ral Flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay;
And, when those Funeral Flames no longer burn,
The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn;
Even in that Urn their Brother they confess,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosom press.

Dryden's Ovid.

S O U L.

Come then, my Soul! I call thee by that Name,
Thou busy Thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
And that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy Spring:
For various of thee Priests and Poets sing.
Had'st thou, submissive, but a lowly Birth?
Some secret Particles of finer Earth;
A plain Effect which Nature must beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill,
From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will;

Conscious of Fear or Valour, Joy or Pain,
 As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain ;
 Who, as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
 In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail ;
 Till, mingled with thy Partner's latest Breath,
 Thou fly'st dissolv'd in Air, and lost in Death.

Or if thy great Existence would aspire
 To Causes more sublime ; of Heav'nly Fire
 Wer't thou a Spark struck off, a sep'rate Ray,
 Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial Clay ;
 With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
 To grieve its Frailties, and its Pains to feel ;
 To teach it Good and Ill, Disgrace or Fame ;
 Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame :
 To guide its Actions with informing Care,
 In Peace to judge, to conquer in the War ;
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 As fits the various Course of Human Age ;
 Till, as the earthly Part decays and falls,
 The Captive breaks her Prison's mould'ring Walls ;
 Hovers a while upon the sad Remains,
 Which now the Pile or Sepulchre contains ;
 And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain her native Skies.

Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,
 (Points which we rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, thou little Inmate of this Breast,
 Which for thy Sake from Passions I divest :
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
 Which hinder thy Repose, and trouble Life.

the fair Level of thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may persuade :
thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear ;
and try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Prior's Solomon.

The Soul uneasy, and confin'd from Home,
Rests and expatiates in a Life to come.

Pope's Essay on Man.

While this immortal Spark of Heav'nly Flame
Distends my Breast, and animates my Frame ;
To thee my ardent Praises shall be borne,
On the first Breeze that wakes the blushing Morn :
The latest Star shall hear the pleasing Sound,
And Nature in full Choir shall join around.
When full of thee my Soul excursive flies,
Through Earth, Air, Ocean, or thy regal Skies ;
From World to World new Wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes in my Mind.
When wing'd with Whirlwinds Vice shall take its Flight
To the deep Bosom of eternal Night,
To thee my Soul shall endless Praises pay :
Join, Men and Angels, join th' exalted Lay.

Blacklock.

As when a Wretch, from thick polluted Air,
Darkness, and Stench, and suffocating Damps,
And Dungeon Horrors, by kind Fate discharg'd,
Climbs some fair Eminence, where Æther pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian Prospects rise ;
His Heart exults, his Spirits cast their Load ;

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As, if new-born, he triumphs in the Change ;
So joys the Soul, when from inglorious Aims,
And fordid Sweets from Reculence and Froth
Of Ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's Region, her own Element ;
Breathes Hopes immortal, and affects the Skies.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Behold this Midnight Glory ; Worlds on Worlds !
Amazing Pomp ! redouble this Amaze ;
Ten thousand add ; add twice ten thousand more ;
Then weigh the Whole ; one Soul outweighs them all
And calls th' astonishing Magnificence
Of unintelligent Creation poor.

Young's Night Thoughts.

S O W E R.

White, through the neighb'ring Fields, the Sower stalks
With measur'd Step ; and, lib'ral, throws the Grain
Into the faithful Bosom of the Ground.

Thomson's Seasons.

S P A C E.

What Involution ! What Extent ! What Swarms
Of Worlds that laugh at Earth ! immensely great !
Immensely distant from each other's Spheres !
What then the wond'rous Space thro' which they roll
At once it quite ingulphs all Human Thought ;
'Tis Comprehension's absolute Defeat.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Cave of S P L E E N.

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy Sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair Face of Light ;

Dow

Down to the central Earth, his proper Scene,
Repair'd, to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty Pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome.
No chearful Breeze this fallen Region knows,
The dreadful East is all the Wind that blows.
Here in a Grotto, shelter'd close from Air,
And screen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,
Pain at her Side, and Megrim at her Head.
Two Handmaids wait the Throne; alike in Place,
But differing far in Figure and in Face.
Here stood Ill nature, like an ancient Maid,
Her wrinkled Form in Black and White array'd;
With Store of Pray'rs for Mornings, Nights, and Noons,
Her Hand is fill'd, her Bosom with Lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly Mien,
Shews in her Cheeks the Roses of Eighteen;
Contractis'd to lisp, and hang the Head aside,
Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;
On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,
Wrapp'd in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.
The Fair-ones feel such Maladies as these,
When each new Night Dress gives a new Disease.
A constant Vapour o'er the Palace flies;
Strange Phantoms rising, as the Mists arise:
Dreadful as Hermits Dreams in haunted Shades,
Or bright as Visions of expiring Maids.
Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires,
Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and purple Fires:

Now Lakes of liquid Gold, Elyſian Scenes,
And crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry Side are ſeen
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one Arm held out,
One bent ; the Handle this, and that the Spout :
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks ;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Goole-pye talks.
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And Maids, turn'd Bottles, call aloud for Corks.

Safe paſs'd the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic Band,
A Branch of healing Spleenwort in his Hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the Pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen
Who rules the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen ;
Parent of Vapours, and of Female Wit,
Who gives th' Hyſteric, or Poetic Fit.
On various Tempers act by various Ways,
Make ſome take Phyſic, others ſcribble Plays ;
Who cauſe the Proud their Viſits to delay,
And ſend the Godly in a Pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, who all thy Pow'r diſdains,
And 'Thouſands more in equal Mirth maintains.
But, oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a Grace,
Or raiſe a Pimple on a beauteous Face ;
Like Citron-Water, Matrons Cheeks inflame,
Or change Complexions at a looſing Game ;
If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,
Or rumpled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,
Or cauſ'd Suspicion, when no Soul was rude ;
Or diſcompos'd the Head-dreſs of a Prude ;

Or e'er to coſtly Lap-dog gave Diſeaſe,
Which not the Tears of brighteſt Eyes could eaſe :
Hear me, and touch Belinda with Chagrin,
That ſingle Act gives half the World the Spleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented Air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his Pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her Hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the Winds ;
There ſhe collects the Force of Female Lungs,
Sighs, Sobs, and Paſſions, and the War of Tongues.
A Phial next ſhe fills with fainting Fears,
Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her Gifts away,
Spreads his black Wings, and ſlowly mounts to Day.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

S P R I N G.

That ſoft Season, when deſcending Show'rs
Call forth the Greens, and wake the riſing Flow'rs ;
Then op'ning Buds ſalute the welcome Day,
And Earth relenting feels the genial Ray.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives ;
For them Almighty Jove deſcends, and pours
To his buxom Bride his fruitful Showers ;
And, mixing his large Limbs with her's, he feeds
Her Births with timely Juice, and foſters teeming Seeds.
When joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beaſts, by Nature ſtung, renew their Love.

Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
 And, while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
 Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.
 With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground :
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
 The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail ;
 They spread their Gems, their genial Warmth to share
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.
 In this soft Season (let me dare to sing)
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King,
 In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays of Spring.
 Then did the new Creation first appear,
 No other was the Ténor of the Year ;
 When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
 And Eastern Winds their Wint'ry Breath suspend.
 Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields,
 And savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds ;
 And Golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
 And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.
 Nor could the tender new Creation bear
 Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year ;
 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
 The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd :
 When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,
 And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

Dryden's Virg

No

Now, turning from the Wint'ry Signs, the Sun
His Course exalted through the Ram had run ;
And, whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome Realm of Love ;
When Venus from her Orb descends in Show'rs,
To glad the Ground, and paint the Field with Flow'rs.
When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,
And Buds that yet the Blasts of Eurys fear,
Stand at the Door of Life, and doubt to cloath the
Year ;

Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins.
Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,
And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room :
Brouder and brouder yet their Blooms display,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair,
To scent the Skies, and purge th' unwholsome Air.
Joy spreads the Heart, and with a gen'ral Song
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along.

Dryden's Flower and the Leaf.

Come, gentle Spring, æthereal Mildness, come !
And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,
While Music wakes around, veil'd in a Show'r
Of shadowing Roses, on our Plains descend.

Thomson's Seasons.

Fair is the Face of Spring,
When rural Songs and Odours wake the Morn
To ev'ry Eye ; but how much more to his,

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Round whom the Bed of Sicknefs long diffus'd
Its melancholy Gloom ! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born Vigour he inhales
The balmy Breeze, and feels the blessed Sun,
Warm at his Bosom, from the Springs of Life,
Chacing oppressive Damps and languid Pain.

Akinfide's Pleasures of the Imagination.

S T A G.

As the fleet Stag, by the staunch Hound pursu'd,
Now bounds above the Banks, now shoots along the
Flood ;

Now from the meshy Toils with Terror springs,
Scar'd by the Plumes that dance upon the Strings ;
He darts, he pants, he stares with wild Amaze,
And flies his op'ning Foe a thousand Ways :
Close at his Heels the deep-mouth'd furious Hound
Turns as he turns, and traces all the Ground ;
On his full Stretch he makes his eager Way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling Prey.
Forth darts the Stag — his Foe, cast far behind,
Catches but empty Air, and bites the Wind.
The Hunters shout, the Streams the Rocks reply,
And the tumultuous Peals run rattling round the Sky.

Pitt's Virgil

S T A R S.

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, or in Squares :
Poor Rules with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build :

Bu from D

But shining with such vast, such various Light,
As speaks the Hand that form'd them infinite.
How mean the Order and Perfection sought
In the best Product of the Human Thought;
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns,
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Prior's Solomon.

How distant some of the Nocturnal Suns!
So distant (says the Sage) 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if Beams, set out at Nature's Birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign World;
Tho' nothing half so rapid as their Flight.
An Eye of Awe and Wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever: Who can satiate Sight
In such a Scene! In such an Ocean wide
Of deep Astonishment? Where Depth, Height, Breadth,
Are lost in their Extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown Glories in this Field of Fire,
Perhaps a Seraph's Computation fails.

Young's Night Thoughts.

One Sun by Day, by Night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity!
How boundless in Magnificence and Might?
What a Confluence of Ætherial Fires,
From Urns unnumber'd, down the Steep of Heaven,
Streams to a Point, and centers in my Sight.

Young's Night Thoughts.

The Stars from whence? Ask Chaos—He can tell,
These bright Temptations to Idolatry,
From Darkness and Confusion, took their Birth;

Sons

230 STE *The Entertaining Companion :*

Sons of Deformity ! From fluid Dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to Masses rude ;
And then to Spheres opaque ; then dimly shone,
Then brighten'd ; then blaz'd out in perfect Day.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Stars teach as well as shine. At Nature's Birth,
Thus, their Commission ran : — Be kind to Man.
Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller !
The Stars will light thee, tho' the Moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted, more astray !
In Ways immoral ? The Stars call thee back ;
And, if obey'd, their Counsel sets thee right.
This Prospect vast, what is it ? — Weigh'd aright,
Tis Nature's System of Divinity,
And ev'ry Student of the Night inspires.
'Tis elder Scripture writ by God's own Hand ;
Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by Man.

Young's Night Thoughts.

S T E E L.

Steel could the Labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th' imperial Tow'rs of Troy ;
Steel could the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew triumphal Arches to the Ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph ! thy Hairs should fall
The conqu'ring Force of unresist'd Steel ?

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

S T E E R.

As stubborn Steers, by brawny Plowmen broke,
Are join'd reluctant to the galling Yoke ;

Alk

Alike disdain with servile Necks to bear
Th' unwonted Weight, or drag the crooked Share;
But rend the Reins and bound a different Way,
And all the Furrows in Confusion lay. *Pope's Statius.*

S T O R K.

Where the Rhine loses his Majestic Force
In Belgian Plains, won from the raging Deep,
By Diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable Stand of Liberty,
The Stork Assembly meets; for many a Day,
Consulting deep, and various, e're they take
Their arduous Voyage thro' the liquid Sky.
And now their Rout design'd, their Leader chose,
Their Tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous Wings,
And many a Circle, many a short Essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in Congregation full,
The figur'd Flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial Billows, mixes with the Clouds.

Thomson's Seasons.

S T O R M.

'Twas now the Time when Phœbus yields to Night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver Light;
Wide o'er the World in solemn Pomp she drew
Her airy Chariot, hung with pearly Dew;
All Birds and Beasts lie hush'd; Sleep steals away
The wild Desires of Men and Toils of Day;
And brings, descending thro' the silent Air,
A sweet Forgetfulness of human Care.
Yet no red Clouds, with golden Borders gay,
Promise the Skies the bright Return of Day;

No

No faint Reflections of the distant Light
 Streak with long Gleams the scatt'ring Shades of Night
 From the damp Earth impervious Vapours rise,
 Increase the Darkness and involve the Skies.
 At once the rushing Winds with roaring Sound
 Burst from the Æolian Caves and rend the Ground;
 With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,
 And win, by Turns, the Kingdom of the Sky :
 But with a thicker Night black Auster shrouds
 The Heavens, and drives on Heaps the rolling Clouds
 From whose dark Womb a rattling Tempest pours,
 Which the cold North congeals to haily Show'rs.
 From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,
 And broken Lightnings flash from ev'ry Cloud.
 Now smoaks with Show'rs the misty Mountain Ground
 And floated Fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian Streams with headlong Fury run,
 And Erasinus rolls a Deluge on !
 The foaming Lerna swells above its Bounds,
 And spreads its ancient Poisons o'er the Grounds !
 Where late was Dust, now rapid Torrents play,
 Rush thro' the Mounds and bear the Dams away :
 Old Limbs of Trees, from crackling Forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are borne ;
 The Storm the dark Lycean Groves display'd,
 And first to Light expos'd the sacred Shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting Sky,
 Sees yawning Rocks, in massy Fragments fly,
 And views, astonish'd, from the Hills afar,
 The Floods descending, and the wat'ry War,

That driv'n by Storms, and pouring o'er the Plain,
Swept Herds, and Hinds, and Houses to the Main.

Pope's Statius.

Or when the Heav'ns are charg'd with gloomy Clouds,
And Half the Skies precipitate in Floods,
Chace the dark Horror of the Storm away,
Refrain the Deluge, and restore the Day? *Broome.*

When the Winds in airy Conflict rise,
Here South and West charge dreadful in the Skies;
There louder Eurus, to the Battle borne,
Mounts the swift Coursers of the purple Morn;
Beneath the Whirlwind roar the bending Woods,
With his huge Trident Neptune strikes the Floods,
Foams, storms, and, tempesting the Deeps around,
Tears the broad Bosom of the Dark profound.

Pitt's Virgil.

When, black'ning by Degrees, a gath'ring Cloud
Charg'd with big Storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the
Flood,

And darken'd all the Main; the Whirlwinds roar,
And roll the Waves in Mountains to the Shore:
Hatch'd by the furious Gust, the Vessels keep
Their Road no more, but scatter o'er the Deep.

The Thunders roll, the forky Lightnings fly;
And in a Burst of Rain descends the Sky. *Pitt's Virgil.*

He spoke the obsequious God; and, while he spoke,
Whirl'd his vast Spear, and pierc'd the hollow Rock.

The Winds, embattled as the Mountains rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the Vent:

Earth,

Earth, in their Course, with giddy Whirls they sweep
 Rush to the Seas, and bare the Bosom of the Deep:
 East, West, and South, all black with Tempests roar,
 And roll vast Billows to the trembling Shore.

The Cordage cracks; with unavailing Cries
 The Trojans mourn, when sudden Clouds arise,
 And ravish from their Sight the Splendor of the Skies.
 Night hovers o'er the Floods, the Day retires,
 The Heavens flash thick with momentary Fires;
 Loud Thunder shakes the Poles; from ev'ry Place
 Grim Death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry Race.

Pitt's Virgil

When lo! a murky Cloud the Thund'rer forms,
 Full o'er our Heads, and blackens Heav'n with Storm
 Night dwells o'er all the Deep: And now out flies
 The gloomy West and whistles in the Skies,
 The Mountain Billows roar: The furious Blast
 Howls o'er the Shroud, and rends it from the Mast:
 The Mast gives Way, and, crackling as it bends,
 Tears up the Deck, then all at once descends:
 The Pilot by the tumbling Ruin slain,
 Dash'd from the Helm, falls headlong in the Main.
 Then Jove in Anger bids his Thunders roll,
 And forked Lightning flash from Pole to Pole;
 Fierce at our Heads his deadly Bolt he aims,
 Red with uncommon Wrath and wrapp'd in Flames
 Full on the Bark it fell; now high, now low,
 Tost and retost, it reel'd beneath the Blow;
 At once into the Main the Crew it shook;
 Sulphureous Odours rose, and smould'ring Smoke.

like Fowls that haunt the Floods, they sink, they rise,
now lost, now seen with Shrieks and dreadful Cries ;
and strive to gain the Bark, but Jove denies.
arm to the Mast, with Cords, the Helm I bind
and ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
aro' trembling Billows and a War of Wind.

Pope's Odyssey.

spoke, and high the forky Trident hurl'd,
rolls Clouds on Clouds and stirs the wat'ry World ;
once the Face of Earth and Sea deforms,
bells all the Winds, and rouses all the Storms ;
down rush'd the Night. East, West, together roar,
and South and North roll Mountains to the Shore.

Pope's Odyssey.

while in vaunting Words the Leader spoke ;
on his Bark the thund'ring Tempest strook,
rips the rending Canvas from the Mast,
and whirling flits before the driving Blast ;
ev'ry Joint the groaning Alder sounds,
and gapes, wide op'ning, with a thousand Wounds.
now rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
from ev'ry Quarter roars the rushing Wind :
from the wide Atlantic Ocean's Bed,
tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful Head ;
obedient Deep his potent Breath controuls,
and Mountain high the foaming Flood he rolls ;
from the North-east encount'ring fierce defy'd,
and back rebuffed the yielding Tide.
the curling Surges loud conflicting meet,
with their proud Heads, and bellow as they beat ;

While

236 *STO The Entertaining Companion :*

While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian Strand,
 Ploughs up the Waves and scoops the lowest Sand.
 Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
 Nor show'ry Notus in th' Æolian Cell ;
 But each from ev'ry Side, his Pow'r to boast,
 Rang'd his proud Forces to defend his Coast.
 Equal in Might, alas ! they strive in vain,
 While in the Midst the Seas unmov'd remain :
 In lesser Wars they yield to stormy Heav'n,
 And captive Waves to other Deep's are driv'n ;
 The Tyrrhene Billows dash Ægean Shores,
 And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars :
 How then must Earth the swelling Ocean dread,
 When Floods run higher than each Mountain's Head
 Subject and low the trembling Beldame lay,
 And gave herself for lost the conqu'ring Water's Prey
 What other Worlds, what Seas unknown before,
 Then drove their Bellows on our beaten Shore !
 What distant Deep's, their Prodigies to boast,
 Heav'd their huge Monsters on the Ausonian Coast !
 So when avenging Jove long Time had hurl'd,
 And tir'd his Thunders on a harden'd World :
 Now wroth, the God, new Punishment display'd,
 And call'd his wat'ry Brother to his Aid.
 Offending Earth to Neptune's Lot he join'd,
 And bade his Floods no longer stand confin'd ;
 At once the Surges o'er the Nations rise,
 And Seas are only bounded by the Skies.
 Such now the spreading Deluge had been seen,
 Had not the Almighty Ruler stood between ;

loud Waves the Cloud-compelling Sire obey'd,
confess'd his Hand suppressing, and was staid.
or was that Gloom the common Shade of Night,
the friendly Darknefs that relieves the Light;
at fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
murky Vapour breath'd from yawning Hell:
thick the mingling Seas and Clouds were hung,
scarce cou'd the struggling Lightning gleam along.
ro' Nature's Frame the dire Convulsion strook,
heav'n groan'd, the lab'ring Pole and Axis shook:
roar and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
droke the sacred elemental Chain:
black Fiends, unhallow'd, fought the bless'd Abodes,
Heaven's Fan'd the Day, and mingled with the Gods.
the only Hope, when ev'ry other fail'd,
Preval'd with Cæsar and with Nature's-self prevail'd;
the Storm that fought their Ruin prov'd 'em strong;
nor could they fall who stood that Shock so long.
high as Leucadia's less'ning Cliffs arise,
oast! the tall Billow's Top the Vessel flies;
while the pale Master, from the Surges Brow,
with giddy Eyes surveys the Depth below.
'd, then straight the gaping Main at once divides,
the naked Sands the rushing Bark subsides,
and the low liquid Vale the Top-mast hides.
the trembling Shipman, all distraught with Fear,
forgets his Course, and knows not how to steer.
no more the uselefs Rudder guides the Prow,
to meet the rolling Swell, or shun the Blow.

}
But

But lo ! the Storm itself Assistance lends,
 While one assaults, another Wave defends :
 This lays the sidelong Alder on the Main,
 And that restores the leaning Bark again.
 Obedient to the mighty Winds she plies,
 Now seeks the Depths, and now invades the Skies;
 There borne aloft, she apprehends no more,
 On shoaly Sason or Thessalia's Shore. *Rowe's Luc*
 And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
 The Sailors ship their Oars and cease to row ;
 Thus hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
 Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales.
 By this the Vessel half her Course had run;
 And as much rested, till the setting Sun.
 Both Shores were lost to Sight, when, at the Close
 Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose :
 The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,
 Like Heralds, first denounce the wat'ry War.
 This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
 Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the main Sheet fly,
 And furl your Sails : The Winds repel the Sound,
 And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd
 Yet, of their own Accord, as Danger taught,
 Each in his Way, officiously they wrought;
 Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides ;
 Another, bolder yet, the Yards bestrides,
 And folds the Sails ; a fourth, with Labour, laves
 Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.
 In this Confusion, while their Work they ply,
 The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,

wage intestine Wars; the suff'ring Seas
 toss'd and mingled as their Tyrants please
 Master would command, but, in Despair
 safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care;
 what to bid or what forbid he knows,
 ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows:
 his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
 such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill:
 Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrouds,
 dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds,
 from East to West, from Pole to Pole,
 forked Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roll.
 Waves, on Waves ascending, scale the Skies,
 in the Fires above the Water fries.
 yellow Sands are sifted from below,
 glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show;
 when the sowler Bottom spews the Black,
 Stygian Dye the tainted Waters take:
 frothy white appear the flated Seas,
 change their Colour, changing their Disease.
 various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,
 now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds;
 from a lofty Summit looks from high,
 from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky,
 from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
 at a Distance shew superior Light:
 lashing Billows make a loud Report,
 beat her Sides, as Batt'ring Rams a Fort:
 as the Lion, bounding in his Way,
 Force augmented, bears against his Prey,

Sideling

Sideling to seize ; or, unappeal'd with Fear,
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :
 So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
 The Planks, their pitchy Covering wash'd away,
 Now yield, and now a yawning Beach display.
 The roaring Waters, with a hostile Tide,
 Rush thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.
 Mean Time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends ;
 And Ocean, swell'd with Waters, upwards tends.
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
 Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
 No Star appears to lend his friendly Light ;
 Darknefs and Tempest make a double Night.
 But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by Turns ;
 And, while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.
 Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite ;
 And, as a Soldier, foremost in the Flight,
 Makes Way for others ; and, an Host alone,
 Still presses on, and urging gains the Town :
 So, while the invading Billows come a-breast,
 The Hero tenth, advanc'd before the rest,
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
 And from the Walls descends upon the Prey ;
 Part following enter, Part remain without,
 With Envy hear their fellow conqu'ring Shout,
 And mount on others Backs, in Hopes to share
 The City, thus become the Seat of War.

universal Cry resounds aloud,
Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Croud :
Sails, and Courage falls ; no Succour near ;
many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
Weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief ;
cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief ;
stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate :
with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
calls those happy whom their Fun'rals wait.
Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
ev'n the Skies, he cannot see, adores ;
to other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
cov'rous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,
looks only on the Wealth he left behind.
Ceyx his Alcyone employs ;
her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys.
Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
her with him, but wishes him with her.
with last Looks he seeks his Native Shore,
wh Fate has destin'd him to see no more ;
ought, but, in the dark tempestuous Night,
knew not whither to direct his Sight.
Whirl the Seas, such Darkness blinds the Sky,
the black Night receives a deeper Dye.
giddy Ship ran round ; the Tempest tore
Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,
of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below ;

Nor lighter falls than if some Giant tore
 Pindus and Athos with the Freight they bore,
 And toss'd on Seas ; press'd with the pond'rous Blow
 Down sinks the Ship, within th' Abyss below :
 Down with the Vessel sink into the Main,
 The many, never more to rise again.
 Some few on scatter'd Planks, with fruitless Care,
 Lay Hold, and swim ; but, while they swim, despo
 Ev'n he, who late a Sceptre did command,
 Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand ;
 And, while he struggles on the stormy Main,
 Invokes his Father, and his Wives in vain :
 But yet his Consort is his greatest Care,
 Alcyone he names amidst his Prayer :
 Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind ;
 Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
 Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
 From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last,
 That his dead Body, wasted on the Sands,
 Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
 As oft' as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
 And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair ;
 And ev'n, when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
 Murm'ring Alcyone below the Waves.
 At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
 Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath

Dryden's O

When from the pallid Sky the Sun descends, •
 With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery Streaks

begin to flash around. The reeling Clouds
tagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet
Which Master to obey : While rising slow
blank, in the Leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns.
seen thro' the turbid fluctuating Air,
The Stars obtuse emit a shiv'ring Ray ;
or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,
and long behind them trail the whit'ning Blaze.
match'd in short Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf ;
and on the Flood the dancing Feather floats.
With broaden'd Nostrils to the Sky upturn'd,
The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale.
even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,
With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,
The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame
pretel the Blast ; but chief the plummy Race,
The Tenants of the Sky, its Changes speak.
retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
They pick'd their scanty Fare, a black'ning Train
Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight,
and seek the closing Shelter of the Grove.
fiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl
les his sad Song. The Cormorant on high
Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land.
oud shrieks the soaring Hern ; and with wild Wing
The circling Sea-fowl cleave the flaky Clouds.
cean, unequal press'd, with broken Tide
and blind Commotion heaves ; while from the Shore,
at into Caverns by the restless Waves,

244 *STO The Entertaining Companion :*

And Forest-ruling Mountain, comes a Voice,
That solemn sounding bids the World prepare.
Then issues forth the Storm with sudden Burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated Air,
Down in a Torrent. On the passive Main
Descends the ætherial Force, and with strong Gust
Turns from its Bottom the discolour'd Deep.
Thro' the black Night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging Waves to burn ;
Mean Time the Mountain Billows, to the Clouds
In dreadful Tumult swell'd, Surge above Surge,
Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive,
Wild as the Winds across the howling Waste
Of mighty Waters : Now th' inflated Wave
Streaming they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,
The wint'ry Baltic thund'ring o'er their Head.
Emerging thence again, before the Breath
Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their Course,
And dart on distant Coasts ; if some sharp Rock
Or Shoal insidious break not their Career,
And in loose Fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns.
The Mountain thunders ; and its sturdy Sons
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight Sleep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring Stranger breathless toils,
And often falling climbs against the Blast.

low Waves the rooted Forest vex, and shed
That of its tarnish'd Honours yet remain ;
dash'd down and scatter'd by the tearing Winds
Furious Fury, its gigantic Limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,
The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain ;
And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
Seen fast'ning, shakes them to the solid Base.
Deep frighted flies, and, round the rocking Dome,
For Entrance eager howls the savage Blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,
Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death.
Huge Uproar lords it wide ; the Clouds commix'd
With Stars swift gliding sweep along the Sky.
All Nature reels ; till Nature's King, who oft'
Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone,
And on the Wings of the careering Wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm ;
Then straight Air, Sea, and Earth are hush'd at once.

Thomson's Seasons.

Signs of a S T O R M.

To him the wary Pilot thus replies :
A thousand Omens threaten from the Skies ;
A thousand boding Signs my Soul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the Seas by Night.
The Clouds the setting Sun obscur'd his Head,
For painted o'er the ruddy West with Red :

246 *STO The Entertaining Companion :*

Now North, now South, he shot his parted Beams,
And tipp'd the fullen Black with golden Gleams ;
Pale shone his middle Orb with faintish Rays,
And suffer'd mortal Eyes at Ease to gaze.
Nor rose the silver Queen of Night serene,
Supine and dull her blunted Horns were seen,
With foggy Stains and cloudy Blots between.
Dreadful a While she spun all fiery red,
Then sicken'd into Pale and hid her drooping Head.
Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow Roar
In leafy Groves and on the sounding Shore.
In various Turns the doubtful Dolphins play,
And thwart, and run across, and mix their Way.
The Cormorants the wat'ry Deep forsake,
And soaring Hens avoid the plashy Lake ;
While, waddling on the Margin of the Main,
The Crow bewets her and prevents the Rain.

Rowe's Lucan

Black Horrors on the gloomy Ocean brood,
And in long Ridges roll the threat'ning Flood ;
While loud and louder murmuring Winds arise,
And growl from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies.

Rowe's Lucan

For, as the Storm rides on the rising Clouds,
Fly the fleet Wild-geese far away, or else
The Heifer towards the Zenith rears her Head,
And with expanded Nostrils snuffs the Air :
The Swallows too their airy Circuits weave,
And screaming skim the Brook ; and fen-bred Frogs,
Forth from their hoarse Throats, their old Grutch recite

From her huge Eggs along the narrow Way :
Or bends Thaumantia's variegated Bow
Athwart the Cope of Heav'n ; or sable Crows,
Obstreperous of Wing, in Crouds combine ;
Besides, unnumber'd Troops of Birds marine
And Asia's feather'd Flocks, that in the Muds
Of flow'ry-edg'd Cayster went to prey,
Now in the Shallows duck their speckled Heads,
And lust to lave in vain, their unctuous Plumes
Repulsive baffle their Efforts : Next, hark
How the curs'd Raven, with her harmful Voice,
Invokes the Rain, and, croaking to herself,
Struts on some spacious solitary Share ;
Nor want thy Servants and thy Wife at Home
Signs to presage the Show'r ; for in the Hall
Sheds Niobe her precious Tears, and warns
Beneath thy leaden Tubes to fix the Vase,
And catch the falling Dew Drops, which supply
Soft Water and salubrious, far the best
To soak thy Hops and brew thy gen'rous Beer.

Smart's Hop Garden.

STREAM. See RIVER.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful Throng,
I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,
That lost in Silence and Oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry)
But run for ever by the Muses Skill,
And in the smooth Description murmur still. *Addison.*
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,

248 SUM *The Entertaining Companion :*

Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by Degrees the crystal Mirror shines :
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.

Addison's Catalogue

S T Y L E.

Words are like Leaves ; and, where they most abound
Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.
But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all Objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the Dress of Thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
A vile Conceit, in pompous Words express'd,
Is like a Clown in regal Purple dress'd :
For diff'rent Styles with diff'rent Subjects sort,
As several Garbs with Country, Town, and Court.
Some by old Words to Fame have made Pretence,
Another in Phrase, mere Moderns in their Sence ;
Such labour'd Nothings, in so strange a Style,
Amaze th' Unlearn'd and make the Learned smile.

Pope's Essay on Criticism

S U M M E R.

From bright'ning Fields of Æther fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In Pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth :
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever fanning Breezes, on his Way ;
While, from his ardent Look, the turning Spring

Avert

Averts her blushful Face ; and Earth, and Skies,
All smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

Thomson's Seasons.

At Noon of Day,

The Sun with sultry Beams began to play :

Now Sirius shoots a fiercer Flame from high,

When with his pois'nous Breath he blasts the Sky :

Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs (their Beauty fled.)

And clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung their Head,

And, shrivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed.

The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire ;

The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.

The faintly. Knights were scorch'd.

Dryden's Flower and Leaf.

The sultry Dog-star, from the Sky,

Scorch'd Indian Swains, the shrivell'd Grass was dry ;

The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,

And, darting to the Bottom, bak'd the Mud.

Dryden's Virgil.

S U N.

The Sun that rolls his beamy Orb on high,

Lord of the World and Glory of the Sky,

Stirious in his Course, in bright Array

Marches along the Heav'ns, and scatters Day

Over Earth, and o'er the Main, and the ætherial Way.

In the Morn renews his radiant Round,

And warms the fragrant Bosom of the Ground ;

And e're the Noon of Day, in fiery Gleams

Darts the Glory of his blazing Beams ;

L 5

Beneath

250 **SUN** *The Entertaining Companion:*

Beneath the Burnings of his sultry Ray,
 Earth, to her Center pierc'd, admits the Day;
 Huge Vales expand, where Rivers roll'd before,
 And lessen'd Seas contract within their Shore. *Broome*
 Lo! as a Giant strong, the lusty Sun
 Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run;
 Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,
 Changing the Day and finishing the Year,
 Again when his descending Orb retires,
 And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires. *Prior's*
 The Sun the Seasons of the Year supplies,
 And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning rise;
 Commands the Planets with superior Force,
 And keeps each wand'ring Light to his appointed Course.

Rowe's Lucan

Mark well the Genius of this fiery Place,
 The wild Amusements of the brainfick Race;
 Whose Minds the Beams of Titan, too intense,
 Affect with Frenzy and distract th' Sense.
 A Monarch here gives subject Princes Law,
 A mighty Monarch with a Crown of Straw.
 There sits a Lover, sad, in pensive Air,
 And like the dismal Image of Despair,
 With Charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair.
 In sadly-soothing Strain rude Notes he sings,
 And strikes harsh Numbers from the jarring Strings.
 Lo! an Astrologer with Filth besmear'd,
 Rough and neglected, with a Length of Beard,
 Pores round his Cell for undiscover'd Stars,
 And decks the Wall with Triangles and Squares.

Lo

Lo! — but the radiant Car of Phœbus nigh
Glow with red Ardor and inflames the Sky.
Oh! waft me, hide me in some cool Retreat,
I faint, I sicken with the fervent Heat. *Smart.*

Till as a Giant strong, a Bridegroom gay,
The Sun springs dancing thro' the Gates of Day:
He shakes his dewy Locks, and hurls his Beams
O'er the proud Hills, and warms the Eastern Streams:
His fiery Coursers bound above the Main,
And whirl the Car along th' Ætherial Plain:
The fiery Coursers and the Car display
A Stream of Glory and a Flood of Day. *Broome.*

The sacred Sun, above the Waters rais'd,
Through Heav'n's eternal brazen Portals blaz'd,
And wide o'er Earth diffus'd his chearful Ray,
To Gods and Men to give the Golden Day.
Pope's Odyssey.

As when the Sun begins his Eastern Way,
To bless the Nations with returning Day;
Crown'd with unfading Splendor, on he flies,
Reveals the World, and kindles all the Skies.
Blacklock.

So the bright Orb which gilds the Groves and Streams,
Mildly diffusive of his Golden Beams;
Drawn to a Point his strong concenter'd Rays
More fulgent grow, and more intensely blaze.
Mrs. Jones.

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
Strike on the polish'd Glass their trembling Light;

252 SUN *The Entertaining Companion :*

The glitt'ring Species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious Beams from Side to Side ;
 Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
 And to the Ceiling flash the glaring Day. *Dryden's Virg.*
 The Golden Sun, in Splendor likest Heav'n,
 (Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due)
 Dispenses Light from far : They, as they move
 Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute
 Days, Months, and Years, tow'rds his all-cheering Lamp
 Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
 By his Magnetic Beam, that gently warms
 The Universe ; and to each inward Part,
 With gentle Penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible Virtue ev'n to the Deep.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the East ; the lessening Cloud,
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
 Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,
 Aflant the Dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Tow'rs, and wand'ring
 Streams,

High gleaming from afar. Prime clearer Light !
 Of all material Beings first and best !
 Efflux Divine ! Nature's resplendent Robe !
 Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapp'd

In unessential Gloom ! And thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding Worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

Thomson's Seasons.

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid Air the high-raised Clouds ;
And Morning Fogs, that hover'd round the Hills
In Party-colour'd Bands ; till wide unveil'd,
The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Thomson's Seasons.

The Horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon,
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.
His azure Gloss the Mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents a While to the reflected Ray ;
Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow,
Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter.

Thomson's Seasons.

Palace of the S U N.

The Sun's bright Palace, on high Columns rais'd,
With burnish'd Gold and flaming Jewels blaz'd.
The folding Gates diffus'd a Silver Light,
And with a milder Gleam refresh'd the Sight ;
Of polish'd Ivory was the Cov'ring wrought ;
The Matter vy'd not with the Sculptor's Thought.
Or in the Portal was display'd on high,
The Work of Vulcan) a fictitious Sky ;

A waving

254 SUP *The Entertaining Companion :*

A waving Sea th' inferior Earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddesſes the Waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty Whale beſtrode ;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving God)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her Train,
Some looſly ſwimming in the figur'd Main.

Addiſon's Phaſton.

While ſome on Rocks their dropping Hair divide,
And ſome on Fiſhes through the Water glide ;
The various Features did the Siſters grace ;
A Siſter's Likeneſs was in ev'ry Face.
On Earth a diff'rent Landſcape courts the Eyes,
Men, Towns, and Beaſts, in diſtant Proſpects riſe,
And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and Rural
Deities.

The Gods ſit high exalted on a Throne
Of blazing Gems, with purple Garments on ;
The Hours in Order rang'd on either Hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry Chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her Wheaten Garland crown'd ;
Here Autumn the rich trodden Grapes beſmear ;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the Rear.

Addiſon's Ovid.

SUPERSTITION.

Who firſt taught Souls enſlav'd, and Realms undone,
Th' enormous Faith of many made for one ;
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
T' invert the World, and counter-work its Cauſe ?

Force

Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest Law;
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant Awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it Aid,
And Gods of Conqu'ers, Slaves of Subjects made:
She midst the Lightning's Blaze, and Trumpet's Sound,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
Ground;

She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray,
To Pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending Earth and bursting Skies,
Saw Gods descend, and Fiends Infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd Abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the Souls of Cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like Tyrants, Tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide;
And Hell was built on Spite, and Heav'n on Pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' *Ethereal* Vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living Food;
Next his grim Idol smear'd with Human Blood;
With Heav'n's own Thunders shook the World below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

Pope's Essay on Man.

S W A L L O W.

When Autumn scatters his departing Gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The Swallow-People; and tofs'd wide around,

O'er

256 SWA *The Entertaining Companion :*

O'er the calm Sky, in Convolution swift,
The feather'd Eddy floats : Rejoicing once,
E're to their Wint'ry Slumbers they retire,
In Clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring Bank,
And where, unpierc'd by Frost, the Cavern sweats ;
Or rather into warmer Climes convey'd,
With other Kindred Birds of Season, there
They twitter chearful, till the Vernal Months
Invite them welcome back ; for, thronging, now
In numerous Wings are in Commotion all.

Thomson's Seasons.

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,
O'er empty Courts, and under Arches flies :
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food.

Dryden's Virgil.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest,
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,
Pursues the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting Cold.

Dryden's Hind and Panther.

S W A N.

Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,
Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky ;
When, Homeward from their wat'ry Pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's Lakes their Notes return.

Dryden's Virgil.

See ! how yon Swans, with snowy Pride elate,
Arch their high Necks, and sail along in State !

Thy

Thy frisking Lambkins wanton o'er the Plain,
And the glad Season claims a gladfome Strain.

Broome.

Thus on Meander's flow'ry Margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

See those twelve Swans, a Flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately, shooting from the Ætherial Sky,
Th' Imperial Bird of Jove dispers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the Ground,
As these returning clap their sounding Wings,
Ride round the Skies, and sport in Airy Rings.

Pitt's Virgil.

The stately sailing Swan
Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale;
And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet,
Bears forward fierce, and guards his Osier Isle,
Protective of his Young.

Thomson's Seasons.

SYBIL.

A slipshod Sybil led her Steps along,
In lofty Madness meditating Song. *Pope's Dunciad.*
The mad prophetic Sybil you shall find
Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd.
She sings the Fates, and in her frantic Fits
The Notes and Names inscrib'd to Leafs commits:
What she commits to Leafs, in Order laid,
Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd;
Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind
Without, or Vapours issue from behind,

The

258 SYR *The Entertaining Companion :*

The Leafs are borne aloft in liquid Air,
And she resumes no more her muscful Care,
Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse,
Nor sets in Order what the Winds disperse.
Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
The Madness of the visionary Maid,
And with loud Curses leave the mystic Shade.

Dryden's Virgil.

Have you been led through the Cumæan Cave,
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave ?
I hear her now, I see her rolling Eyes,
And panting, Lo ! the God ! the God ! she cries.
With Words not her's, and more than Human Sound,
She makes th' obedient Ghost peep trembling thro' the
Ground.

Rescommon.

S Y R E N S.

While yet I speak, the winged Galley flies,
And, lo ! the Syren Shores like Mists arise ;
Sunk were at once the Winds ; the Air above,
And Waves below, at once forgot to move.
Some Demon calm'd the Air, and smooth'd the Deep,
Hush'd the loud Winds, and charm'd the Waves to Sleep.
Now ev'ry Sail we furl, each Oar we ply ;
Lash'd by the Stroke, the frothy Waters fly ;
The ductile Wax with busy Hands I mould,
And cleft in Fragments, and the Fragments roll'd ;
Th' Aerial Region now grew warm with Day,
The Wax dissolv'd beneath the burning Ray :
Then ev'ry Ear I barr'd against the Strain,
And from Access of Frenzy lock'd the Brain.

Now

Now round the Mast my Mates the Fetters roll'd,
And bound me Limb by Limb, with Fold on Fold.
Then bending to the Stroke, the active Train
Plunge all at once their Oars, and cleave the Main.
While to the Shore the rapid Vessel flies,
Our swift Approach the Syren Choir descries ;
Celestial Music warbles from their Tongue,
And thus the sweet Deluders tune the Song :

O stay ! O Pride of Greece ! Ulysses, stay !

O cease thy Course, and listen to our Lay !

Bless'd is the Man ordain'd our Voice to hear,

The Song instructs the Soul, and charms the Ear.

Approach ! thy Soul shall into Raptures rise !

Approach, and learn new Wisdom from the Wise.

We know whate'er the Kings of mighty Name

Atchiev'd at Ilion in the Field of Fame ;

Whate'er beneath the Sun's bright Journey lies,

O stay, and learn new Wisdom from the Wise.

Thus the sweet Charmer warbled o'er the Main ;

My Soul takes Wings to meet the Heav'nly Strain,

I give the Sign and struggle to be free,

Swift row my Mates, and shoot along the Sea ;

New Chains they add, and rapid urge the Way,

Till, dying off, the distant Sounds decay :

Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous Ground,

The deafen'd Ear unlock'd, the Chains unbound.

Pope's Odyssey.

SYNOD.

A shining Synod of majestic Gods

Gilds with new Lustre the Divine Abodes ;

Heav'n

260 TAN *The Entertaining Companion :*

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior Ray,
And the bright Arch reflects a double Day.

Pope's Statius.

S Y R I U S.

Say, can thy Voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
Flames in the Air, and cleaves the glowing Plains,
Th' exhausted Urns of thirsty Spring supply,
And mitigate the Fever of the Sky?

Broom's.

T.

T A N T A L U S.

THERE Tantalus, along the Stygian Bounds,
Pours out deep Groans ! (with Groans all He
resounds)

Ev'n in the circling Floods Refreshment craves,
And pines with Thirst amidst a Sea of Waves ;
When to the Water he his Lip applies,
Back from his Lip the treach'rous Water flies ;
Above, beneath, around, his hapless Head,
Trees of all Kinds delicious Fruitage spread ;
There Figs, high dy'd, a Purple Hue disclose,
Green looks the Olive, the Pomegranate glows ;
There dangling Pears exalted Scents unfold,
And yellow Apples ripen into Gold :
The Fruit he strives to seize ; but Blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the Skies.

Pope's Odyssey.

T A S T E

T A S T E.

Talk what you will of Tasse, my Friend, you'll find,
Two of a Face, as well as of one Mind.

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

Go then, and, if you can, admire the State
Of beaming Diamonds, and reflected Plate ;
Procure a Taste to double the Surprize,
And gaze on Parian Charms with learned Eyes :
Be struck with bright Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-Day Nobles splendid Livery.

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning Shade ;
With annual Joy the redd'ning Shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching Branches long to meet !
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's Groves ;
One boundless Green or flourish'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful Family of Yews ;
The thriving Plants ignoble Broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

Pope's Moral Essays.

How slow the Dawn of Beauty and of Truth
Breaks the reluctant Shades of Gothic Night
Which yet involve the Nations ! long they groan'd
Beneath the Furies of rapacious Force ;
Oft as the gloomy North with Iron swarms,
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen Caves,
Blasted th' Italian Shore, and swept the Works

Of

Of Liberty and Wisdom down the Gulph
Of all-devouring Night.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination.

TEMPE.

Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant Plume,
Where gliding through his Daughter's honour'd Shade
The smooth Peneus, from his glassy Flood,
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant Scene,
Fair Tempe's Haunt belov'd of Sylvan Pow'rs,
Of Nymphs and Fawns, where, in the Golden Age,
They play'd in Secret, on the shining Brink,
With ancient Pan : While round their coral Steps
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant Hand
Show'r'd Blossoms, Odours, show'r'd Ambrosial Dews,
And spring Elysian Bloom.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination.

TEMPEST. See STORM.

Things that love Night,
Love not such Nights as these : The wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Wind and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th' Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
Find out their En'mies now. Tremble, thou Wretch
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes,
Unwhipp'd of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue,

That art incestuous : Caitiff, to Pieces shake,
That, under Covert and convenient Seeming,
Hast practis'd on Man's Life. Close pent-up Guilt,
Give your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadful Summoners Grace.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

T E N E R I F F.

From Atlas far, beyond a Waste of Plains,
Proud Teneriff, his Giant-Brother, reigns :
With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His subject Islands raise their verdant Heads :
The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill,
The Lands seem floating, and the Ocean still.

Garth's Dispensary.

T H A M E S.

Thames heard the Numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his Willows learn the moving Song.

Pope's Pastorals.

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons,
By his old Sire to his Embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with those Streams he no Resemblance holds,
Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold ;
His genuine and less guilty Wealth t' explore,
Search not the Bottom, but survey his Shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wings,
And hatches Plenty for th' ensuing Spring ;

Nor

Nor then destroys it with too fond a Stay,
 Like Mothers, who their Children overlay :
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave.
 No unexpected Inundations spoil
 The Mower's Hope, nor mock the Plowman's Toil.
 But, Godlike, his unwearied Bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
 Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the Seas or Wind.
 When he to boast, or to dispense his Stores,
 Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
 Visits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies our's.
 O could I flow, like thee, and make thy Stream
 My great Example, as it is my Theme :
 Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without Rage, without O'erflowing full.
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost :
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit Jove's Abodes,
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

*Denham**Speech of* T H A M E S.

In that blest'd Moment from his oozy Bed
 Old Father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend Head.
 His Tresses dropp'd with Dews, and o'er the Stream
 His shining Tides diffus'd a golden Gleam ;
 Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
 His swelling Waters, and alternate Tides ;

the figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,
and on their Banks Augusta rose in Gold.
round his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,
who swell with tributary Urns his Flood ;
first the fam'd Authors of his ancient Name,
the winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame :
the Kennet swift, for silver Eels renown'd,
the Loddon slow, with verdant Alders crown'd ;
he, whose dark Streams his flow'ry Islands lave,
and chalky Way, that roll a milky Wave :
the blue transparent Vandalis appears ;
the gulphy Lee his sedgy Tresses rears ;
and sullen Mole, that hides his diving Flood ;
and silent Darent, stain'd with Danish Blood.
High in the Midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,
his Sea-green Mantle waving with the Wind)
the God appear'd ; he turn'd his azure Eyes,
where Windsor Domes and pompous Turrets rise ;
then bow'd and spoke ; the Winds forget to roar,
and the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore :
hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long expected Days,
that Thames's Glory to the Skies shall raise !
O' Tiber's Streams immortal Rome behold,
O' foaming Hermes swells with Tides of Gold ;
from Heav'n itself, tho' Sev'n-long Nilus flows,
and Harvests on an hundred Realms bestows ;
these now no more shall be the Muse's Themes,
but in my Fame, as in the Sea their Streams ;
the Volga's Banks with Iron Squadrons shine,
and Groves of Lances glister on the Rhine :

266 **THA** *The Entertaining Companion:*

Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile Train,
 Be mine the Blessings of a peaceful Reign.
 No more my Sons shall dye with British Blood
 Red Iber's Sands, or Ister's foaming Flood :
 Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain
 Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain ;
 The shady Empire shall retain no Trace
 Of War or Blood, but in the Sylvan Chace ;
 The Trumpet sleep, while chearful Horns are blown
 And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beasts alone.
 Behold ! th' ascending Villa's, on my Side,
 Project long Shadows o'er the crystal Tide :
 Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring Spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous Works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair Cities bend
 Their ample Bow, a new Whitehall ascend !
 There mighty Nations shall enquire their Doom,
 The World's great Oracle in Time to come !
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant State be seen
 Once more to bend before a British Queen.
 Thy Trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their Wood
 And half thy Forests rush into thy Floods ;
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Crofs display
 To the bright Regions of the rising Day ;
 Tempt Icy Seas, where scarce the Waters roll,
 Where clearer Flames glow round the frozen Pole ;
 Or under Southern Skies exalt their Sails,
 Led by new Stars, and borne by spicy Gales !
 For me the Balm shall bleed, and Amber flow,
 The Coral redden, and the Ruby glow ;

The pearly Shell its lucid Globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning Ore to Gold.
The Time shall come, when, free as Sea or Wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all Mankind,
Whole Nations enter with each swelling Tide,
And Seas but join the Regions they divide;
Earth's distant Ends our Glory shall behold,
And the new World launch forth to seek the old.
Then Ships of uncouth Form shall stem the Tide,
And feather'd People crowd my wealthy Side;
And naked Youths and painted Chiefs admire
Our Speech, our Colour, and our strange Attire!
Till the freed Indians in their native Groves
Reap their own Fruits, and wooe their fable Loves;
Oh! stretch thy Peace, fair Peace, from Shore to Shore,
Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more:
Ere once more a Race of Kings behold,
And other Mexicoes be roof'd with Gold.
Kill'd by thee from Earth to deepest Hell,
In brazen Bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
Her purple Vengeance bath'd in Gore retires,
Her Weapons blunted, and extinct her Fires:
Where hateful Envy her own Snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken Wheel:
Where Faction roars, Rebellion bites her Chain,
And gaping Furies thirst for Blood in vain.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

T H A W.

Mutt'ring, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,
 Blow hollow blust'ring from the South. Subdu'd
 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw.
 Spotted the Mountains shine ; loose Sleet descends,
 And floods the Country round ; the Rivers swell,
 Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills
 O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,
 A thousand Snow-fed Torrents shoot at once ;
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding Plain
 Is left one slimy Waste.

Thomson's Seasons

T H U N D E R.

Mean Time, from ev'ry Region of the Sky,
 Red burning Bolts in forky Vengeance fly :
 Dreadfully bright o'er Seas and Earth they glare,
 And Bursts of Thunder rend th' encumber'd Air ;
 At once the Thunders of th' Almighty sound,
 Heav'n lowers, descend the Floods, and rocks
 Ground.

Broom

STORM of T H U N D E R, &c.

How chang'd the Scene ! in blazing Height of Noon
 The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round,
 Of struggling Night, and Day malignant mix'd.
 Far to the hot Æquator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding Air
 Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,
 Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,

With the big Stores of streaming Oceans charg'd.
Mean time, amid these upper Seas, condens'd
Around the cold ærial Mountain's Brow,
And by conflicting Wings together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;
Till, in the furious Elemental War
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass
Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours.

Thomson's Seasons.

Behold ! slow, settling o'er the lucid Grove,
Unusual Darkness broods ; and growing gains
The full Possession of the Sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful Vapour, from the secret Beds,
Where sleep the Mineral Generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume
Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the Day,
With various tinctur'd Trails of latent Flame,
Pollute the Sky, and, in yon' baleful Cloud,
A redd'ning Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,
Ferment ; till, by the Touch ætherial rous'd,
The Dash of Clouds, or irritating War
Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns,
Dread through the dun Expanse, save the dull Sound,
That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
Rolls o'er the mutt'ring Earth, disturbs the Flood,
And shakes the Forest Leaf without a Breath.
Thence, to the lowest Vale, th' ærial Tribes
Descend ; the Tempest-loving Raven scarce

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Dares wing the dubious Dust ; in rueful Gaze
 The Cattle stand, and in the scouting Heavens
 Cast a deploring Eye ; by Man forsook,
 Who to the crouded Cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.
 'Tis Lightning, Fear, and dumb Amazement-all :
 When to the startled Eye the sudden Glance
 Appears far South, eruptive thro' the Cloud ;
 And following slower, in Explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
 The Tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful Burthen on the Wind,
 The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
 The Noise astounds: Wrapping Æther in a Blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated Roar,
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling, Peal in Peal,
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heav'n and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,
 Of prone descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds
 Pour a whole Flood ; and yet, its Flame unquench'd,
 The unconqu'erable Lightning struggles thro'
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
 And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.
 Black from the Stroke above the smould'ring Pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk ; and stretch'd below
 A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie !
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's Eye ; and there the frowning Bull,

And

And Ox half rais'd. Struck on the castled Cliff,
The venerable Tower and spiry Fane
Resign their aged Pride; the gloomy Woods
Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.
Amid cavernous Mountains rages loud
The repercussive Roar: With mighty Crush,
Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
Of Penmanmaur, heap'd hideous to the Sky,
Tumble the smitten Cliffs; and Snowden's Peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wint'ry Load.
Far seen the Heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows thro' her utmost Isles.

Thomson's Seasons.

T I B E R.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd River's empty Shores admire,
That destitute of Strength derives its Course
From thirsty Urns, and an unfruitful Source;
Yet, sung so often in poetic Lays,
With Scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys.

Addison's Letter to Lord Halifax.

T I D E.

Why the vast Tide sometimes, with wanton Play,
In shining Mazes gently glides away;
Anon, why swelling with impetuous Stores
Comes rolling down, and tumbles to the Shores?

Broome.

T I M E.

See the wild Waste of all-devouring Years !
 How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears,
 With nodding Arches, broken Temples spread !
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their Dead !
 Imperial Wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyrs toil'd !
 Huge Theatres that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant Country of her Floods ;
 Fanes which admiring Gods with Pride survey ;
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they ;
 Some felt the silent Stroke of mould'ring Age,
 Some hostile Fury, some religious Rage.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Time from itself is nothing, but from Thought
 Receives its Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought ;
 From Things consider'd, while we think on some
 As present, some as past, or yet to come.
 No Thought can think on Time,
 But thinks on Things in Motion, or at Rest.

Creech's Lucretius.

For Nature knows
 No steadfast Station, but or ebbs or flows :
 Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,
 And casts new Figures in another Mould.
 Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,
 Like Rivers from their Fountains, rolling on :
 For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay,
 The flying Hour is ever on her Way ;

And,

And, as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before :
Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
And urge their Predecessor Minutes on.
Still moving, ever new ; for former Things
Are set aside, like abdicated Kings ;
And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
And innovates some Act till then unknown. *Dryd. Ovid.*
Time is th' Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
And with the World did equally begin ;
Time, like a Stream that hastens from the Shore,
Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep,
And Motion rest in everlasting Sleep. *Dryd. Ovid.*
Thy Teeth, devouring Time ! thine, envious Age !
On Things below still exercise your Rage ;
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
And then, at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.

Dryden's Ovid.

But why on Time so lavish is my Song ?
On this great Theme kind Nature keeps a School,
To teach her Sons, herself. Each Night we die,
Each Morn are born anew : Each Day, a Life !
And shall we kill each Day ? If Trifling kills ;
Vice must butcher. O ! what Heaps of Slain
Cry out for Vengeance on us ! Time destroy'd
Suicide, where more than Blood is spilt.

Young's Night Thoughts.

All sensual Man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on Time as nothing. Nothing else

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Is truly Man's ; 'tis Fortune's.— Time's a God !
 Thou hast ne'er heard of Time's Omnipotence ;
 For, or against, what Wonders can he do,
 And will ? To stand blank-neuter he disdains ;
 Not on those Terms was Time Heav'n's Stranger sent
 On his important Embassy to Man.
 Lorenzo ! no : On the long destin'd Hour,
 From everlasting Ages growing ripe,
 That memorable Hour of wond'rous Birth,
 When the dread Sire on Emanation bent,
 And big with Nature rising in his Might,
 Call'd forth Creation, for then Time was born,
 By Godhead, streaming thro' a thousand Worlds ;
 Not on those Terms from the great Days of Heav'n,
 From old Eternity's mysterious Orb,
 What Time cut off and cast beneath the Skies,
 The Skies, which watch him in his new Abode,
 Measuring his Motions by revolving Spheres ;
 That Horologe Machinery Divine !
 Hours, Days, and Months, and Years his Children pl
 Like numerous Wings around him as he flies ;
 Or rather, as unequal Plumes they shape
 His ample Pinions swift as darted Flame,
 To gain his Goal, to reach his ancient Rest,
 And join a new Eternity, his Sire,
 In his Immutability to nest ;
 When Winds that count his Circles now unhing'd,
 Fate the loud Signal sounding, headlong rush
 To tuneless Night and Chaos, whence they rose.

Young's Night Thoughts

T

The Bell strikes One. We take no Note of Time,
But from its Loss. To give it then a Tongue,
Is wise in Man. As if an Angel spoke,
I feel the solemn Sound : If heard aright,
It is the Knell of my departed Hours :
Where are they ? With the Years beyond the Flood,
It is the Signal that demands Dispatch ;
How much is to be done ! my Hopes and Fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er Life's narrow Verge
Look down, on what ! a fathomless Abyss ;
A dread Eternity belong to me,
Poor Pensioner, on the Bounties of an Hour ?

Young's Night Thoughts.

T I T Y U S.

There Tityus, large and long in Fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine Acres of infernal Ground :
Two rav'nous Vultures, eager for their Food,
Scream o'er the Fiend, and riot in his Blood ;
Incessant gore the Liver in his Breast ;
Th' immortal Liver grows and gives th' immortal Feast.
For, as o'er Panope's enamel'd Plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian Fanes,
With haughty Love th' audacious Monster strove,
To force the Goddess and to rival Jove. *Pope's Odyssey.*
There Tityus was to see, who took his Birth
From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth.
Here his gigantic Limbs, with large Embrace,
Infold nine Acres of infernal Space.
A rav'nous Vulture, in his open'd Side,
Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd ;

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Still for the growing Liver digg'd his Breast,
The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast;
Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains;
Th' immortal Hunger lasts, the immortal Food remains

Dryden's Virgil.

T O I L E T.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic Order laid.
Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here
The various Off'rings of the World appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.
This Casket India's glowing Gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the Speckled and the White.
Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms;
The Fair each Moment rises in her Charms,
Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;
Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling Care,
These set the Head, and those divide the Hair;
Some fold the Sleeve, whilst others plait the Gown;
And Betty's prais'd for Labours not her own.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

T O P.

T O P.

As the young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court;
The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,
Admir'd with Clamours of the beardless Rout
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke.

Dryden's Virgil.

T O R R E N T.

As when a Torrent rolls with rapid Force,
And dashes o'er the Stones that stop the Course;
The Flood, constrain'd within a scanty Space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy Race;
White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around;
The rocky Shores rebellow to the Sound.

Dryden's Virgil.

Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents rush from high,
Rapid they run, the foaming Waters fry;
They roll to Sea with unresisted Force,
And down the Rocks precipitate their Course.

Dryden's Virgil.

To check the Show'r, who lifts his Hand on high,
And shuts the Sluices of th' exhausted Sky;
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,
Her naked Mountains, and the russet Plains?

Young's Paraphrase on Job.

Thus from high Hills the Torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole Fields, and sweep the Trees along;
Thro' ruin'd Moles the rushing Wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the Bridge, and bursts the lofty Bounds.

So

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So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow and swelling Rain,
Till the full Stores their ancient Bounds disdain.
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows ;
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose.
Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,
With one great Death the dreary Ground,
The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound.

Prior's Solomon.

On some big Torrent, from a Mountain's Brow,
Bursts, pours, and thunders down the Vale below,
O'erwhelms the Fields, lays waste the golden Grain,
And headlong sweeps the Forests to the Main.

Pitt's Virgil.

The yellow Harvests of the ripen'd Year,
And flatted Vineyards, one sad Waste appear ;
When Jove descends in sluicy Sheets of Rain,
And all the Labours of Mankind are vain. *Pope's Iliad.*

TRANSMIGRATION *of Souls.*

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be thou, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty Mysteries, —
Of Truths conceal'd before from Human Eyes ;
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year ;
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
Of Atlas, who supports th' Heav'nly Weight ;
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals, wand'ring from the Way ;

And,

And, wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate,
These I would teach, and by right Reason bring
To think of Death as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darknefs, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
And Fables of a World that never was.
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest.
Thus, all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there the unbodied Spirit flies,
By Time, or Force, or Sicknefs dispossefs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beast;
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,
And actuate those according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd;
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.
And as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another Name,
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still the same:
So Death, so call'd, can but the Form deface,
Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To seek her Fortune in some other Place.

Dryden's Ovid.

TRA-

T R A V E L L E R.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
 A panting Traveller some rising Ground,
 Some small Ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
 And measures with his Eye the various Vale,
 The Fields, Woods, Meads, and Rivers he has past;
 And satiate of his Journey thinks of Home
 Endear'd by Distance, nor affects more Toil.

Young's Night Thoughts.

As when a Traveller, a long Day past,
 In painful Search of what he cannot find,
 At Night's Approach, content with the next Cot,
 There ruminates a While, his Labour lost,
 Then cheers his Heart with what his Fate affords.
 And chants his Sonnet to deceive the Time,
 Till the due Season calls him to Repose.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Drear is the State of the benighted Wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the Dark,
 Full of pale Fancies, and Chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive Ray,
 From Cottage streaming, or from airy Hall:
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the Root of slimy Rushes, blue,
 The Wild fire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails:
 A Length of Flame deceitful o'er the Moss;
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic Blaze,
 Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and Horse, amid the miry Gulph;
 While still, from Day to Day, his pining Wife,

And

And plaintive Children his Return await,
In wild Conjecture lost. At other Times,
Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
Innoxious gleaming on the Horse's Mane,
The Meteor fits ; and shews the narrow Path,
That, winding, leads thro' Pits of Death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dang'rous Ford.

Thomson's Seasons.

T R E E S.

I know not why the Beach delights the Glade,
With Boughs extended and a rounded Shade ;
Whilst tow'ring Firs in Conic Forms arise,
And with the pointed Spear divide the Skies :
Nor why again the changing Oak should shed
The yearly Honour of his stately Head :
Whilst the distinguish'd Yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting his Sun, why does the Caltha fade ?
Why does the Cypress flourish in the Shade ?
The Fig and Date, why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain ;
While in the lower Marsh the Gourd is found,
And while the Hill with Olive-shade is crown'd ?

Prior's Solomon.

T R U T H.

Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings ;
Let Flatt'ry, sick'ning, see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies :

Truth

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Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the Line,
And makes immortal Verse as mean as mine.

Pope's Satires.

T U R T L E.

As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,
And with deep Murmurs fills the sounding Shores ;
Thus, far from Delia, to the Winds I mourn,
Alike, unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn. *Pope's Pastoral's.*

T Y G E R.

So when the Tyger or the spotted Pard,
Long from the Woods and savage Haunts debarr'd,
From their first Fierceness for a While are won,
And seem to put a gentler Nature on ;
Patient their Prison and Mankind they bear,
Fawn on their Lords, and Looks less horrid wear,
But let the Taste of Slaughter be renew'd,
And their fell Jaws again with Gore imbrew'd ;
Then dreadfully their wak'ning Furies rise,
And glaring Fires rekindle in their Eyes.
With wrathful Roar their echoing Dens they tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known Keeper spare ;
The shudd'ring Keeper shakes and stands aloof for
Fear.

Rowe's Lucan.

So when a Scythian Tyger, gazing round,
A Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found,
Lowing secure ; he swells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry Side :
Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes on all,
In Choice of some strong Neck on which to fall ;

Almoſt

Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
And grieves to see them trembling haste away. *Cowley.*
Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance had spy'd,
In some Purlieu, two gentle Fawns at Play,
Straight couches close; then rising changes oft
His couchant Watch, as one who chose his Ground,
Whence rushing, he might soonest seize them both,
Grasp'd in each Paw. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

V.

V E N U S.

O Potent Queen, from Neptune's Empire sprung,
Whose glorious Births admiring Nereids sung,
Who midst the fragrant Plains of Cyprus rove,
Where radiant Presence gilds the Paphian Grove,
Where to thy Name a thousand Altars rise,
And curling Clouds of Incense hide the Skies. *Gay.*
Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love!
Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies.
For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolific Might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
Thee Goddess! thee, the Clouds and Tempest fear,
And at thy pleasing Presence disappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress'd,
For thee the Ocean smiles and smooths her wavy
Breast,
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer Light
is blest.

For

For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd ;
 When teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,
 And western Gales unlock the lazy Year ;
 The joyous Birds thy Welcome first exprefs,
 Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confefs :
 Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
 Struck with thy Darts and tempt the raging Flood.
 All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea ;
 Of all that breathes the various Progeny,
 Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee.
 O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 The leafy Forests, and the liquid Main ;
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless Reign.
 Thro' all the living Regions thou dost move,
 And scatter'ft, where thou go'ft, the kindly Seeds of
 Love.

Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
 Obeys thy Pow'r ; since nothing new can spring
 Without thy Warmth ; without thy Influence bear,
 Or beautiful or lovesome can appear ;
 Be thou my Aid, my tuneful Song inspire,
 And kindle with thy own productive Fire ;
 While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to Memius an immortal Lay,
 Of Heaven and Earth, and ev'ry-where thy wond'rous
 Pow'r display.
 Mean Time, on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord
 cease,

And lull the list'ning World in universal Peace.

To thee Mankind their soft Repose must owe,
For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow ;
Because the brutal Business of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care ;
Who oft' retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love :
And panting on thy Breast supinely lies,
While with thy heav'nly Form he feeds his famish'd
Eyes :

Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
By Turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.
Then, while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love ;
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auspicious Moment try,
With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
And Quiet to the weary World restore.

Dryden's Lucretius.

Creator Venus ! genial Pow'r of Love !
The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above !
Beneath the sliding Sun thou run'st thy Race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become that Place :
For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
Thee Goddess ! thee, the Storms of Winter fly
Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky, }
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply. }
For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,
And, roaring, haunts his Female thro' the Wood :

For

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For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,
 And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves.
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,
 All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care;
 Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair.
 Thou Gladder of the Mount of Cytheron,
 Increase of Love, Companion of the Sun!
 With smiling Aspect you serenely move,
 In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love;
 The Fates but only spin the coarser Clue,
 The finest of the Wool is left for you.
 Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
 And let the Sisters cut below your Line;
 The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap.

Dryden's Pal. & Art.

As Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly Car; and smil'd
 Fresh from the Deep; and conscious of her Form
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal Shells,
 And each Cærulean Sister of the Flood,
 With fond Acclaim attend her o'er the Waves,
 To seek th' Idalian Bower.

Akinside's Pleasure of the Imagination.

Planet V E N U S.

Thence to that milder Orb we wing our Way,
 Where Venus governs with an easy Sway.
 Soft breathes the Air; fair Flora paints the Ground,
 And laughing Ceres deals her Gifts around.

This

This blissful Temple no rough Blasts molest,
Of blust'ring Boreas, or the baleful East ;
But gentle Zephyrs o'er the Woodlands stray,
Court the tall Trees and round the Branches play ;
Etherial Gales dispensing as they flow,
To fan those Passions which they teach to glow.
Here the gay Youth in measur'd Steps advance,
While sprightly Music animates the Dance ;
There the sweet Melody of Sound admire,
Sigh with the Song or languish to the Lyre :
Fair Nymphs and amorous Youths, a lovely Band,
Blend in the Dance, light-bounding Hand in Hand ;
From ev'ry Grove the buxom Zephyrs bring
The rich Ambrosia of eternal Spring.
Care dwells not here, their Pleasures to destroy,
But Laughter, Jest, and universal Joy :
All, all is Love ; for Venus reigns confess
The sole Sultana of each captive Breast :
Cold Cynthia here would Cupid's Victim prove,
Or the chaste Daughter of imperial Jove,
And Cato's Virtue be the Slave of Love.

Smart's Poems.

Temple of V E N U S.

In Venus' Temple, on the Sides were seen
The broken Slumbers of enamour'd Men ;
Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call,
And issuing Sighs, that smoak'd along the Wall ;
Complaint and hot Desires, the Liver's Hell,
And scalding Tears, that wore a Channel where they
fell.

And

And all around were Nuptial Bands, the Ties
 Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lyes,
 That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.
 Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
 And sprightly Hope, and short enduring Joy ;
 And Sorceries, to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs,
 And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours.
 Expence and After-thought, and idle Care,
 And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair ;
 Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise ;
 And Jealousy suffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,
 Discol'ring all she view'd, in Tawny drest,
 Down look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.
 Oppos'd to these, on th' other Side, advance
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance ;
 Minstrels and Music, Poetry and Play,
 And Balls by Night, and Tournaments by Day.
 There the Idalian Mount, and Cytheron,
 The Court of Venus, was in Colours drawn :
 Before the Palace-Gate, in careless Dress,
 And loose Array, sat Portress Idleness :
 There by the Fount Narcissus pin'd alone,
 There Sampson was, with wiser Solomon ;
 And all the mighty Names by Love undone.
 Medea's Charms were there ; Circean Feast,
 With Bowls that turn'd enamour'd Youths to Beasts.
 Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
 And Prowess to the Power of Love submit ;
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

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 VOL.

The Goddess' self some noble Hand had wrought,
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought;
From Ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;
She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breast,
And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest.
A Lute she held, and on her Head was seen
A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtle green:
Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,
And, by his Mother, stood an Infant Love:
With Wings display'd, his Eyes were banded o'er;
His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore,
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a dreadful
Store.

Dryden's Pal. and Arc.

V E R S E.

Curs'd be the Verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy Man my Foe,
Give Virtue Scandal, Innocence a Fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin force a Tear.

Pope's Satires.

Farewel then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Joy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what fit, what true we justly call,
Let this be all my Care——for this is all:
To lay this Harvest up, and hoard with Haste,
What ev'ry Day will want, and most the last.

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

V E S T A L.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's Lot?
The World forgetting, by the World forgot:

VOL. II.

N

Eternal.

Eternal Sun-shine of the spotless Mind !
 Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wish resign'd ;
 Labour and Rest, that equal Periods keep ;
 Obedient Slumbers, that can wake and sleep ;
 Desires compos'd, Affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest Beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
 For her th' unfading Rose of Eden blooms,
 And Wings of Seraphs shed divine Perfumes.
 For her the Spouse prepares the Bridal Ring,
 For her white Virgins Hymenæals sing :
 To Sounds of Heav'nly Harps she dies away,
 And melts in Visions of eternal Day.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard

V I C E.

Vice is a Monster of so frightful Mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
 Yet, seen too oft familiar with her Face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Pope's Essay on Man

VICISSITUDE.

Good Sun expected, Evil unforeseen,
 Appears by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene.
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
 Then fall so hard, they bound, and rise again.

Dryden's Virgil

He various Changes of the World had known,
 And strange Vicissitudes of human Fate ;
 Still altering, never in a steady State :

Good

Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity;
With equal Mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for Things beyond our
Care.

Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend;
The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.
Ev'n Kings but play, and, when their Part is done,
Some other worse or better mount the Throne.

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

What then remains, but, after past Annoy,
To take the good Vicissitude of Joy;
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our Souls, and, while we live, to live?

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

VILLAIN.

I have myself a potent Villain seen,
Like the young Laurel, vig'rous, lovely, green,
With Pow'r invested, stretch from Side to Side,
Vain with Success, and swell'd with inward Pride.
Yet soon this mighty Man was shrunk to Earth,
'Twas scarce remember'd that he e'er had Birth.
I sought the Place where he so lately shone,
'Twas all a Waste, the faithless Master gone.

Mrs. Masters.

VINE.

The Vine too here her curling Tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her Clusters, glowing to the South:

And scarcely wishes for a warmer Sky.

Thomson's Seasons.

V I R T U E.

That Virtue only makes our Blifs below,
And all our Knowledge is ourselves to know.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below,
Who fancy Blifs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best;
Best knows the Blessing, and will most be blest.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be destructive of the Thing:
How oft by these at Sixty are undone
The Virtues of a Saint at Twenty-one!

Pope's Essay on Man.

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below!
That only Point where human Blifs stands still,
And tastes the Good, without the Fall to Ill;
Where only Merit constant Pay receives,
Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The Joy unequall'd, if its End it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no Pain;
Without Satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd:
The broadest Mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very Tears:
Good from each Object, from each Place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never

Never elated, while one Man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
And where no Wants, no Wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Whatever is is right.—This World, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar,—but for Titus too :
And which more blest'd, who chain'd his Country, say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a Day ?
But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed ;
What then ? Is the Reward of Virtue Bread ?
That Vice may merit, 'tis the Price of Toil ;
The Knave deserves it, when he tills the Soil ;
The Knave deserves it, when he tempts the Main,
Where Folly fights for Kings, or dives for Gain.

Pope's Essay on Man.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The Soul's calm Sun-shine, and the Heart-felt Joy,
Is Virtue's Prize : A better would you fix ?
Then give Humility a Coach and Six,
Justice a Conq'ror's Sword, or Truth a Gown,
Or public Spirit its great Cure a Crown.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Go search it there where to be born and die,
Of Rich and Poor make all the History :
Enough that Virtue fill'd the Space between ;
Prov'd by the Ends of Being to have been.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me ;

294 VIR *The Entertaining Companion:*

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King;
She's still the same belov'd contented Thing.

Pope's Satires.

Here Wisdom calls: Seek Virtue first, be bold!
As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

To Virtue only and her Friends a Friend,
'The World beside may murmur, or commend.

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

All human Virtue, to its latest Breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

To whom the Queen: If Fame engage your Views,
Forbear those Acts which Infamy pursues;
Wrong and Oppression no Renown can raise;
Know, Friend, that Virtue is the Path to Praise.

Pope's Odyssey.

Hail holy Virtue! Come thou heav'nly Guest,
Come, fix thy pleasing Empire in my Breast! *Broom's.*
Virtue!—What is it?—Whence does it arise?
Ask of the Brave, the Social, and the Wise;
Of those who fought, and purchas'd it with Blood;
Of those who study'd for the genial Good;
Of those who build, or plant, or who design;
Ev'n those who dig the Soil, or work the Mine.
If yet not clearly seen, or understood;
Ask the Humane, the Pious, and the Good.
'Tis no one Station, Stage, or Part confin'd,
No single Act of Body or of Mind;

But

But whate'er lovely, just, or good we call,
The fair Result, the Congregate of all. *Mrs. Jones.*
How vain is Virtue, which directs our Ways
Through certain Dangers, to uncertain Praise !
Barren and airy Name ! thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword :
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
And, while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

The Wint'ry Blast of Death
Kills not the Pods of Virtue ; no, they spread,
Beneath the Heav'nly Beams of brighter Suns,
Through endless Ages, into higher Powers.

Thomson's Seasons.

Virtue's Foundations with the Worlds were laid ;
Heav'n mix'd her with our Make, and twisted close
Her sacred Int'rests with the Strings of Life :
Who breaks her awful Mandate, shocks himself,
His better Self ; and is it greater Pain,
Our Soul should murmur, or our Dust repine ?
And one in their eternal War must bleed :

Young's Night Thoughts.

U N I V E R S E.

The least Confusion but in one, not all
That System only, but the Whole must fall.

296 UNI *The Entertaining Companion :*

Let Earth unballanc'd from her Orbit fly ;
Planets and Suns run lawless through the Sky :
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World ;
Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Center nod,
And Nature trembles to the Throne of God.
All this dread Order break——For whom ? For thee,
Vile Worm ! Oh Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

Pope's Essay on Man.

All are but Parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul !
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the Earth, as in th' Ætherial Frame ;
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees ;
Lives through all Life, extends through all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hare as Hart !
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt'd Seraph, that adores and burns :
To him no High, no Low, no Great, no Small ;
He fills the Bounds, connects and equals all.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Oh what a Root ! oh what a Branch is here !
Oh what a Father ! what a Family !
Worlds ! Systems ! and Creations !——and Creations
In one agglomerated Cluster hung.
Great Vine ! on thee, on thee the Cluster hangs ;
The filial Cluster ! infinitely spread

In

In glowing Globes with various Being fraught,
And drink (Nectarious Draught) immortal Life:
Or shall I say, for who can say enough?
A Constellation of ten thousand Gems,
And, oh! of what Dimension, of what Weight!
Set in one Signet, flames on the Right Hand
Of Majesty Divine! *Young's Night Thoughts.*
Tell me, ye Stars! ye Planets, tell me, all
Ye Stars and planeted Inhabitants! What is it?
What are these Sons of Wonder? Say, proud Arch!
(Within whose Azure Palaces they dwell)
Built with Divine Ambition! in Disdain
Of Limit built! built in the Taste of Heav'n:
Vast Concave! ample Dome! wast thou design'd
A meet Apartment of the Deity?
Not so; that Thought alone thy State impairs,
Thy Lofty sinks, and shallows thy Profound,
And streightens thy Diffusive; dwarfs the Whole,
And makes an Universe an Orrery.

Young's Night Thoughts.

VULCAN.

In Ausonian Land

Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal Battlements: From Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day; and, with the setting Sun,
Dropp'd from the Zenith, like a falling Star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean Isle. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

298 **WAR** *The Entertaining Companion :*

Me by the Heel he drew,
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell ; my Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the Lemnian Ground
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the Sinthians heal'd my
Wound.

Dryden's Homer.

W.

W A N T.

WANT is a bitter and a hateful Good,
Because its Virtues are not understood :
Yet many Things, impossible to Thought,
Have been by Need to full Perfection brought.
The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence.
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives ;
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives :
For ev'n that Indigence, which brings me low,
Make me myself and him above to know.
A Good which none would challenge, few would chuse
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.
If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend.

Dryden's Wife of Bath.

W A R.

War is the fatal, universal Cry,
Against all Omens of the angry Sky :

Furious

Furious they crowd their Sov'reign's Regal Door,
And madding round the rich Pavilions roar;
Besiege their King, as Waves a Rock, in vain,
Some mighty Rock, amidst the rolling Main,
That hears unmov'd the sounding Tempest blow,
That sees the furious Surges foam below,
And o'er the Deeps, majestic to the Sight,
Stands fix'd, and glories in its matchless Height;
Proud of its Bulk; while Storms and working Tides
Fly, dash, and break against the tow'ring Sides.

Pitt's Virgil.

Who but a Wretch would think it worth his Care
The Toils and Wickedness of War to share?
When all we want thus easily we find;
The Field and River can supply Mankind.

Rowe's Lucan.

His smoaking Horses at their utmost Speed
He lashes on, and urges o'er the Dead:
Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and, when they bound,
The Gore and gath'ring Dust are dash'd around.

Dryden's Virgil.

The frightened Soldiers, when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Fight, they bear each other down,
And spur their Horses headlong to the Town;
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.
These drop the Shield, and those the Lance forego,
Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow.

300 WAR *The Entertaining Companion :*

The Hoofs of Horses, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and short, and shake the solid Ground.
Black Clouds of Dust come rolling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampires fly.
All pressing on, Pursuers and Pursu'd,
Are crush'd in Clouds, a mingled Multitude.
Some happy few escap'd ; they throng too late,
Rush on for Entrance, till they choak the Gate.
Then in a Fright the folding Gates they close,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The Vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout,
'Tis Terror all within, and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear they bound against the Wall ;
Or, to the Motes pursu'd, precipitate their Fall.

Dryden's Virgil.

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears,
And less and less the middle Space appears.
Thick Smoak obscures the Field, and scarce are seen
The neighing Coursers, and the shouting Men.
In Distance of their Darts they stop their Course,
Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse :
The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lines hide,
And Deaths unseen are dealt on either Side.

Dryden's Virgil.

Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky.
Thus equal Deaths are dealt at equal Chance,
By Turns they quit the Ground, by Turns advance ;
Victors and Vanquish'd in the various Field,
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield :

The

The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife,
And mourn the Miseries of Human Life.

Dryden's Virgil.

To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the same ;
With Spears afar, with Swords at Hand they strike :
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
The Soldiers dauntless thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield ;
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound ;
And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground.

Dryden's Virgil.

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound :
The peaceful Peasant to the War is prest ;
The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest.
The Plain no Pasture to the Flocks affords ;
The crooked Scithes are straighten'd into Swords.
Perfidious Mars long-plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.

Dryden's Virgil.

The peaceful Cities,
Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on Fire ; and some, with studious Care,
Their restive Steeds in sandy Plains prepare.
Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,
And War is all their Wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and Part
Now grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart :
With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,
And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.

Some

302 WAR *The Entertaining Companion :*

Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield;
 The Croslet some, and some the Cuishes mold,
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold;
 The rustic Humours of the Scythe and Share
 Give Place to Swords and Plumbs, the Pride of War.
 Old Falchions are new temper'd in the Fires,
 The sounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.
 The Word is giv'n, with eager Haste they lace
 The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
 The trusty Weapon fits on ev'ry Side. *Dryden's Virg.*
 As Legions in the Field their Front display,
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day;
 And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,
 Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space,
 Before the Battle joins, while, from afar,
 The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War;
 And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord,
 Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword.

Dryden's Virgil.

With rushing Troops the Plains are cover'd o'er,
 And thund'ring Footsteps shake the sounding Shore:
 Along the Rivers level Meads they stand,
 Thick as in Spring the Flow'rs adorn the Land;
 Or Leaves the Trees; or thick as Insects play,
 The wand'ring Nation of a Summer's Day,
 That, drawn by milky Streams at Ev'ning Hours,
 In gather'd Swarms surround the rural Bow'rs;

From

From Pail to Pail with busy Murmur run,
The gilded Legions glitt'ring in the Sun.

Pope's Iliad.

The scepter'd Rulers lead ; the foll'wing Host,
Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the Coast ;
As from some rocky Cleft the Shepherd sees,
Clust'ring in Heaps on Heaps, the driving Bees,
Rolling and black'ning Swarms succeeding Swarms,
With deeper Murmurs, and more hoarse Alarms :
Dusky they spread, a close embodied Crowd,
And o'er the Vale descends the living Cloud.
So from the Tents and Ships a length'ning Train
Spreads all the Beach, and wide o'er shades the Plain ;
Along the Region runs a deaf'ning Sound,
Beneath his Footsteps groans the trembling Ground :
Fame flies before, the Messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her Wings above.

Pope's Iliad.

The mighty Numbers move :

So roll the Billows on th' Icarian Shore,
From East and South, when Winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark Mansions in the Clouds, and sweep
The whit'ning Surface of the ruffled Deep ;
And as on Corn, when Western Gulls descend,
Before the Blasts the lofty Harvests bend ;
Thus o'er the Field the moving Host appears,
With nodding Plumes, and Groves of waving Spears.

Pope's Iliad.

WARRIOR.

WARRIOR.

So when, the Battle roaring loud around,
 Some Warrior warm receives a fatal Wound ;
 While yet the girding Sword has newly past,
 And the first pungent Pains, and Anguish last ;
 While full with Life the turgid Vessels rise,
 And the warm Juice the sprightly Nerve supplies ;
 Each sin'wy Limb with fiercer Force is prest,
 And Rage redoubles in the burning Breast :
 But if, as conscious of th' Advantage gain'd,
 The cooler Victor stays his wrathful Hand ;
 Then sinks his Thrall, with ebbing Spirits low,
 The black Blood stiffens, and forgets to flow ;
 Cold Damps and Numbness close the deadly Wound,
 And stretch him pale and fainting on the Ground.

Rowe's Lucan.

WHALE.

Here the huge Portent of the scaly Train
 Enormous sails incumbent o'er the Main ;
 An animated Isle, and, in his Way,
 Dashes to Heav'n's blue Arch the foaming Sea :
 When Skies and Ocean mingle Storm and Flame,
 Portending instant Wreck to Nature's Frame ;
 Pleas'd in the Scene he mocks, with conscious Pride,
 The volley'd Lightning, and the surging Tide ;
 And, while the wrathful Elements engage,
 Foments with horrid Sport the Tempest's Rage.

Blacklock.

WHIRL-

W H I R L W I N D.

He gives the furious Whirlwinds Wings to fly,
To rend the Earth, and wheel along the Sky ;
In circling Eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives Wave on Wave, and dashes Cloud on Cloud ;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole Forests low,
And at the Blast eternal Mountains bow ;
While, tearing up the Sands, in Drifts they rise,
And half the Desarts mount the burthen'd Skies,

Broome.

The whirling Dust, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
Rising aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught :
There hangs a sullen Cloud ; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.
Gazing, the poor Inhabitant descries,
Where high above his Hand his Cottage flies :
Bereft, he sees his lost Possessions there,
From Earth transported, and now fix'd in Air.
Not rising Flames attempt a bolder Flight,
Like Smoke by rising Flames uplifted Light,
The Sands ascend, and stain the Heav'ns with Night.

Rowe's Lucan.

W I F E.

Ye sov'reign Wives ! give Ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise Command ;
For never was it giv'n to mortal Man,
To lye so boldly as we Women can :
Forswear the Fact, tho' seen with both his Eyes,
And call your Maids to witness how he lyes.

Hark,

306 WIFE *The Entertaining Companion :*

Hark, old Sir-Paul ! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our Neighbour's Wife so rich and gay ?
 Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam——
 I sit in Tatters, and immur'd at Home.
 Why to her House dost thou so oft repair ?
 Art thou so am'rous, or is she so fair ?
 If I but see a Cousin or a Friend,
 Lord ! how you swell, and rage like any Fiend !
 But you reel Home, a drunken beastly Bear,
 Then preach till Midnight in your easy Chair ;
 Cry Wives are false, and ev'ry Woman evil,
 And give up all that's Female to the Devil.
 If poor, you say, she drains her Husband's Purse ;
 If rich, she keeps her Priest, or something worse ;
 If highly born, intolerably vain,
 Vapours and Pride by Turn possess her Brain :
 Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
 If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing Youth attack'd on ev'ry Side ;
 If foul, her Wealth the lusty Lover lures,
 Or else her Wit some Fool Gallant procures ;
 Or else she dances with becoming Grace,
 Or Shape excuses the Defects of Face.
 There swims no Goose so grey, but soon or late
 She finds some honest Gander for her Mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and Asses, Men may try,
 And ring suspected Vessels, e're they buy :
 But Wives a Random Choice, untry'd, they take,
 They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake :

Then,

Then, nor till then, the Veil's remov'd away,
And all the Woman glares in open Day.

You tell me, to preserve your Wife's good Grace;
Your Eyes must always languish on my Face;
Your Tongue with constant Flatt'ries feed my Ear,
And tag each Sentence with, My Life! my Dear!

If by strange Chance a modest Blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine Complexion must be prais'd.
My Garments always must be new and gay,
And Feasts still kept upon my Wedding-Day.
Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite Maid,
And endless Treats and endless Visits paid;
To a long Train of Kindred, Friends, Allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are Lyes.

Pope's Wife of Bath

Let sinful Batchelors their Woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more :
Unaw'd by Precepts, human or divine,
Like Birds and Beasts, promiscuously they join :
Nor know to make the present Blessing last,
To hope the Future, or esteem the Past :
But vainly boast the Joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the Secrets they would hide.
The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Ease,
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please ;
And pass his inoffensive Hours away,
In Bliss all Night, and Innocence all Day :
Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse remains,
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But

308 WIF *The Entertaining Companion :*

But what so pure, which envious Tongue will spare ?
 Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair.
 With matchless Impudence they stile a Wife
 The dear bought Curse, and lawful Plague of Life ;
 A bosom Serpent, a domestic Evil,
 A Night-invasion and a Mid-day Devil.
 Let not the Wise these slanderous Words regard,
 But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.
 All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
 A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n.
 A Wife ! ah gentle Deities, can he
 That has a Wife e'er feel Adversity ?
 Would Men but follow what the Sex advise,
 All Things would prosper, all the World grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's Aid that Jacob won
 His Father's Blessing from an elder Son ;
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit Life,
 To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife :
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews and slew the Assyrian Foe :
 At Esther's Suit the persecuting Sword
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

Pope's Jan. and May.

As some fond Matron views, in mortal Sight,
 Her Husband falling in her Country's Right :
 Frantic thro' clashing Swords she runs, she flies,
 As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies ;
 Close to his Breast she grovels on the Ground,
 And bathes with Floods of Tears the gaping Wound ;

She

She cries, she shrieks: The fierce insulting Foe
Relentless mocks her Violence of Woe,
To Chains condemn'd as wildly she deploras,
A Widow and a Slave, on foreign Shores! *Pope's Od.*

WINDS.

As when two Winds with rival Force contend,
This Way, and that, the wav'ring Sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling Vessel throw:
Thus on each Side, alas! our tott'ring State
Feels all the Fury of resistless Fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

Pope's Statius.

So spoke th' obsequious God; and, while he spoke,
Whirl'd his vast Spear and pierc'd the hollow Rock;
The Winds embattled, as the Mountains rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the Vent;
Earth, in their Course, with giddy Whirls they sweep,
Rush to the Seas, and bare the Bosom of the Deep;
East, West, and South, all black with Tempest roar,
And roll vast Billows to the trembling Shore.

The Cordage cracks; with unavailing Cries
The Trojans mourn; while sudden Clouds arise,
And ravish from their Sight the Splendor of the Skies. }
Night hovers o'er the Floods; the Day retires;
The Heavens flash thick with momentary Fires;
Loud Thunders shake the Poles; from ev'ry Place
Grim Death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry Face.

Pitt's Virgil.

Say

Say why the Winds sometimes their Pinions try ;
 Whisk o'er the Plain, and battle in the Sky ? *Broome.*
 Then from Typhœus sprung the Winds that bear
 Storms on their Wings, and Thunder in the Air ;
 But from the Gods descend, of milder Kind,
 The East and West, the South and Boreal Wind ;
 These in soft Whispers breathe a friendly Breeze,
 Play thro' the Groves, or sport upon the Seas :
 They fan the sultry Air with cooling Gales,
 And waft from Realm to Realm the flying Sails ;
 The rest in Storms of sounding Whirlwinds fly,
 Toss the wild Waves, and battle in the Sky ;
 Fatal to Man ! at once all Ocean roars,
 And scatter'd Navies bulge on distant Shores.
 Then thund'ring o'er the Earth they rend their Way
 Grass, Herb, and Flow'r, beneath their Rage decay ;
 While Tow'rs and Domes, vain Boasts of human Trust
 Torn from their inmost Base, are whelm'd in Dust.

Broome's Hesiod.

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
 Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky,
 South, East, and West, on airy Courses borne,
 The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn :
 Then Nereus strikes the Deep, the Billows rise,
 And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.

Dryden's Virgil.

As when a Whirlwind, rushing to the Shore,
 From the Mid-Ocean drives the Waves before ;
 The painful Hind, with heavy Heart, foresees
 The flatted Fields and Slaughter of the Trees.

Dryden's Virgil.

As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring Train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main;
Where e'er he flies, he drives the Wreck before,
And rolls the Billows on th' Ægean Shore,

Dryden's Virgil.

Like Boreas in his Race, when rushing forth
He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,
The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast:
He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar
Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore. *Dryden's Virgil.*

Fierce Boreas flies

To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies:
Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n,
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.

Dryden's Ovid,

The South-Wind Night and Horror brings,
And Fogs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rheumy Eyes distil in Show'rs:
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
And lazy Mists are loursing on his Brow. *Dryden's Ovid.*

W I N T E R.

Behold the Groves that shine with silver Frost,
Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure lost.

Pope's Pastorals.

Now shiv'ring Nature mourns her ravish'd Charms,
And sinks supine in Winter's frozen Arms.
No gaudy Banks delight the ravish'd Eye,
But northern Breezes whistle thro' the Sky.

No

No joyful Choirs hail the rising Day,
 But the froze Cryſtal wraps the leafleſs Spray :
 Brown look the Meadows that were late ſo fine,
 And capp'd with Ice the diſtant Mountains ſhine.
 The ſilent Linnet views the gloomy Sky,
 Sculks to his Hawthorn, nor attempts to fly :
 Then heavy Clouds ſend down the feather'd Snow ;
 Thro' naked Trees the hollow Tempeſts blow ;
 The Shepherd ſighs, but not his Sighs prevail ;
 To the ſoft Snow ſucceeds the ruſhing Hail ;
 And theſe white Proſpects ſoon reſign their Room
 To melting Showers or unpleaſing Gloom ;
 The Nymphs and Swains their aking Fingers blow,
 Shun the cold Rains, and bleſs the kinder Snow ;
 While the faint Travellers around them ſee,
 Here Seas of Mud, and there a leafleſs Tree.
 No budding Leaves, no Honey-ſuckles gay,
 No yellow Crowfoots paint the dirty Way ;
 The Lark ſits mournful as afraid to riſe,
 And the ſad Finch his ſofter Song denies. *Mrs. Leapor.*
 No Graſs the Fields, no Leaves the Foreſt wear ;
 The frozen Earth lies bury'd there, below
 A hilly Heap, ſeven Cubits deep in Snow,
 And all the Weſt Allies of ſtormy Boreas blow.
 The Sun from far ſleeps with a ſickly Face,
 Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chace ;
 When up the Skies he ſhoots his roſy Head,
 Or in the ruddy Ocean ſeeks his Bed.
 Swift Rivers are with ſudden Ice conſtrain'd,
 And ſtudded Wheels are on his Back ſuſtain'd ;

An Hoftry now for Waggon, which, before,
Tall Ships of Burthen on his Bosom bore.
The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd,
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd :
With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence
By Weight the solid Portions they dispense.
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Icicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard ;
Mean Time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen stand inclos'd in wint'ry Walls
Of Snow congeal'd ; whole Herds are bury'd there
Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
The dext'rous Huntsman wounds not there afar
With Shafts or Darts, or makes a distant War
With Dogs, or pitches Toils to stop their Flight,
But close engages in unequal Fight ;
And, while they strive in vain to make their Way
Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
And homeward on his Back the joyful Burthen bears ;
The Men to subterranean Caves retire,
Secure from Cold, and crowd the chearful Fire ;
With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
Their jovial Nights in Frolics and in Play
They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away ;
And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets chear,
Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer :

314 WIN *The Entertaining Companion :*

Such are the cold Riphean Race, and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch ;
Where Skins of Beasts the rude Barbarans wear,
The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.

Dryden's Virgil.

'Tis done ! — Dread Winter spreads his latest Gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies !
How dumb the Tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate Domain.

Thomson's Seasons.

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the North, and calls his Russian Blasts :
His Blasts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
The shatter'd Forest and the ravag'd Vale ;
While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind Touch,
Dissolving Snows in livid Torrents lost,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

Thomson's Seasons.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfin'd,
And Winter oft' at Eve resumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets
Deform the Day delightful: So that scarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulph'd,
To shake the sounding Marsh ; or from the Shore
The Plovers when to scatter o'er the Heath,
And sing their wild Notes to the list'ning Waste.

Thomson's Seasons.

Forth fly the tepid Airs ; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient Husbandman perceives

Relenting

Relenting Nature, and his lusty Steers
Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plough
Lies in the Furrow, loosen'd from the Frost.
There, unrefusing to the harness'd Yoke,
They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
Chear'd by the simple Song and soaring Lark.

Thomson's Seasons.

See, Winter comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising Train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. *Thomson's Seasons.*

W I S D O M.

In Parts superior what Advantage lies,
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others Faults and feel our own;
Condemn'd in Business, or in Arts to drudge,
Without a Second or without a Judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking Land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful Pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Wisdom, tho' richer than Peruvian Mines,
And sweeter than the sweet Ambrosial Hive,
What is she but the Means of Happiness?
That unobtained, than Folly more a Fool.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Next, plight their Guidance in his future Way
To Wisdom, and in rapt'rous View display

316 WIS *The Entertaining Companion :*

The blissful Road ; there it invites their Eyes,
How smooth and easy to the Foot it lies ;
Thro' beauteous Lands, from all Annoyance clear,
Of thorny Evil and perplexing Fear.

Yon' lofty Grove's delicious Bow'rs to gain,
You cross the Expanse of this enamell'd Plain ;
A Meadow with eternal Beauty bright,
Beneath a purer Heav'n o'erflow'd with Light.
Full in the Center of the Plain, behold
A Court far flaming with its Wall of Gold,
And Gate of Diamonds where the Righteous rest ;
This Clime their Home, the Country of the Blest :
Here all the Virtues dwell, Communion sweet,
With Happiness, who rules the peaceful Seat.
In Station at th' effulgent Portal, see
A beauteous Form of mildest Majesty.
Her Eyes how piercing ! how sedate her Mien !
Mature in Life, her Countenance serene.
Spirit and solid Thought each Feature shows,
And her plain Robe with State unstudied flows ;
She stands upon a Cube of Marble fix'd
As the firm Rock, two lovely Nymphs betwixt.
Her Daughters, Copies of her Looks and Air,
Here candid Truth, and sweet Persuasion there :
She, she, is Wisdom in her stedfast Eye,
Behold th' expressive Type of Certainty :
Certain her Way, and permanent the Deed
Of Gift substantial, to her Friends decreed.—
She gives the Confidence erect and clear,
She gives magnanimous Contempt of Fear,

And

And bids th' invulnerable Mind to know
Her Safety from the future Shafts of Woe.

Scott's Table of Cebes.

False W I S D O M.

Stil'd Wisdom by the Crowd, the thinking Few
Know her Disguise, the Phantom of the True :
Skill'd in all Learning, skill'd in ev'ry Art,
To grace the Head, not meliorate the Heart.
The Sav'd, who meditate their noble Flight,
From a bad World to Wisdom's lofty Height,
Just touching at this Inn, for short Repast,
Then speed their Journey forward to its last.

Scott's Table of Cebes.

W I T.

True, Wit is Nature to Advantage dress'd,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
Something, whose Truth convinc'd at Sight we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind.
As Shades more sweetly recommend the Light,
So modest Plainness sets off sprightly Wit.
For Works may have more Wit than does 'em Good,
As Bodies perish thro' Excess of Blood.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Wit, how delicious to Man's dainty Taste !
'Tis precious as the Vehicle of Sense ;
But as its Substitute a dire Disease.
Pernicious Talent ! flatter'd by the World,
By the blind World, which thinks the Talent rare.

Young's Night Thoughts.

In Youth alone its empty Praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd Vanity is lost.
 Like some fair Flower the early Spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit which must our Cares employ ?
 The Owners Wife, that other Men enjoy ;
 Then most our Trouble still, when most admir'd ;
 And still, the more we give, the more requir'd ;
 Whose Fame with Pains we guard, but lose with Ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
 'Tis what the Vicious Fear, the Virtuous shun,
 By Fools 'tis hated, and by Knaves undone !
 If Wit so much by Ignorance undergo,
 Ah ! let not Learning too commence its Foe !

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

W O L F.

As beat by Tempest, and by Famine bold,
 The prowling Wolf attempts the nightly Fold ;
 Lodg'd in the guarded Field, beneath their Dams,
 Safe from the savage Bleat, the tender Lambs,
 The Monster meditates the fleecy Brood,
 Now howls with Hunger, and now thirsts for Blood ;
 Roams round the Fences that the Prize contain,
 And madly rages at the Flock in vain. *Pitt's Virgil.*
 As hungry Wolves, while Clouds involve the Day,
 Rush from their Dens ; and, prowling wide for Prey,
 Howl to the Tempest, while the savage Brood,
 Stretch'd in the Cavern, pant and thirst for Blood.

Pitt's Virgil.

As

As when a prowling Wolf, whose Rage has slain
Some stately Heifer, or the guardian Swain,
Flies to the Mountain with impetuous Speed,
Confus'd, and conscious of the daring Deed ;
Claps close his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs,
E're yet the peopled Country round him rise.

Pitt's Virgil.

As when a famish'd Wolf, that all Night long
Had rang'd the Alpine Snows, by Chance, at Morn,
Sees from a Cliff incumbent, o'er the Smoak
Of some lone Village, a neglected Kid
That strays along the Wild for Herb or Spring ;
Down from the winding Ridge he sweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him.——

Akinfide's Pleasures of Imagination.

W O M A N.

Our Grandfire Adam, e're of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd ;
With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary Shade :
The Maker saw, took Pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God !

Pope's Jan. and May.

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom to trust,
So many of your Sex would not, in vain,
Of broken Vows and faithless Men complain.
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd ?

Con-

320 *WOM The Entertaining Companion :*

Convinc'd by Reason, they your Pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to be happy as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your Worth can never love you less. }

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Under how hard a Fate are Women born !
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn ;
If we want Beauty, we of Love despair,
And are besieg'd like frontier Towns, if fair. *Waller.*
Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate ;
Their Love's insuperable as their Hate ;
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
No ill Requital can efface their Love. *Waller.*
And yet, believe me, Good as well as Ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best Work, but forms a softer Man.

Pope's Moral Essays

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at Woe ;
With every Motion, every Word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling Cheek the ready Blush ;
And from the smallest Violence to shrink !
Unequal, then the loveliest in their Fears ;
And by this silent Adulation, soft,
To their Protection more engaging Man.
O may their Eyes no miserable Sight,
Save weeping Lovers, see ! a nobler Game,
Thro' Love's enchanting Wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In Chace ambiguous. May their tender Limbs
Float in the loose Simplicity of Dress !
And, fashion'd all to Harmony, alone

Know

Know' they to seize the captivated Soul,
In Rapture warbled from Love-breathing Lips;
To teach the Lute to languish ; with smooth Step,
Disclosing Motion in its every Charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy Dance ;
To train the Foliage o'er the snowy Lawn,
To guide the Pencil, turn the tuneful Page ;
To lend new Flavour to the fruitful Year,
And heighten Nature's Dainties ; in their Race
To bear their Graces into second Life ;
To give Society its highest Taste ;
Well order'd Home Man's best Delight to make ;
And by submissive Wisdom, modest Skill,
With every gentle Care-eluding Art,
To raise the Virtues, animate the Bliss,
And sweeten all the Toils of human Life :
This be the Female Dignity and Praise.

Thomson's Seasons.

W O O D.

Mark the sable Woods,
That shade sublime yon' Mountain's nodding Brow ;
With what religious Awe the solemn Scene
Commands your Steps ! as if the rev'rend Form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
Th' Elysian Seats, and down th' imbow'ring Glade
Move to your pausing Eye ! behold th' Expanse
Of yon' gay Landscape, where the silver Clouds
Flit o'er the Heav'ns before the sprightly Breeze :
Now their grey Cincture skirts the doubtful Sun,
Now Streams of Splendor, thro' their op'ning Veil
Efful-

322 *WOR The Entertaining Companion :*

Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded Lawn
Th' aerial Shadows on the curling Brook,
And on the shady Margin's quiv'ring Leaves
With quickest Lustre glancing.

Akinsides Pleasures of Imagination.

W O R L D. See E A R T H, &c.

The World's a System of Theology,
Read by the greatest Strangers to the Schools ;
If honest learn'd ; and Sages o'er a Plough.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Plurality of W O R L D S.

Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his Ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day ;
How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n ?
And of those Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one eternal Sky ;
Each, by a native Stock of Honour great,
May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,
Itself a Sun ; and, with transmissive Light,
Enliven Worlds deny'd to Human Sight :
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies,
New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise ;
And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths,
Give their own Elements their proper Births ;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole ;
See their Lands flourish, and their Ocean roll ;
Yet these great Orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,

May

Or, *Poetical Miscellany*. YEA 323

May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes, or their Distance, or their Height, appear) }
Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star ; }
And in that Space, which we call Air and Sky, }
Millions of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lie }
Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

Prior's Solomon.

Y E A R.

Perceiv'st thou not the Procefs of the Year ? }
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear, }
Resembling human Life in ev'ry Age they wear ! }
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head, }
With milky Juice requiring to be fed ; }
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led. }
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
Then laughs the childish Year with Flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the Fields around,
But no substantial Nourishment receives ;
Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the Year began ;
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
This Season, as in Men, is most repleat,
With kindly Moisture and prolific Heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage ;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.
Last, Winter sweeps along with tardy Pace ;
Sour in his Front, and furrow'd in his Face.

324 ZON *The Entertaining Companion :*

His Scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare,
Dryden's Ovid.

Z O N E S.

Five Girdles bind the Skies : The torrid Zone
Glows with the passing and repassing Sun.
Far on the Right and Left th' Extremes of Heav'n
To Frosts, and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n.
Betwixt the Midst and these the Gods assign'd,
Two habitable Seats for human Kind :
And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway :
Two Poles turn round the Globe : One seen to rise
O'er Scythian Hills, and one in Lybian Skies.
The first sublime in Heav'n : The last is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And, like a wand'ring Stream, the Bears divides :
The Less and Greater, who, by Fates Decree,
Abhor to dive beneath the southern Sea.
There, as they say, perpetual Night is found,
In Silence brooding on th' unhappy Ground ;
Or, when Aurora leaves our northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there ;
And, when on us she breathes the living Light,
Red Vespers kindles there, the Tapers of the Night.

Dryden's Virgil.

F I N I S.



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